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MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

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JULY, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

DURING the long hours of that hot July night, Cheriton fought out the battle with himself, and made up his mind as to what course he would pursue; and, in the hush and peace of the early summer morning, he went away to church by himself, and sought the strength that he would need to pursue it.

As he came in, he met his brother coming downstairs.

'Jack,' he said, 'I must rest now if I am to preach this afternoon; but afterwards, I shall have something to say to you.'

Jack looked at him. He was very pale, but all the passionate disturbance had gone from his face.

'You're not fit to preach,' said Jack savagely.

'Oh, yes,' said Cheriton, with rather a peculiar smile; 'I think I shall be—now. I am quite well,' he added; 'but I'll go and lie down, if you don't mind. I had very little sleep.'

That last Sunday of the term, the last Sunday of their stay at Quixeter, had been looked forward to by poor Maisie as a day that would make an epoch. She would hear Cheriton preach for the first time; for the first time see him about the work of his life, and she had known quite well, that what was so much to her, was also something to him, and that he had been quite conscious that for the first time he would be preaching to her. But this enchanting sense of *sharing* his thoughts, whether grave or gay, had come to an end. His absence in the morning frightened her more than the sight of his displeasure, and when he came into the room at lunch time, she turned quite dizzy, and could not see his face.

'Are you quite rested, Cherry?' said Gipsy, rather timidly.

'Oh, yes, thank you, Gipsy, quite. Jack is dining in hall, I suppose. Shall I help the chicken?'

He spoke in just the cheerful cordial tones by which Maisie had first learned to know him; but she felt that all that was special to herself, was absent from voice and look, as he turned to offer to help her to chicken; and his self-possession was more dreadful to her than even the suppressed wrath of the night before.

'It's very hot for you to preach,' said Gipsy.

'Yes,' he answered, 'so hot, that if I had only to hear myself, I think I should stay away.'

'Well,' said Gipsy, 'if we like better to go to the parish Church in the evening when it is cooler, we can take advantage of that admission.'

Perhaps she thought that it would be as well if they did stay away; but her proposal did not take.

Neither young lady availed herself of the permission, Maisie, indeed, making the very unnecessary remark to Gwen, that it would not be polite to stay away, however hot it was, when people's relations were going to preach.

'I don't mind the heat,' said Gwendolen. Nor did she. The solemn times and splendid colouring of this beautiful chapel, the well-trained choir, the intellectual preaching, had always seemed to her to awaken and help her religious feelings as nothing else had ever done. There is a great interest in public school services to an outsider, and the chapel had been delightful to Gwen, and had given her the feeling that Quixeter helped her to be good, even before she had been vividly conscious of Humfrey Bevan in his black gown among the lay masters. Gwen had expended much conscientious effort in trying not to think of his presence at one time; latterly, she had come to feel that it was the only link between them on which she dared to dwell. But Gwen was too real a person not to know that her soul was all out of tune with any religious service at present. She was far too rebellious really to feel such comfort, and one of her greatest troubles was that the decorous satisfaction, the sense of duty fulfilled, the quiet liking, which had been her notion of a soul at peace, had fled away from her altogether. Even her sense of Humfrey's trust in her very often made the separation seem more cruel.

As for Maisie, who did not think that she had had any religion at all till she had felt that Cheriton had something that could have helped her to meet the longings and yearnings that came out of such new-found deeps in her soul, who shall analyse the feelings with which the poor child looked and listened; who could divide the consciousness of his presence from the hope that his words might give help? She made no effort not to think of him, to divide the lover from the teacher. She looked *up*, but at what—to whom, she hardly knew. Cheriton was still very pale, and his voice and manner were very quiet, she was at first conscious of little but that she was hearing him speak—till the incoherent tumult of foolish personal feelings began a little to subside, and she began to listen to what he had to say.

The sermon was addressed to the boys, and was much like other sermons on such occasions. Everything was put with a careful truthfulness and absence of exaggeration, and with very correct and delicate emphasis; for Cheriton's voice was so easily overstrained, that he had had to train himself to very skilful management of it. Presently, she found that he was urging upon them, as the great need of their school life, what he called an 'original conscience,' a clear moral standard, not depending either on public opinion, or on the opinion of any one person, however superior. He urged that each one should be real and true to himself, not following the multitude to do evil, nor even, blindly, to do good—no taking up practices or views from mere imitation of companions or to please superiors. No one could entirely judge for another person. If they believed that God spoke to each one through his own conscience, that sense of right and wrong was after all the ultimate guide. No one could doubt the use of influence, the immense help of example; but the best examples, the truest influence might at last lead people to look so much higher again, that those most influenced might after all come to a different conclusion. Above everything, let each be true to himself, and then he might hope to learn to be faithful to God.

It was a sermon that gave something to think of; some people thought it rather an unsatisfactory conclusion; but it bore in upon the soul of Maisie a great conviction. She must keep her secret, she must hold her tongue, whether Cheriton himself thought it right or wrong to do so.

'He would think it was right to do what he thinks wrong,' was the very paradoxical form that the thought took in her mind.

But right or wrong, it gave her power to resist the great temptation to tell him because she wanted him so much to know. It dawned upon her that she would rather be worthy of him than win him. She set her feet on the burning ploughshares, however often afterwards they might fail and shrink. And when she kept her strained eyes fixed on him as the sermon closed—though the vision of him, in his white garment, with a ray of slanting sunlight striking on his beautiful serious face, remained with her for ever—this was not the only vision that dawned upon her soul. She saw that he saw—something else, something higher—and she turned her eyes to look for it too.

'I should have thought most people *did* trust their own sense of right and wrong,' said Mrs. Tanner, as she came back with them to tea.

'Everybody doesn't know if their thoughts are their own or other people's,' said Gipsy. 'Do you know, Fay, I often make fun about things, because if one goes in for really meaning or doing anything, Jack and all the Lesters expect one to mean it so very much, and do it so very thoroughly, that one isn't always prepared for it.'

'Yes; your husband has that reputation in school, certainly. Nobody brings him unprepared lessons.'

'Well,' said Gipsy, 'I'll give you an instance. When Cherry first went to Elderthwaite, he asked the old parson there, how he prepared the candidates for confirmation. "I follow the Prayer-book, my lad," the old gentleman said—you know he is a very rough specimen—"and if any young man tells me he wants to be confirmed, I make him repeat the Church catechism right through. I make a ceremony of it. I always put on a white tie for the occasion." He never used to wear one, you know, now he mostly does. And Cheriton said that the only proof those rough, ignorant fellows could give of being in earnest was to take infinite trouble about it. And—he couldn't go out much then, it was when he was so delicate; but he had them one by one and taught them the catechism—a part of it—quite perfectly, and then made them say it to the old parson to keep up his authority. *He* took infinite trouble, at any rate. But where is he? Why doesn't he come to tea?'

'He is walking up and down the garden with Mr. Bevan,' said Maisie, who was sitting in the window, after a perceptible pause.

Gipsy heaved a sigh, because she could not beckon both to come in comfortably. At last Jack joined the pair outside, and after two or three turns, Humfrey Bevan went off, and the two brothers came in together. Maisie shrank up more closely into her corner, Jack looked savage, and a sense of discomfort pervaded the party.

'I wonder if there is thunder in the air,' said Mrs. Tanner, looking attentively round the tea table. 'Are you generally conscious of electric influences, Mr. Lester?'

'If you are asking me,' said Jack, 'not at all.'

'Only to the extent of an occasional headache,' said Cheriton, obliged to answer her searching glance.

'Well,' said Mrs. Tanner, 'I believe electricity has a moral effect. I look out for its indications. I noticed that both the Miss Despards looked preoccupied just now, and Mr. Cheriton Lester, I am sure, is uncomfortable.'

'I am rather tired,' said Cheriton, politely and stiffly, while a growl, certainly resembling distant thunder, was heard from Jack's chair.

'The presence of certain people,' began Mrs. Tanner, 'affects others——'

'Oh, really, Fay,' cried Gipsy, starting up, 'you will make us all feel electric. Let us walk back with you to Arden's Paradise, it is much cooler now, thunder or not.'

As the two girls got up and followed their hostess, sympathetic habit caused the eyes of Cheriton and Maisie to meet for an instant, with the joke between them, and with a perceptible effect, electric or otherwise, on Maisie's spirits.

'Now, Jack,' said Cheriton quietly, when the brothers were left alone together, 'let out the thunder.'

'You said you wanted to speak to *me*,' said Jack crossly.

Cheriton laughed a little in spite of himself as he perceived that Jack was afraid to begin.

'Very well,' he began; but Jack broke in upon him.

'I thought you had more sense, Cheriton. That little girl is no more good enough for *you* than—than any other pretty young woman with eyes—and tricks. The Despards are nobodies. There's this confounded mystery. She'll make you miserable, and you won't be able to stand it. And what will they all say at home? I'm quite in earnest, Cherry,' he added, as Cheriton slightly shrugged his shoulders. 'You're the last man to endure an unsuitable choice, whether you get her or not.'

Cheriton was very much on his guard. He knew that Jack did not know nearly as much about the mystery as he did himself, had never divined its connection with Hal Ingleston, nor of course Maisie's action in the matter. At the same time he was too absolutely sincere a person to say, 'You have no reason to suppose that there is any mystery about Maisie.' He answered rather formally—

'I am quite aware, Jack, that it is your due, and Gipsy's, to know what I mean with regard to your guest. We won't discuss—her. I have no reason to know that she returns my feelings.'

'Oh, but I'll take my oath she does,' said Jack ruefully; 'Gipsy thinks——'

'Does she?' cried Cheriton, starting up, all his formality melting into eagerness. 'Jack, what does Gipsy think? Tell me.'

'Don't, Cherry, don't look like that! It's Gipsy's notion. Besides, of course she does. It's utter ruin. Just look at Bevan!'

'I mean,' said Cheriton, 'to set myself to find out this mystery if I can.'

'And you won't pledge yourself till you do find out?'

'I will not pledge myself to you one way or another. But, Jack, I—yes—I will be quite open with you, this once, and then silence—I love her. I don't at this moment see my way to speak. Can you not trust me to have self-control enough, knowledge enough of all my life demands of me—to judge for myself?'

'Of course I know you will do what's right,' said Jack, 'and kill yourself in the process. Your work's enough for you with your heart in it—how do you mean to do it with your heart out of it? I wouldn't have had it happen——'

'But it *has* happened,' said Cheriton, as Jack paused for a strong enough conclusion. 'It will be for the best in the end—no doubt. I don't mean to let myself go in any way. If it is God's will, I will win her; if not, I shall at least have loved her.'

The last words were spoken very low, and Jack Lester, who had never had to bear an hour's doubt of the success of his one love story, felt that he could not have spoken them. He said nothing, and presently Cheriton said, in a much more commonplace manner—

'But, Jack, there's a dear old boy, you'll not set Alvar on me? I shall do well enough.'

'Alvar will find you out in five minutes.'

'Not now; he has too much to do to be always thinking about me. And I shall be just as usual.'

'Well,' said Jack grimly, 'I suppose we shall have "to create a false impression" for you, if we can. Only you know, Cherry—you knew, there isn't a woman in the world worth breaking *your* heart for. I'd see them all——'

'What? all?' interrupted Cheriton.

'Well—all but one.'

'Exactly, all but one! Yes, Jack, I'll laugh about it. I'm sure Gipsy would like to laugh at me; I quite see the ludicrous point of view! But, Jack'—and he laid his hand on his brother's shoulder with a strong affectionate pressure—'you know, I shall pray about it too.'

Cheriton's speech on any personal religious topic was as infrequent as his layman brother's, and as he went hurriedly away, Jack was silenced, if unconvinced.

But Cheriton, as he went out into the silent summer evening, with its long lights and shadows, and the crystal clearness of its sky, knew how nearly his brother was right. Not only his relations to Maisie, but Maisie herself was 'clouded with a doubt,' a doubt he did not mean to disregard. It is not always, not often, perhaps, as life goes on, that passionate feeling can flow without a check. It was too late to be only a lover. 'I shall at least have loved her!' Strong devotion may be a purifying fire; but the duties and charities of daily life are often destroyed by its flame. That must not be, cost what the effort might; and he knew it would cost a great deal.

Poor Cheriton, it was with a very bitter smile, that he admitted to himself that he was afraid that struggling against certain suspense and probable disappointment might break down his health again—might prove to him that he was unfit for life's struggles; for its rewards and its disappointments. But with that facing of facts, which is perhaps the truest self-conquest, he did admit all these poor drawbacks to ideal passion. He looked at her and at himself quite truly.

'And yet I love her!' he said again, with a softer smile, and a lover's hope began to shine on his fears. There was so much hope—of her—of her responsive love.

But Cheriton, as he turned back to the house, with the prayers in his heart, of which he had spoken to his brother, did not deceive himself into thinking that this fleeting hope was the same thing as the Christian patience with which he had inspired others, which, indeed, he had often won himself; but which now seemed to shine on him from new heights, far and inaccessible.

'Alps upon Alps arise' in spiritual things, and Cheriton was not yet at the top of the mountain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

On the hot Monday afternoon that succeeded to that memorable Sunday, Mrs. Tanner was sitting in her shady drawing-room looking out over Arden's Paradise, rather less paradisaical at the end of a scorching July than it had been at the beginning of a soft and sunny April. A tall black figure came up the broad walk in the full blaze of the sun, and Mrs. Tanner was surprised to recognise Gwendolen Despard, for she had noted her avoidance of the place, and knew the reason.

Gwendolen had a stately walk, and there was something mournful and tragic in the intense black of her clothes in the bright sunshine, and in the severe and stern expression of her handsome face.

She came up to the house without a glance to right or left, and was speedily admitted, and exchanging with her hostess the necessary remarks on the heat.

'Do take off your hat and sit down,' said Mrs. Tanner. 'I am afraid this is a farewell visit.'

'Yes, it is,' said Gwen. 'We are all dispersing. Mr. Cheriton Lester went this morning, and Maisie and I go to Cromer to-morrow, and Thursday all the others go North.'

'We shall see you again, perhaps, after the holidays. But I forgot, you are going abroad.'

'I don't know,' said Gwen. 'Mrs. Tanner, it was you who put into my head that girls with money might do paid work. I want to undertake Lucas Ingleston's home for his silk girls.'

'You!' said Mrs. Tanner, staring at her. 'Why?'

'I don't care about going abroad, and I want occupation. But I don't want to appear odd. Will you say to people you think it right and proper for us to do? I have been thinking of it ever since I heard of it.'

'Why,' said Mrs. Tanner dubiously, 'it's—it's a splendid thing to do. Girls like themselves—such a refining influence! And to set the example of doing paid work professionally! But *are* you professional enough—either of you? You are so—young and lady-like, both of you. I'm always very frank. Have neither of you another notion?'

Gwendolen was so unsophisticated and so preoccupied, that the meaning of Mrs. Tanner's words never occurred to her.

She looked at her hostess, with but one thought in her mind, drew a long breath and said, 'No!'

But she said it so bluntly, and coloured so violent and deep a red, that Mrs. Tanner was confirmed in her idea that the neighbourhood of Lucas Ingleston had something to do with the decision. He was supposed to be Maisie's admirer; but was this a mistake, and could he be the real reason of Humfrey Bevan's well-known disappointment?

Gwendolen's next words, however, sounded straightforward enough.

'I don't care for fine scenery: I can get on very well with the Inglestons at South Warrendon—you know they are our cousins—I like them; and I am good at housekeeping and managing things.'

'Well, Miss Despard,' said Mrs. Tanner, 'it will interest me very much to see you try. If it answers you will be the most real convert I have ever made. You used to aim at conventional young ladyhood.'

'Yes, I used,' said Gwendolen.

She turned her head away, a sob rising in her throat. The impulse to give way to it, to be natural once more, was almost irresistible. Her very sincerity had made all friendly intercourse of late impossible to her. She was no longer any good to Gipsy, and took no comfort in what was certainly a generous continuance of the latter's friendship. She had never taken at all to Cheriton, whose fun puzzled her (she was never very good at seeing a joke), and of whose disapproval she was afraid. She saw that he definitely doubted her, and, with all her feelings jarred and out of tune, she was half-suspicious of his intimacy with Humfrey, and more than half-jealous of the confidence between them. She did not always like his views, nor entirely understand them; it did not strike her that he was specially attentive to Maisie, and Maisie's pleasure in his society appeared to her the easy revival of her frivolous nature at the first escape from trouble.

Her dread of the exile abroad had intensified with every day spent at Quixeter. Anything—anything rather than put the sea between herself and Humfrey.

Just now as she crossed the flat green meadows every little white turnstile on the footpath recalled her walk home with Humfrey Bevan and with Gipsy, when life had seemed to lie before her all in a golden glow. How fond she had been of Gipsy then! how kindly had been her feelings to the chance acquaintances they had met, acquaintances who might one day be friends. How good the world had seemed to her, and how good, how grateful and kindly, she had felt herself. And now, a bitter sense that everything, even her own goodness, had failed her, had come upon her. Religion, as she understood it, gave her no help, her conscience, all divided against itself, was at war, and not at peace. She hated Hal Ingleston with an active positive hatred, such as she had previously never conceived; her feelings towards her father's memory were little short of hatred too, and she had grown hard enough to own it to herself. She despised Maisie's want of moral sense, her quiet surface liking for Gipsy, and for all these new friends. Of course she loved Humfrey Bevan, ten thousand times more than when they had parted in this Arden's Paradise three months ago; but she was too angry at the barriers that divided her from him, too bitter with fate, to feel much softening even in the thought of him, even in the knowledge of his trust in her. One curious change had come upon Gwendolen, at first

she had honestly and earnestly desired that the secret should be told; but as she began to move about the world among other people, the sense of the intolerable shame of it grew upon her and contended with her desire to be free from the burden of it. She began to feel that if the Inglestons and Lesters knew of her father's sin, and her own relations with Hal, she would have to go away and never face them again. She was ashamed of Humfrey's trust in her.

'Never speak a false word!' How many she had spoken, how many she would have to speak before this new plan would be carried out!

She had spoken a thoroughly false one to Mrs. Tanner now; and it was this newly-awakened pride, rather than honour or prudence, which enabled her to choke back her sobs and resist her sudden longing to confide in *any* friend.

'I used; but my mind has developed, and you *have* converted me,' she said, with a hard little laugh. 'I may tell Gipsy then, that you approve?'

'Yes, it is the sort of thing I do approve of,' said Mrs. Tanner, in a puzzled voice.

'Then I shall go and see what my sister has to say,' said Gwen, with would-be cheerfulness, and went away as abruptly as she had come.

Maisie, meanwhile, was sitting on the lawn, thinking—thinking over that morning's parting, which had come unexpectedly.

Cheriton, Gipsy said, had changed his plans and was going to London to spend a few days with her father, Mr. Stanforth, before returning to Westmoreland. He had schooled himself into bidding Maisie farewell, without further sign, and if there was a quiver of hand, a gleam of eye, her own eyes and hand were so unsteady that she could only afterwards doubt and wonder if there had been.

But he turned to Gipsy with a certain wistfulness in his voice.

'Good-bye, dear Gipsy. Thank you for much kindness,' as if he would fain have said, 'Be kind still—to her.'

But Gipsy hardened her heart, and would not see, though her bright dark face worked as she kissed him, and she longed to give him a little comfort; but she felt herself in such a fearful scrape with the heads of the family. It was so vexatious that *her* friend, as Jack angrily put it, 'should have made a fool of Cheriton—*again*.'

Poor Maisie, with this scene in her mind, was sitting in the garden on that same Monday afternoon. She was quite honest with herself at least, and she neither pretended to herself that Cheriton's image did not fill her heart, nor that doubt of her sincerity was not present in his. She did not know whether he loved her much and lastingly; but that she had been in the way to win him, she had no doubt at all. Maisie had not lived in an ideal world by any means, and she knew that hundreds of similar attractions die away under such a chill and check. He would probably think of it as a thing

that might have been. She would go away to Nice or Mentone, and to a tiresome, changeable, amusing kind of life, and in time she would forget him, as he would cease to think of her. Maisie had seen more than one lover forgotten and love outlived among her various acquaintances. It was an unspeakably dreary thought, and there came over it a curious feeling of surprise, as she seemed to find out that life had of late gone so deep with her, that she would not be able to forget. Sorrow and self-devotion were the companions of her love, it lived with them down in the deeps of her soul, and it was not such—*she* was not now such, that it would lazily pass away. Perhaps *he* too——

Even to herself Maisie did not clearly define that thought; but she lifted her head from its drooping attitude, with a sort of fresh spring of courage, and beheld Gwendolen coming towards her, looking eager and with a purpose in her face.

With characteristic abruptness she plunged into the subject, and in five minutes had laid the whole scheme before the startled Maisie with a clear decision, that showed her to have carefully thought it out.

'To settle down among the Inglestons!' exclaimed Maisie.

'Well, I always get on with the old people, and it is a great point for us to know what Hal is doing. How can we trust him if we go so far off?'

'People will think we are running after Lucas!'

'Let them think!' said Gwen, with a proud security that Humfrey Bevan would not think so of her.

'I don't think we're old enough, or good enough, for such a responsibility.'

'Good enough! I should be infinitely happier with sensible work to do, than staring at scenery that I shouldn't have the heart to care for. I don't expect *you* to do much, Maisie; I feel quite competent to keep house and manage the girls myself.'

'I wish you had told me before,' said Maisie, feeling that she would have given anything to see in Cheriton Lester's face what he thought of the proposal.

'We shall save so much more money, and shorten the time,' said Gwen eagerly.

'People will think we do it because we want to be good,' said Maisie, rather childishly.

'No,' said Gwen; 'there's nothing particularly good in wanting occupation. And besides, whatever they think, your promise obliges us to be so false and so full of pretences that one more or less does not make much difference. There is Gipsy; I shall tell her at once, and get it over.'

Nothing frightened Maisie so much as Gipsy's entire acquiescence in, and absence of criticism of the scheme. She looked surprised; but she offered no advice, and made no objections. But she thought less

hopefully of Cheriton's chances, and from her own point of view ought to have seen Maisie put herself in Lucas Ingleston's way with pleasure. Gwendolen wrote to Lucas making the offer, and to Hal, whose approval she bitterly felt that she must secure. He had been reflecting on the difficulties of having the girls at a distance, and saw that to settle their lives once for all would have many advantages; so, in spite of the risk of the neighbourhood of his relations, he agreed to what, after all, he was too much afraid of Gwendolen's humour to oppose. Lucas wrote in the warmest terms; but these letters did not reach the sisters till Quixeter, with all its tender memories, was left behind, till they were alone by the stormy eastern sea, separated, as poor Gwen felt, from the Lester household by more than time and distance. She was not Gipsy's friend any more. It was impossible for any one to trust her now.

But Humfrey Bevan did trust her,—when on the heights of the Engadine he got a letter from Gipsy telling him that this new plan was finally settled. It was like his brave practical Gwendolen to find good useful work during this time of trial. South Warrendon was not in another county. He might get there on a whole holiday and walk round the house, even if he never saw her to speak a word. And let him but get the faintest clue to this wretched secret, and he would tell her that neither shameful conduct, nor loss of fortune, nor any complication whatever among her relations should come between him and herself.

And Humfrey made up his mind to the bravest thing he had ever done in his life, to what amounted to a most chivalrous show of confidence in Gwendolen. He undertook the promised boarding-house, told the head master that he had future hopes of marrying, and got a capable clever aunt of his own to come and manage for him for the time being.

'I should never cease to repent if the mystery was cleared up, and she consented too late,' he wrote to Cheriton Lester.

Cheriton did not dash his confidence by a word. He had passed on his guess that the mystery concerned some money complication between Mr. Despard and the Inglestons; but his own secret he had kept to himself, discovering that to receive sympathy on such a point would be much harder to the natural Lester than to give it.

Nor did his own suggestion satisfy him. No one explanation could. He was as much less happy than Humfrey Bevan, as doubt of the object of devotion is less happy than faith in it.

(To be continued.)

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

BY SELINA GAYE.

I.

DULCIE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

No one could tell exactly how it had happened, least of all Dulcie herself, the person chiefly concerned, so it is useless for us to try and explain, and we may as well 'give it up' at once, without wasting our time.

This, however, was the state of affairs: Dulcie was standing all alone on the quay of S. Malo, this bright summer afternoon, looking and feeling very forlorn, while her uncle and aunt were steaming away across the mouth of the Rance without her.

Of course she ought to have been with them, and she would have been with them, if 'things' had behaved themselves and gone right; but somehow they didn't, and she wasn't.

Aunt Mary always blamed herself for not having looked better after Dulcie; but really, at fourteen years old, one would have thought she might be able to follow, as she had been told to do, without being watched like a baby.

Uncle John had only just arrived from Jersey, and, not having seen his wife for two or three weeks, naturally had a good deal to say to her; and seeing a little girl in front of him in a hat exactly like Dulcie's, he made quite sure that she *was* Dulcie, and did not trouble himself at all about the matter; so *he* blamed the hat.

Dulcie herself always declared that she thought she was keeping close to Aunt Mary, and indeed she had only stopped 'just for a minute' to look at two French soldiers. They were not a bit like real soldiers in those baggy trousers and untidy white gaiters, and they were trying to win sugar-sticks at a 'wheel of fortune' kept by a woman in a booth, and she wanted to see whether they won any, and whether they ate them; but she was sure 'it was only a minute.'

Dulcie's minutes were apt to have more than sixty seconds in them, however; at least when she was interested, so Aunt Mary said; and she was very apt, moreover, to be deeply interested just at the wrong moment. But of course it was 'things' that were to blame —the hat, which ought *not* to have been like Dulcie's, and the soldiers and the sugar-sticks and the wheel of fortune. This is quite plain, and it is very nice to have 'things' like these to blame when other 'things' go wrong.

A good many people besides Uncle John had come over in the Jersey steamer, and as it happened to be market-day, the ferry was

more crowded than usual. What with the passengers and their luggage, and the market-women and their large baskets, it was two or three minutes before people shook down into their places. Indeed, a good many did not shake down at all, but remained standing, which made it difficult for some time to see who was on board. But there was the little girl in the shady hat, which was so wickedly like Dulcie's, wedged in among the rest; and Uncle John went on talking comfortably to his wife, until he chanced to catch a glimpse of the face beneath the broad brim, and saw to his surprise that it was not Dulcie's after all.

Almost at the same moment Aunt Mary exclaimed in dismay, 'Why, John, look there; we have left Dulcie behind!' and looking back he beheld the forlorn little object on the quay.

Dulcie, meanwhile, was feeling more and more miserable as the steamer got farther away, and she began to think she should not be missed in the crowd until it reached the opposite side, and then they would not know where to look for her, and they might even think she had fallen overboard, and that it was of no use to look at all. But just as this dismal idea came into her head, and almost brought the tears to her eyes, Uncle John waved his hand and shouted; and though the wind carried his words away, and she could not tell what he said, she brightened up a little, for at least it was some comfort to feel that they saw her.

If only the people would not look at her so, it would not be so very dreadful to wait there until the ferry came back; but, oh, if any one should speak to her, and ask what she was doing!

'Why, Miss Dulcie, all alone—what has happened?' said a cheery voice behind her. 'Have you let the ferry go off without you? Well, never mind, I can take you over in my boat, if you will come.' Then, without waiting for an answer, the new-comer waved his hat and shouted, 'I will take care of Miss Dulcie, and bring her across. I think I have made them hear,' he went on, 'and at least they can see and understand, and will not wonder what has become of you. My boat is at S. Servan; and perhaps, if you don't mind, we had better be off before the tide turns.'

'Oh, it is all right now,' said Aunt Mary, with a sigh of relief, as she waved her hand to Mr. Beaumont, by way of letting him know that she entrusted Dulcie to his care, which, with the wind coming in her face and blowing back every word she tried to utter, was all that she could do.

But if only Aunt Mary could have foreseen all the trouble that would spring out of Dulcie's adventures that afternoon, she might have been less grateful than she was to Mr. Beaumont for being good-natured enough to take charge of her. However, fortunately for her peace of mind, Aunt Mary could not look into the future, and she went on comfortably, 'She will be quite safe with him. He is the Mr. Beaumont I told you of, who has been staying at the Dinard

Hotel almost as long as ourselves. We have not seen very much of him, as he has been boating a great deal, but he is a nice young fellow, and has been kind enough to help us now and then with our sketching. He draws very well himself, and I think he said something about going off on a sketching tour before long. No, I don't know anything about him; but I am sure he is a gentleman. Poor Dulcie! I wonder what she had found to dream about to-day. Oh, yes, we have been getting on; but of course it will take time to undo the mischief, and it is hard work sometimes, though she is very good and amuses herself; but she never seems to care to play with the rest, though the sands are capital for croquet, and the Wyldes might be such nice companions for her. She is shy enough with grown-up people, but she is almost worse with girls of her own age.'

'What does she do with herself then?'

'Oh, she goes about looking for shells and seaweed, quite happy apparently, and, whenever I will let her, she pores over 'Henri de la Rochejaquelein,' until I think she must know it by heart, and I have been obliged to tell her that it really must be kept for days when she can't get out. Poor child! leaving her so long with that Mrs. James has been a great mistake, and I wish her father could have seen it sooner.'

'Being in India, I don't see how he was to see.'

'He might have attended to other people who could. I am sure the child has been brought up on the snubbing system, which *may* answer with robust natures, but not with hers. I don't know what she feels about it, for of course I have not talked to her on the subject, but it is quite clear to me that she has had a lonely life, and that somehow or other she has learned to look upon grown-up people generally as her natural enemies, to be avoided as much as possible. She is more at her ease with me now, and sometimes she chatters away quite naturally for a while, if we get upon a subject she is interested in, and really she has told me a great deal which I had forgotten about the two heroes of Brittany. She has been reading up diligently, and has got her mind full of La Vendée and Monsieur Henri, but she "shuts up" directly if I don't show proper interest, and then there is nothing more to be got out of her.'

'A month with the cousins at Plancöet will do her all the good in the world.'

'Yes, poor child, if they will have patience with her; but I am afraid her "moony" ways must be trying to girls of her own age, unless they happen to be as fond of books as herself, which I am sure Judy is not. One can't blame her for it; but she has lived in a little world of her own, which does not make her attractive to her fellow-creatures. Of course it is very nice for her to care so much about her French history, and I wish to encourage her, though history never was my strong point, and I could talk much more comfortably to her about her uncles and aunts and the children than I can about

Duguesclin and Monsieur Henri. But unluckily *they* are the more real to her of the two, which is not her fault.'

'Humph! well, if she does not get on with Hester, she won't with any one, I should say. That young man must be pitying himself by this time. Little girls of Dulcie's age are apt to be very much in the way, notwithstanding the story-books!'

To tell the truth, Uncle John was not so very far wrong in this surmise, for Dulcie had been a good deal upset by her fright, and though she was very glad not to have been left standing on the quay until Uncle John could get back to her, she was not at all a lively companion, during the walk along the causeway to S. Servan.

But they were in the boat now, sailing across to Vicomté, with the tide running in so fast that they were carried swiftly on, almost without the help of the wind, and, fortunately for them, in the right direction.

What with the fresh air, rapid motion, and bright sunshine, Dulcie's spirits revived, and as Mr. Beaumont left her to herself while he watched how the boatman steered his way among the many dangerous rocks, she could dip her hands in the cool waves, fish up bits of seaweed, and enjoy herself as she liked without having to talk. She was quite sorry indeed that they reached the other side so soon, and when Mr. Beaumont asked whether she could walk to Dinard or would like him to try and find a donkey for her, she declared that she was not at all tired, and would much rather walk.

And a very pleasant walk it was by the top of the cliff at almost any time, but especially on such a glorious summer day as this, with the river flowing below, rushing, plashing, and eddying merrily over the rocks, a deep blue sky overhead, sunshine everywhere, and all along the pathway wild flowers in plenty, with patches of heather showing their purple bells here and there.

'The heather will be splendid in Scotland in another week or two,' remarked Dulcie's companion, as they sat down to rest and arrange their nosegays.

Mr. Beaumont had never had little sisters of his own, and he was a good deal puzzled as to how little girls liked to be talked to, especially when they were as quiet as Dulcie; but he was kind-hearted, and he thought it must be so dull for her, that he gave himself more trouble than many young men would have done to think of something to interest her. She seemed to be fond of flowers from the way in which she looked at them, so he began by asking which was her favourite.

'I don't know'—Dulcie's usual way of answering a question—'at least, I suppose it ought to be the heather,' she went on, 'because we are Scotch, at least papa is. The moors are beautiful of course, and I should like to see the tall heather that hid Roderick Dhu's men—in the 'Lady of the Lake,' you know—but for a flower it is rather stiff and dry, and it hasn't any scent——' and then, alarmed to

find herself making such a long speech, Dulcie came to a sudden full stop.

'Well,' said Mr. Beaumont, looking merrily up at her, 'why don't you ask *my* favourite; tit for tat is fair, isn't it? Guess.'

'I can't.'

'Come, I'll give you a hint; what ought to be the favourite flower of every true Breton?'

'Breton,' repeated Dulcie, wondering whether she had heard aright, or whether this was her companion's way of pronouncing 'Briton.'

'Ah! you did not guess that I was a Breton, did you?' he went on, amused at her perplexity, 'but I am, though I have not been in Brittany till this summer. And *now*, what is my favourite flower?'

'There might be two,' said Dulcie shyly; 'I think the broom is the badge of Brittany, isn't it?'

'To be sure,' and it deserves to be the favourite flower of every Breton, because—do you know why?'

'Because it is as good as the heather for hiding people, I suppose you mean. I remember——'

'Yes, what do you remember? Please don't stop.'

'In the war, the war of La Vendée, they used to hide in the fields of broom to get out of the way of the Blues, didn't they?'

'Ah! yes, I have heard my grandmother say that her sister spent days among the broom, with the soldiers passing within a few yards of her and never finding her out, though she had two or three children with her; but they had learnt to keep quiet, poor little things! At night they slept in a peasant's cottage, and the poor people fed them with black bread and apples. Ah! those were sad times. But what is the second flower, Miss Dulcie?'

'I thought perhaps you meant the gladiolus, if you are a Breton, really.'

'I am—*really!* but still I don't know why I should adopt the gladiolus. It would be a little stiff for a button-hole, wouldn't it? Come, you will have to tell me what it has to do with Brittany.'

'It's Duguesclin's flower,' said Dulcie, a little reproachfully, Mr. Beaumont thought.

'Duguesclin's! Fancy my having to be told that by an Englishwoman! But, how do you know it? if one may venture to ask. I had no idea that the grand old constable cared about flowers, though there certainly is something soldierly about the gladiolus, and I do know that it means "little sword."'

'Aunt Mary says that it does not grow wild in France now, north of the Loire, so her botany-book says, but of course it might have done so once, I suppose. They say that a Moor named Hakim, which means a physician, I think, came to Brittany after the battle of Tours and lived in a valley near Cancale, where the crimson and white gladiolus grew wild, and he was so fond of it and planted so many

round his hut that it was called Glay Hakim, because "glay" is Breton for "glaïeul," the French name for the gladiolus, and the sword-leaved yellow flag too.'

'We will believe it was the gladiolus; I am afraid you will think me very dense, but I declare I don't see how you get Duguesclin out of it!'

'Oh, a castle was built there afterwards and called Gléaquin, and then the people were called Degléaquin or Duguesclin, so they *say*, at least.'

Dulcie was fast forgetting her shyness now, and she went on quite eagerly: 'Oh! *have* you read the "Lances of Lynwood?"'

'I should think I had,' answered Mr. Beaumont, smiling. 'It was one of my favourite books when I was a boy. So Duguesclin is a hero of yours? We ought to shake hands upon that, Miss Dulcie; but he beat the English, you know.'

'I'm very glad he did, for I don't see that they had any business in France, and I always did like him because he was so ugly, and awkward, and honest, and they treated him so badly at home; but——' and Dulcie looked at her companion, hesitating whether to finish her sentence or not, and wondering how she could get him to say more about that aunt of his, who had had to hide in the broom.

'Well, but *what?*' he asked, after waiting a reasonable time; 'what "but" have you got against my fellow-countryman?'

'Oh, none! I mean the "but" wasn't against him, only I like Monsieur Henri better still.'

'Ah, well, we shall agree there too. I used to hear so much about him when I was a little boy, for my grandmother had seen him, and my grandfather died fighting with him in La Vendée, and she insisted that I must be named after him.'

'Oh-h!' Dulcie's face lighted up all over, though she could not think of anything to say, or rather of anything that she thought she could say, for there were a dozen questions she would have liked to ask. This *was* a discovery indeed, quite worth being left behind at S. Malo for. How surprised and interested Aunt Mary would be; and how nice it would be if she would talk to Mr. Beaumont about it all, and hear all he could tell about Monsieur Henri!

'Yes,' Mr. Beaumont went on, 'we are an old Breton family; but when the revolution came we lost everything, as many others did, and for a time my grandfather and grandmother were dependent upon a faithful old servant, who hid them in his cottage at the risk of his own life, and then got them away to the coast in a waggon-load of hay and on board a boat which took them across to England. But as soon as he had found a home for his wife and little son, my grandfather came back to fight for the king, and they never saw him again.'

'But why did not they come back at the restoration?'

'There was nothing to come to! We had been robbed of our

property, "robbed," I call it, but the Government called it "confiscated"; and as my father had good prospects in England, no doubt it was wiser to stay, for after all one can't live upon family pride and the deeds of one's ancestors, you know. And so I was born and brought up in England, and some English people are so kind as to call me "Mr. Bemment," but I am not an Englishman for all that! No, I am a Breton, and though this is actually the first time I have set foot in my own country, I have heard so much about it that I seem to be quite at home. I am going on to Dinan in a day or two, and I hope to see our old château, for I feel as if I should know my way about it quite well—it has so often been described to me. An Englishman has got hold of it, but I hope he will not mind my looking over it and making a sketch for my mother.'

'I should think not, indeed,' exclaimed Dulcie, full of indignation; 'why it is *yours*, by rights, and he would give it back to you if he were honest!'

'Ah, I wish he would, but I afraid there is no such luck in store for me; and I suppose he thinks it belongs to *him*.'

'But you were robbed; he has no right to it, and it *must* be more yours than his, any way! I should think he must feel like a thief himself, keeping what has belonged to other people for centuries.'

'I don't suppose he does; but it does seem hard to be kept out of one's own property.'

'I should think so, and if he doesn't he ought to, and I should think he will when he sees you. I am sure I should. I should feel dreadfully ashamed. He ought to have found out whether you were alive before he took it.'

'Perhaps he never heard of me! That's just possible, you know,' said Mr. Beaumont with outward gravity, but with just so much inward amusement at Dulcie's vehemence and the very downright way in which she expressed her opinions, that he rather enjoyed drawing her out.

He was many years older than she, but still he was young enough to be a good deal excited at the prospect of seeing the 'home of his ancestors,' and romantic enough to indulge in many dreams as to the possibility of its ever being restored to its 'lawful owner,' as he called himself; and ignorant though it was, Dulcie's ready sympathy was pleasant, as well as amusing, and led him on to say more than he would have done in his sober moments—more, a great deal, than he would have done if he had had any idea of the way in which she would dwell upon and magnify his words.

'Well, who knows, perhaps one of these days I may be able to buy him out!'

'That would be nice, but I don't think he ought to be paid; honestly he ought not, and perhaps he would not sell it.'

'Then we shall have to turn him out, for I mean to have it back.'

'That would be better still; but unless there is another revolution and *his* property is confiscated, how can you?'

'Well, we can hardly get up a revolution on purpose, can we? and without it I can only think of one person equal to the task, and that is *La Dame Blanche*, or White Lady.'

'Oh! is your château haunted?' asked Dulcie, with eager interest.

'Well, Annik, the old servant who went with them to England, used to tell my father that just before things became so bad that they had to make their escape, "she" was seen three times gliding down the chestnut avenue, wringing her hands, and singing a plaintive Breton air. "She" was, or perhaps I ought to say *is*, one of the De Beaumonts, who lived I really don't know when, and, according to Annik, she still takes such a kind interest in the family, that she comes every now and then to see how we are getting on, and nothing of importance, good or bad, happens without her appearing. She did not follow us to England, however; and if she has not grown tired of waiting, I am sure Annik would say that she was certain to be there to welcome back the last of her descendants. Eh, what do you say; supposing I were to meet her, and beg her to make herself unpleasant to the present owner?'

'I wish she would drive him away! but,' and Dulcie hesitated, half afraid of being laughed at, 'do you really believe——'

'In our White Lady? When I am in Brittany, certainly; but I believe in *owls* always! There used to be owls in the old tower at the gate leading to the avenue, and if one were seen sailing noiselessly along on its white wings just before the trouble came, that would be enough for a Breton, for we are superstitious people.'

'But was there ever anyone called the White Lady?'

'There was a portrait of a lady in white, hanging in one of the rooms, so I have heard, but I really don't know anything more about her except that she was a De Beaumont; what her story was, and why she should be supposed to walk about the avenue, I never remember to have been told. But now, if you are rested, I think we had better be going on, or we may arrive late for the table d'hôte, which would be a sad end to our day's adventures.'

'I like to think about old times,' said Dulcie, jumping up with a reluctant sigh; 'they are so much nicer than now, don't you think?'

'Indeed, I don't! Very interesting to read about of course, but I am sure my grandmother would have told you anything but "nice" to live through.' And then, glad to have found a subject of conversation which interested them both, he went on to tell her more about these old times, and the sufferings of the French nobles, and the straits they were reduced to in England; and then he had a store of family anecdotes about Monsieur Henri, ending with an account of a visit he had once paid to his grandfather at Plancoët.

Dulcie could hardly have looked more scared, if a bomb had fallen at her feet!

'That is the name of our château near Dinan,' said Mr. Beaumont, calmly, quite unaware of the consternation he was producing. 'Our full name is De Beaumont-Plancoët, but we only use half in England. You see I call it our château still, though this Colonel Russell does fancy that it belongs to him. Ah! if he did but know what was in store for him, he would not feel quite so comfortable, would he?'

But no answer came from Dulcie!

It was too much, too dreadful altogether! After all that Mr. Beaumont had been saying, and after all that she herself had said about the present owner of Château Plancoët, to have him turn out to be her very own uncle, the uncle with whom she was going to stay, was really too shocking!

Why, she had called him a thief, and said he ought to restore the place to Mr. Beaumont, and a great deal more besides, which of course she would not have said if she had known the truth; but still, for all that, it was true; yes, it certainly was true; uncle Russell *ought* to be turned out, and Mr. Beaumont put in his place, and some day no doubt he would be, but meanwhile, what was she to say? She never could explain—and thereupon Dulcie hastily made up her mind to do the very worst thing she could, namely, hold her tongue! Silence is golden, was a favourite proverb of Dulcie's, and a very good proverb too in its right place; but Dulcie liked it chiefly perhaps because she so often found speaking more difficult, as she did on the present occasion.

But she would have saved herself much trouble if she had the courage to speak out now, and own herself the niece of this dreadful Colonel Russell.

After all, though she felt so guilty, she was herself quite innocent of injuring the De Beaumonts; and she could not help having an uncle who had 'taken their property,' as she expressed it to herself. But she had taken all that Mr. Beaumont had said quite literally; and though she was straightforward even to bluntness, as shy people often are, and though she felt mean and deceitful to hold her tongue, as if she were hiding a crime of her own, still she could not summon up courage to speak.

Dulcie was but a silly little girl in many ways at this time, in spite of her fondness for books, and she was so accustomed to keep her thoughts and ideas to herself, that it is no wonder if she sometimes made mountains out of molehills and caused herself needless distress. It was more her misfortune than her fault; for until now that she was with Aunt Mary, she had not been with any one who had taken much interest in her, or encouraged her to talk about things in which she was interested, and so the habit of keeping them to herself had naturally grown upon her.

The conversation which had been so lively for the last half hour

suddenly flagged after this, and Dulcie's interest in the De Beaumonts, past and present, seemed to have vanished.

'What odd little creatures girls are,' thought Mr. Beaumont to himself, puzzled to account for the change.

'She was quite pleasant just now; perhaps she is tired or afraid of being scolded for being left behind; she certainly does look scared, and yet I should not have thought "Aunt Mary" capable of being very terrible; but one never knows!'

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXV.

QUEEN MARY II.

1690-1694.

WHILE going forward with the Scottish, Irish, and French wars, by which William had to defend his newly-acquired throne, and the liberties he had been invited to maintain, there was a hard task at home, both in defining those liberties, and in obtaining the nerves and sinews of war.

Personally, William was a great disappointment. Whatever the former sovereigns of England had been, they had been easy of access, and leaders in all sports and diversions, holding personal intercourse with all ranks of their subjects, and admitting them to gaze at their meals, wander over their palaces and share their pleasures. They knew their nobility and their attendants intimately, and called them by their Christian names, often abbreviated. Queen Elizabeth had her Robins, James I. his Steenie, even grave Charles I. his Will and Tom, and Charles II. was one of the most winning of men, adding the wit and grace of France to the good nature of England, and both he and his brother had the special ease and friendliness of finding themselves at home again after long and weary exile.

But to William, England was the place of exile. He could scarcely breathe in London, where smoke and Thames fogs oppressed his asthmatic chest, and though he understood the language, he could not converse in it with any freedom or enjoyment. Probably if his Stewart mother had lived, he might have been different, but he had had no womanly training to overcome his awkward shyness, and absolute rudeness, for he had grown up among blunt Republicans, so that though of one of the highest families in Europe by both descents, he had the manners and almost the tastes of a private soldier, and was as little at ease when he found himself obliged to appear in the midst of the brilliant troops of English ladies and gentlemen. His really free and happy moments were spent with his old Dutch friends and companions, Schomberg, Keppel, Bentinck, Zalestein, Solms, and Ginkel, when he would sit smoking, sipping, and talking Dutch about affairs that could not safely be discussed amid the wavering, treacherous, unprincipled Englishmen who had come to the surface. Of course this excited jealousies and caused great offence to those who only saw the King stand or sit, silent and grave in their midst,

and were addressed by him at council only when necessary, in brief, hard, discourteous tones, implying perhaps the contempt that some of them deserved. Worst of all, was that want of domestic courtesy which showed how the remnants of chivalry had departed from Holland. However unfaithful Charles and James had been, neither had ever given his Queen reason to complain of want of deference, politeness, and even tenderness in personal intercourse, and to other women of all ranks, both had the courtesy of gentlemen. But William, with morals no better than those of his uncles, showed a rude disregard to the Queen, whom in very truth he really honoured and esteemed; and to Princess Anne, whom no doubt he disliked and despised, he did not show ordinary civility, eating up the whole of her favourite dishes before her eyes.

Probably, though his wife had given him her whole heart, he fancied it good policy to keep her down in her own eyes and in those of the nation, and therefore did not seek to control the rudeness natural to him in treating his slave, and did not see how much his rough manner to her added to his unpopularity.

Mary is somewhat of a paradox. She was a handsome, dignified, noble-looking woman, though inclined to become too stout, the greater disadvantage when her husband was unusually small and thin, and perhaps one cause of his rude self-assertion towards her. She was very religious, and had been constant to her own Church in spite of Dutch surroundings, and the sneers of her husband at even the meagre ritual of her Chapel at the Hague, where he could not understand the raised floor below the altar. Even in England, he could hardly be persuaded to take off his hat at the most solemn moments of the service, and kept it on throughout the sermon. She was staunch against both Romanism and Calvinism, but it may be feared that the constancy, though excellent, was unenlightened. Both the sisters had suffered from that strange indifference to education that set in with the Restoration. It could hardly have been caught from France, where most of the great ladies were well and deeply read, and it was probably owing to the frivolous tone of gaiety at the Court, and the association of quiet study with Puritanism. Catherine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice had been bred up in Southern ignorance, and, however it may have been, James had let the education of his motherless daughters take care of itself. Mary was intelligent and sensible, and would both read and talk well; but she seemed to consider royalty above spelling, and Anne was far more ignorant, and a dull companion, so that the Queen soon found her very wearisome.

Mary's whole affections were so concentrated on her husband, that it seemed as if no room were left for any one else. The apparent want of feeling for her father had shocked every one, nor did she ever show any tokens of relenting, and with her sister there were endless petty quarrels and provocations, such as only narrow-minded

women could be capable of, and aggravated by Anne's attachment to Lady Marlborough, whom Mary entirely distrusted. Jacobite rhymes hit off the family characteristics.

'There's Mary the daughter, there's Willy the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater.'

Again—

'Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Second had a daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him.

The rogue he sall na keep it lang,
To budge we'll mak him fain again,
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
And James shall have his own again.'

Neatest of all was, however, the epigram of Dryden. He had translated the Æneid, and the publisher, Jacob Tonson, wished it to be dedicated to the King; and upon Dryden's refusal, tried to point a compliment by making the face of Æneas in every illustration a likeness of William. The poet, a good deal annoyed, wrote—

'Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood
Amazing all beholders,
Hath placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel complete,
Methinks there's something lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing.'

Never was Mary so happy, and perhaps never so much tried, as when the husband she adored was at home. This was generally only to meet his Parliament, where many a struggle took place, and important measures passed. One of these forbade the election to the House of Commons of persons holding offices of emolument under Government; but it was found necessary to modify this, and make numerous exceptions.

Another was the Triennial Bill, limiting the existence of Parliament to three years, and making it illegal to pretermit the sessions of the Houses for more than three years. And the extreme difficulty of raising money for William's wars, suggested to Charles Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to borrow from any one willing thus to invest money, a sum for the interest of which Government became responsible.

This was the origin of the National Debt, and therewith the matter was to be managed by Montague, together with the Scotch James Paterson, the first inventor of the scheme, and Michael Godfrey, brother to the unfortunate Sir Edmondbury. Thus began the Bank

of England. Hitherto money had been invested by loans to goldsmiths and other tradesmen, and the security given by Government was eagerly welcomed by many, though others hesitated over it. The coinage, which had been chipped and debased during the last unprincipled reigns, was to be gradually called in and replaced, and while this was being effected the Bank issued notes in promise of payment. The paper on which they were stamped was a monopoly of a noble Huguenot family, and so has continued ever since.

Mary did her utmost to keep up the old traditions of ease and liveliness at Court, but it was uphill work with her shy and often suffering husband, a much more veritable William the Silent than his great ancestor, and with a sister, who, at the best, was a dead weight, and at the worst a sullen, grumbling element of opposition and discontent.

To live in Whitehall was impossible for the King. He was looking extremely ill, and the physicians hardly expected him to live to the end of the year in that atmosphere. So Hampton Court and Kensington Palace became the royal residences. The beautiful and splendid Tudor architecture of Cardinal Wolsey had gone out of fashion, and Hampton Court was altered—not for the better so far as the building was concerned—to suit the taste of the day. The gardens were laid out with much care and cost, and were the King's delight. The Labyrinth, which has given immense pleasure to six generations of holiday-makers, was formed; limes, thirty years old, were transplanted by Dutch skill to form the alleys, fountains were made to scatter their spray, and many fresh secrets of gardening imported. The Queen, too, brought from the Hague the taste for old china which has never entirely passed away. The Dutch, absorbing most of the Eastern trade, and guarding it jealously, were the chief importers of Japanese and Chinese cabinets, Indian curiosities and delicate porcelain, dainty and beautiful, above all, of the tea drunk from the blue or green dragon cups. Introduced by Catherine of Braganza, and sometimes called *Herbe á la reine*, it was beginning to make its way, though chocolate was the unnecessarily fattening beverage of the royal sisters, and as a lampoon said—

> 'The Queen drinks chocolat to make the King fat.
> The King hunts to make the Queen lean.'

Meantime the whole administration was in a terrible state. Under the two last kings there had been such carelessness, waste and venality, that the machine that William had to deal with would not work, and while great things were expected of him, he was absolutely without the means; he could trust no one around him but his faithful Dutchmen, and it made the English so bitterly jealous and discontented to see them employed, that he had no course but to set one Englishman to check another.

One neccesary result was to change the Declaration of Rights, signed

before the coronation, into a regular Parliamentary Act, called the Bill of Rights. It passed the Commons at once, but in the Lords, a real and serious difficulty was started. The Bill settled the succession first on William and Mary, then on the survivor of the two, next on Mary's children by another husband, afterwards on Anne and her posterity, and lastly on William's children by another wife, all in legal order—excluding only the Prince of Wales and all other Romanists. But what was to happen next? Neither sister had a living child, and William was in the frailest health, besides being exposed to all the chances of war!

Bishop Burnet then proposed, by William's suggestion, that in case of the failure of progeny of these three persons, the crown should be settled upon Sophia, the youngest child of Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. She was married to Ernest, Duke of Brunswick Luneburg, and was the only one of her mother's large family who had both continued a Protestant and had children. Not to be a Romanist was all that was then thought important, and the Lords agreed to this arrangement; but the Commons unanimously rejected it, apparently because the two Houses had quarrelled about Titus Oates.

However, on the 24th of July, Princess Anne, gave birth to a living son at Hampton Court, in her sister's presence. He was at once baptised William, with the King and Queen, and his uncle the King of Denmark, as sponsors, and though he was very weakly for the first two months of his life, the fact of his existence was a great relief to the English mind.

In October, when Parliament met again, there was no difficulty in passing the Bill of Rights, but no mention was made of the Electress Sophia, only it was enacted that no Papist should ascend the throne, nor any one married to a Papist.

After this, there were debates on the disasters in Ireland, and it was alleged that the only reason that such generals as Schomberg and Ginkel had not succeeded, was the horrible peculation of the commissaries, who received large sums from the Treasury, pocketed them, and left the troops in a state of utter destitution. Horses were paid for, shoes were charged, yet the soldiers marched barefoot; bedding, blankets, medicines were utterly wanting in the camp, where the men had been dying by hundreds, yet they all were charged to, and paid for by the country. A man named Shales was especially guilty in this matter, an inheritance from the former kings, with whom he had been a favourite, and the Whig members actually moved that William should be asked by whose advice the man had been continued in office; but the King refused to turn informer, and the improper question was dropped. He was requested to select a proper person, and such was the general degradation of English persons of experience that he had to select a Dutchman, which of course caused further offence and jealousy.

The Lords appointed a committee, which the public termed the

committee of murder, to inquire into the authors of the prosecutions of Russell, Sidney, and other Whig sufferers. Sir Dudley North was accused, but nothing criminal could be proved against him, though public opinion did not acquit him. Lord Halifax, who was next the subject of inquiry, was able to show that he had done everything in his power for Lord Russell, and indeed he was still a friend and correspondent of Lady Russell, and was one of the best of the statesmen of the day, far more uncorrupt and public-spirited than were most of them, and indeed his correspondence with his brother, John Saville, proves him to have been honest, warm-hearted, and affectionate to a great degree.

William was very anxious to get a Bill of Indemnity passed, making all who had become amenable to the law in these troublous times, free and safe from molestation; but there was infinite difficulty in getting it through the Houses of Parliament, so bitter were the old animosities, and it was lying on the table for months before it was passed. There were then thirty-nine exceptions, Lords Powis, Huntingdon, Sunderland, Melfor, Down and Castlemaine, the Bishops of Durham and St. David's, Lundie, the false governor of Londonderry, Father Petre, Lord Jeffreys, who died while the Bill was under consideration, and four corrupt judges. The passing of this Act was William's last action before leaving England for his campaign in Ireland of 1690.

Queen Mary remained to execute the Royal duties, and acquitted herself of them well, keeping up a close correspondence with her husband, alike on State affairs, domestic matters, and gossip. To her credit, she begged that some of the confiscated Irish estates might be kept to endow schools. 'I must tell you,' she says, 'I think the wonderful success you have had should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion and promoting the Gospel.' Unfortunately her entreaty was vain! Another time she writes, 'I will say no more at present, but that the Bishop of Salisbury made a thundering long sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire me to print; which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him.'

She was very busy getting Kensington Palace ready for the King's return, and much concerned about smoky chimneys and smell of paint, to which his malady rendered him very susceptible. Her affection is evidently most ardent; 'If I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming,' she says, 'I don't know what I should do, for my desire of seeing you is equal to my love, which cannot but end with my life.'

She had troublesome work with her Cabinet, of whom she says, 'I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but I now see they answer my expectations as being as little of a mind as of a body.' The Marquess of Caermarthen—Thomas Osborne, the Danby of the last reign—was the foremost in this Council, and more than

any one else trusted by William, who got English speeches put into form by him; but he was greatly hated and abused by the Whigs,

'David, we thought, succeeded Saul,
When William rose on James's fall,
But now King Thomas governs all,'

and all his former doings under Charles II. were brought up against him.

On William's return, his influence over the King was found to have diminished, and William appointed as First Commissioner of the Treasury, Godolphin, who was unrivalled in the management of finance. There was not one of these English statesmen who was not in doubt of the next turn of the wheel, and anxious to keep well with any possible government. If they could only obtain the Prince of Wales and bring him up as a Protestant, they believed that crown and country would be secure, and there was no guessing how the French bullets, or, indeed, the asthma, might change the whole face of affairs. So there was plenty of correspondence with the Jacobites at St Germain, and these lived in constant hope, hatching continual plots. Godolphin corresponded with Mary Beatrice, Lady Marlborough, who ruled both Princess Anne and her own husband, with her sister, the widow of Tyrconnel, and all sorts of nicknames were used in case of the letters being opened, besides the noted old ones of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, for the Princess and Lady Marlborough. James II. was Mr. Astley, his Queen, Mrs. Wisely, William, the Dutch abortion, Marlborough, the Hamburg merchant, Godolphin, the bale of goods. In December 1690 a meeting was held entirely of English Churchmen, excluding all Romanists, and it was agreed that representations should be made to James, that his only hope lay in disconnecting himself alike with Roman Catholic and French progress, and that he should be advised to return with decided assurances that he would support the Church and govern according to law.

Lord Preston was selected as the envoy to St. Germains with these proposals, couched in figurative language and addressed in various names to James and Mary Beatrice, as Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Reding, etc.; Lord Clarendon, Lord Dartmouth, Bishop Turner of Ely, William Penn, the Quaker, and Catharine Sedley, all wrote letters in a packet entrusted to Preston, who, with two young men named Ashton and Elliot, undertook the conveyance. These two pretended to be smugglers, and persuaded the master of a small smack, named the *James and Elizabeth*, to carry them across to France on the last night of the year 1690, starting from the Tower.

But the skipper suspected them and gave a hint to the Lord President. Caermarthen's son, bearing his old title of Danby, had a swift yacht, which was put under the command of a trusty officer named Billop, and sent in pursuit. Before the smack was out of the Thames

it was boarded. The conspirators rushed to the hold, but were dragged out, and Preston, in the confusion dropped his packet of letters. Ashton snatched it up, but its importance was only made the more evident by the magnificent offers and promises made to Billop if he would only drop it over into the Thames. Elliot stormed and raved, Preston collapsed into despair, Ashton was firm and composed. The letters were taken to the King, warrants were sent out for the persons implicated, but William did not delay his departure for the Great Congress at the Hague, leaving the Queen and Council to deal with the trial of the plotters; while Jacobite songsters amused themselves with the verse—

'The royal dame can fill at once
Her husband's triple throne,
For she is twice as big as he
And bears three Queens in one.'

Preston, Ashton, and Elliot were arraigned at the Old Bailey, and claimed separate trials. The two first were sentenced to death, and Ashton died bravely on the scaffold; but Preston offered a full confession, and was reprieved. His family still seem to have occupied his apartments in Windsor Castle; and a story is told that his little daughter of nine years old, Lady Katharine Graham, was found by Queen Mary gazing intently on a portrait of James II., which still hangs in St. George's Gallery. The Queen asked her what she was looking at. 'Ah, madam,' she said, 'I was thinking how hard it is that my father should die for loving yours!'

Mary is said to have wept, and respited Lord Preston; but unfortunately he was spared for less worthy reasons, for he accused others right and left, and William made a hasty visit to England to hear him, but so much that he said was mere hearsay from William Penn, that the King touched Lord Caermarthen on the shoulder and said, 'My lord, we have had too much of this,' and put a stop to the inquiry.

Of those really in any way concerned, Elliot was never brought to trial. Lord Dartmouth died of apoplexy in the Tower at the end of a few weeks. Lord Clarendon was kept there for six months, and then allowed to retire to the country; Bishop Turner, whose part in the matter was doubtful, escaped to France; Penn received a warning just as he had been attending the funeral in Bunhill-fields of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. He hid himself, but came to a place of meeting with Sidney on a pledge that he should be allowed to return to his place of safety. He denied all plot and all danger, and declared, what was pretty true, 'that among the Jacobites there was not a man of common understanding.' The promise was kept, and he was unmolested.

Preston was allowed to retire to a lonely manor in Yorkshire, where he spent a few wretched years, avoided by all his old friends, who looked upon him as a traitor and informer. The letter attributed to

Turner had mentioned that his elder brother was of the same mind. This was explained to mean Archbishop Sancroft, and the more furious Whigs wanted to arrest him and implicate all the non-jurors; but the Queen and her Council were unwilling to do this. Only his expulsion from Lambeth was decided upon; an ejectment was served on him, and he retired to his private estate at Fressingfield, where he led a gentle and peaceful life for the two years that remained to him.

The See was filled up, by intrusion, said true Churchmen. Compton, Bishop of London, seemed the obvious person, by his personal rank, as the Queen's tutor, and for the assistance he had given to the Revolution; but he was too good a Churchman for the King, and the Primacy was given to John Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, whose pulpit eloquence was greatly admired in London, but whose orthodoxy was exceedingly doubtful.

He was the son of an Anabaptist family, and his enemies declared that he had never been christened, and called him 'Undipped John.' There is no doubt that he was an amiable, gentle, pious Latitudinarian in his opinions, with little notion of stringent doctrine, nor of his duty to the Church, though he was a good man according to his lights, and the story of his being unbaptized belonged to the class of outrageous slanders which cut him to the heart. After his death, a bundle of lampoons was found, labelled, 'May God forgive them. I do.'

The bishopric of Bath and Wells was offered to Dr. Beveridge, but he would not accept an uncanonical appointment, and it was given to Doctor Kidder, while Ken joined his nephew, Izaak Walton, at Salisbury, and later lived at Longleat with Mr. Thynne, infinitely respected.

Bishop Frampton of Gloucester was likewise much esteemed. He was offered a home and a horse by his old friend Captain Shapwick of Wake, and many of the Tories who submitted peacefully to the new *régime* vied with one another in showing their esteem for the Nonjurors. Turner and Lloyd both kept apart from the Jurors, whom they held to be in schism, and Cartwright died abroad, but Ken and Frampton saw no cause for cutting themselves off from communion with the rest of the English Church. Frampton became a sort of assistant curate in the parish where he lived, reading afternoon service, with the omission of the prayers for the royal family, catechising the children, and visiting the sick, and often being made an agent for relieving the poorer nonjuring clergy.

Both Mary and Anne really regretted the loss of the men they had both respected, and the English Church in general felt that security from Rome had been dearly purchased.

Just at the very time of the King's brief visit, there was a tremendous fire at Whitehall. It seems to have been caused by carelessness in the laundry; but the Whigs accused the Jacobites, and

the Jacobites accused the King, who was in fact coming up the river at the time. Mary had to be wakened with great difficulty and hurried away in her night-dress into St. James's Park, where two vehement Jacobites, Sir John Fenwick and Colonel Oglethorpe, personally reviled her, telling her that her sins against her father were coming home to her. It was an unmanly action, but both were almost fanatics. General Cutts exerted himself so much in the fire that he became known as the Salamander; but Whitehall was so much injured as never again to serve for a royal habitation.

Preston's plot was scarcely overthrown before another was traced out. Admiral Russell, who, though Admiral of the Fleet and Treasurer of the Navy, with large estates and pension, thought himself insufficiently rewarded, was one of those who hesitated. Marlborough had made up his mind that he should gain by a counter-revolution, and actually sent messages by Jacobite agents to James II., professing the deepest repentance for his treachery at Salisbury. He persuaded Godolphin, who was always under his influence, and they tried to persuade James of their entire sincerity.

But James could not have entire confidence in the man who betrayed him. He called upon Marlborough, who was in command in Flanders, to come over with his whole division to the French camp. Such a thing as this Marlborough neither could nor probably would do, and the arrival of William put an end to the scheme.

If only Englishman was in the face of Frenchman, he was pretty safe to do his utmost; but at home, jealous of Dutchmen, and irritated by well-deserved distrust, it was a different matter. Marlborough thought of moving the House of Lords to petition the King to remove all Dutch troops from England, thinking that he would then be able to carry the English army over as he had done before. The Jacobites, however, suspecting that whatever he did would be in favour, not of their master, but of Princess Anne, would not be made his tools, and gave warning to William. In January, 1692, Marlborough was suddenly informed that he was dismissed from all his offices, and that the King and Queen desired that he would not appear before them. He must have known the reason well enough, but the public did not, and the first full explanation is in the papers of James II.

Princess Anne was frantic with indignation, though she had had a warning from her sister, not only of the real reason of what was coming, but that the terms of abuse with which she and Lady Marlborough were wont to load the King, were all reported by Lady Fitzharding. She chose to take Lady Marlborough about with her into the royal presence, as if nothing had happened, upon which the Queen was obliged to write a sensible and moderate letter, insisting on that lady's dismissal.

Anne wrote, refusing compliance, and tried to send the letter by her uncle, Lord Rochester; but he refused to have anything to do

with it, and the only consequence was, an order from Mary, through her Lord Chamberlain, that the Countess of Marlborough should no longer abide at Whitehall or the Cockpit. Whereupon Anne wrote to the Duchess of Somerset to request the loan of Sion House, and thither she moved off, with her beloved 'Mrs. Freeman,' who, of course, was the real manager of the affair.

There, in April, one of Anne's shortlived infants was born and died in a few hours. It seems to have been etiquette that the Queen should visit all ladies of rank after such an event, and Mary made her appearance when her sister was lying, weak, exhausted, and grieving for her babe, but she actually could not refrain from renewing her reproaches for the retention of the Marlboroughs, so that Anne became as white as her sheets, and her sister herself was shocked, at the effect of her first, but most ill-timed attack. The two sisters never met again.

Things soon were worse, for on the 5th of May, 1692, Marlborough was arrested on a charge of high treason, and sent to the Tower; but, strange to say, this was not for his real treason, but on a false charge got up by a man named Robert Young, of the Titus Oates species, who had once committed a forgery on Archbishop Sancroft, had tried in vain to hatch a supposed Dissenter's plot in the last reign, and now invented a Jacobite plot, the story of which he carried to Archbishop Tillotson, who felt bound to reveal it to the King. 'It is a villainy,' said William, 'I will have nobody disturbed on that account.'

But when William was gone to Holland, Young, who was one of the most skilful of imitators of hand-writing, forged a set of papers implicating all the most likely persons in a scheme for serving the Prince of Orange; and this, by means of an accomplice named Blackhead, he contrived to get hidden in a flower-pot in the palace of Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, one of the few who had read the Declaration of Indulgence.

Then Young begged to be carried before the Council, made his deposition, and requested that search should be made at the palace, especially in the flower-pots. Marlborough and the Bishop were both sent to the Tower, but the paper could not be found, being in one of the servant's rooms, where the officers never thought of looking. However, Blackhead managed to dig it up again, and Young's wife produced it, accounting for her possession of it by a lame falsehood. Blackhead was forced to confess, and was confronted with Young, who showed the most brazen impudence. Sprat was perfectly innocent, and Marlborough was admitted to bail at once, and most curiously, through this false accusation, escaped prosecution for his real machination. Young stood in the pillory unabashed, and in eight years more was hung for coining false money!

Mary was perfectly aware that the beloved friends of her sister were traitors, and her anger that Anne chose to identify herself with them made her descend to unworthy forms of annoyance, amounting

to persecution. Ladies who visited the princess were not received at Court, and the Mayor of Bath was inhibited from giving the poor lady a state reception when she went to drink the waters there, but the little Duke of Gloucester was often taken to visit his royal aunt, and was much petted by her.

Mary was in many respects a model woman. She presided over the council with great ability and discretion, keeping discordant elements in check, and by her dignified composure preventing panics when bad news arrived. She held her court with great stateliness and dignity, looking every inch a queen, and was greatly admired by those who came in contact with her. Though ill-educated, she had read enough to be really well informed, and she loved needlework, and executed it beautifully. Hardened as her heart seems to have been towards her father, and even towards her sister, she was capable of strong affection, and her great ability, coupled with entire submission, had, in the five years of their reign, won an esteem and confidence from her cold, dry husband, such as he does not seem to have had while she was yet untried.

One admirable deed is connected with her name, the presentation of the half-finished old palace of Greenwich for the asylum of aged seamen, but she does not seem to have been able to endow it, as she did not live long enough to do so.

On the 24th of November, 1694, the Queen had a terrible blow. Archbishop Tillotson was struck with paralysis in the midst of the service in which he was officiating in her presence in Whitehall Chapel, and never spoke again, but died in three days' time. She shed many tears, and never quite recovered the shock. She wished his successor to have been Stillingfleet, but William objected to so good a churchman, and Tenison was chosen. He had been a physician, and after his Ordination had been a healer of bodies as well as souls in the plague at Cambridge, but he was of almost as lax opinions as to churchmanship as Tillotson.

Less than a month after the Archbishop's death, Queen Mary fell ill of small-pox, always peculiarly fatal in the Stewart family. With some foreboding, she spent a whole night in destroying papers. Large in person, and, like all her mother's family, prone to a rich diet, she was a bad subject for the disease, and soon was in great danger.

William, who had with much difficulty struggled through the malady before his marriage, never left her. Anne sent messages, to the last of which Mary answered, 'Thanks.' Tenison administered the Holy Communion to her, and she showed great devotion; afterwards her mind wandered, and she fancied a Popish nurse was watching her, but otherwise she was resigned and peaceful, until her death on the 26th of December, 1694, when only thirty-two years old.

The King fainted three times on that day, called himself the most unhappy of men, and showed, indeed, how he had valued that devotion

which seems to have in her overpowered every other thought, and he was very ill for some days afterwards. It was not only the loss of a most devoted and affectionate wife, and of an able and trustworthy substitute, but it was a shock to his throne. Tories, who might endure the King's daughter, ousted by a doubtful prince, and a very noble queen personally, and an earnest churchwoman, were not so likely to endure the very unpopular man who only stood third as to hereditary right, who forced expensive wars on the nation, and was no churchman at heart. His friends were much depressed, and Mary was heartily lamented on all sides.

King James shut himself up in his room and would see no one, but he would not put on mourning for his disobedient daughter, and requested Louis XIV. to abstain from doing so, which that monarch followed up by prohibitions to the French families connected with the Stewarts to assume any black garments.

Sancroft had died just before, but the true-hearted Ken wrote a letter rebuking Tenison for not having attempted to elicit from the dying queen any token of repentance for her conduct as a daughter, or message to ask her father's forgiveness. In fact, Tenison seems to have reckoned the subduing her natural affection as a merit.

On the day of her burial in Westminster Abbey, the bells were tolled in every parish church throughout the realm, and sermons preached, though one Jacobite clergyman took for his text, 'Go, see now this cursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.'

Her character is best, however, summed up in the line that declares her to have been, 'Too bad a daughter and too good a wife.'

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY. GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

VII.

One contemporary, perhaps witness, of the martyrdoms of Perpetua and her companions was the noted scholar and author Tertullian, the son of a centurion of proconsular rank. He was a scholar, and a rhetorician, and seems to have been led by admiration of the constancy of the Christians to examine into their doctrine, and become a convert in early middle life. He had already, before the great persecution at Carthage, written an apology or defence of the Faith, very full and elaborate, and a very valuable document.

He refers to Pliny's letter and to Marcus Aurelius's article in favour of the Christians; and after proving by natural religion the reasonableness of faith in One perfect God, he goes on to establish the authenticity of the Jewish Scriptures, appealing to the original Septuagint, which was then in existence in the library of Ptolemy Philadelphus at Alexandria, near the temple of Serapis. He is the first to give the title of New Testament to the apostolic writings, as he works on through the testimony of prophecy and the yearning of philosophy to the coming of the Divine Word, the Son of God, born of a pure Virgin, and therewith he describes the erection of Christianity. After proving the blamelessness of the Christians as subjects, and their union, so that the saying was, 'See how these Christians love one another,' he concludes in a triumphal strain, defying the enemies to do their worst, with lion, fire, rack or chains, and utters the famous sentence, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church;' and again, 'We thank you for your judgments, for when you condemn, God absolves us.'

Tertullian wrote numerous other treatises, one on Baptism, for a lady named Quintilla, who was in danger of being led away by a very peculiar set of heretics, termed Cainites, because they carried the Gnostic distinction between the Revelation of the Old and New Covenants so far as to admire Cain, and the other characters who fell under Divine wrath. In this treatise, we learn that sponsors were already required to answer for the sincerity of the full-grown, and the future training of the infants; and that this Sacrament was administered by the Bishop, or he might commission priests and deacons, and, in time of extreme necessity, laymen could baptise. The preferable time was from Easter Eve to Pentecost, but any season was permissible in case of need.

Another treatise on penitence before and after baptism was clear and wise on pre-baptismal repentance, but severe though not hopeless as to post-baptismal sin. It should be remembered that adult converts had consciously made their choice, so that a lapse in them was a more wilful falling back than are the faults of one baptized in infancy; but the tendencies of opinions that afterwards developed themselves here show themselves.

Tertullian is believed to have been a priest, but he was a married man, and he wrote a letter to his wife to warn her against second marriage, apparently a needless precaution, since he lived to a considerable age; but he gave her a vivid description of the miseries of a believing wife wedded to an unbelieving husband. He seems to have interested himself considerably in the female part of the flock, for he wrote a discourse on the ornaments of women, greatly condemning false hair and padding, though allowing that these were worse in men. As ladies sometimes had their hair dressed in imitation of Minerva's helmet, there must have been occasion for the warning—

'If your wealth, birth, or rank constrain you to go about in some pomp, moderate it as much as you can, and let not the pretext of necessity give the bridle to license. Why should you go out so full dressed? You do not go to the temples or the shows, you do not own the feasts of the Gentiles, and it is for such assemblies, to see and be seen, that finery is put on. You only go out for grave reasons, to visit sick brethren, to be present at the Holy Sacrifice, or to hear the Word of God. . . . I know not whether braceleted arms will endure manacles, nor if feet used to anklets will bear fetters; I fear that a head loaded with a net of pearls and emeralds will find no space for the sword.'

One of Tertullian's great controversies was with the Marcionites, who, though their master was dead, followed his opinions, and, like some moderns, rejected all the Scripture as uninspired which did not agree with his doctrine, accepting in the New Testament only the Gospel of St. Luke and ten of St. Paul's Epistles, and even these he held to be corrupted by Judaism. Tertullian's arguments, together with those of Clement of Alexandria and Irenæus, show that twenty of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament were absolutely received as canonical; those not yet fully pronounced upon being the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. James, the Second of St. Peter, the last two Epistles and the Apocalypse of St. John, and St. Jude; while the Epistle of Barnabas and Shepherd of Hermas were not rejected. As we have seen, the Epistle to the Hebrews may be said to have been authenticated by the quotations of the contemporary Clemens Romanus; and the judgment of the Church was definitely pronounced in the next century, when the heathen search after sacred books made it needful to decide which were really inspired. Another argument held by Tertullian was with Praxeas, who imagined that our Blessed Lord was only a manifestation of God the Father, not another Person. Tertullian

is said to have convinced him; but his followers, called Patripassians, long continued to exist. Meantime Tertullian, always stern and ascetic in doctrine, verged more and more on Montanist severity.

On going to Rome, he gave offence to Pope Zephyrinus and his clergy. It is said that they were jealous of him, and that he was unfairly and without sufficient grounds excommunicated as an adherent of Proclus, an eloquent Montanist who was then preaching at Rome. This sentence, whether just or not, impelled him to become a Montanist, though without adopting their chief extravagances. He wrote numerous other books; and the time of his death is uncertain, but he was certainly an aged man.

We see in all these lapses the need of a more definite creed than the Church had yet framed. We know from St. Irenæus and St. Clement of Alexandria that a symbol or watchword, in substance closely resembling the Apostles' Creed, was taught to every Christian; but in this confession, though one by which to live and die, there was no forewarning against errors respecting the very nature of the Godhead, though at the same time the true faith of the Church appears in the arguments against heresy.

One more great man is counted into our second century, because he was born in 185, though he lived far on into the third, namely Origen, Clement's scholar, whom we last saw writing letters to encourage his imprisoned father. With like zeal, when he saw a priest of Serapis distributing palm branches from the temple steps to the people, he cried, 'Bear palms in honour of Christ, not of the idol!' His family were left in poverty by his father's death, but he was advanced enough in his studies to maintain himself by teaching what was called grammar, but included logic, mathematics and some literature, and knowledge of the philosophical systems. When scarcely eighteen, the Bishop, Demetrius, appointed him as a catechist, to prepare converts for baptism; and he at the same time continued his own studies, especially Scriptural ones. Apparently he was the first to perceive the importance of Hebrew in understanding the true meaning of the Old Testament, and he seems to have learnt the language from a Jew named Huillius. Meantime his life was so ascetic that he went unshod, slept on the bare boards, and ate barely enough to maintain life. He was, however, freed from the drudgery of secular teaching by a rich man named Ambrosius, whom he had brought over from some form of heresy, and who supplied him not only with all needed for his Biblical researches, but with no less than seven scribes to write from his dictation, and seven more to multiply copies of the comments he uttered.

These labours were interrupted by a terrible catastrophe. Severus, whom we recollect as the builder of the great rampart against the Scots, died at York in 211, leaving two sons, Caracalla and Geta. There had been hopes of them; they had been seen to turn aside and weep when forced to be present at the cruel spectacles of the amphitheatre, and heard the greeting of the gladiators, '*Te morituri salutemus*'

Alas! the training in the sight of slaughter, perhaps likewise mockery at his softness of heart, awoke in Caracalla a thirst for blood-shed like that of a wild beast. Almost his first act was the murder of his brother with his own hand; and this was followed by the death of all who lamented the young man, even of a daughter of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a lady hitherto much respected, but who was strangled for shedding a few tears at the tidings. The word 'Geta' was prohibited. It was originally a form of the term Goth, and since the captives of that nation became slaves, it was the stock name for the servant in comedy, but under Caracalla it was never to be pronounced on the stage or elsewhere.

Caracalla was a favourite with the soldiery, to whom he granted almost unlimited license. One decree of his is memorable, namely that which extended the right of Roman citizenship to all free inhabitants of the Empire, thus placing them all alike under Roman law, instead of the varying codes of the original realms to which they had belonged. In one way this was an advantage; but in other ways the levelling told, for the original Romans were no longer as widely separated from the rest as before, and when persecution again set in after a long interval, Roman citizenship no longer made the short, sharp soldier's death by the sword the rule, though it was often still practised. Alexandrians uttered and published satires and other denunciations of Caracalla's wickedness, and these were reported to him, upon which he came to the unhappy city, and turned loose his ferocious soldiery to make a general slaughter of the inhabitants, while he viewed the scene from the steps of the temple of Serapis, and afterwards there dedicated the sword with which he had killed his brother.

Origen had warning enough to be able to escape the massacre, and fled to Cæsarea. It was a place favourable for his studies; and he obtained a valuable Greek version of the Old Testament, which is said to have been found in a wine vat at Jericho. The Bishop of Jerusalem, Alexander, had been his fellow-student, and as well as the Bishop of Cæsarea, invited him to expound the Scriptures in public; but this was displeasing to his own diocesan, Demetrius, who was becoming jealous of him, and summoned him home on the ground that a young layman had no right to speak before bishops.

He returned to his work at Alexandria, but was obliged somewhat later to travel to Greece, and while passing through Palestine, was ordained deacon and priest by his friend Alexander, to the great displeasure of Demetrius, who considered this an act of disloyalty, and thenceforth became his enemy.

In the meantime, Caracalla, after having massacred great numbers of Parthians at Ctesiphon, whither he had invited them to attend his wedding with their king's daughter, boasted of having subdued the whole East; and the degenerate Senate decreed him a triumph and the title of Parthicus.

However, he never returned to enjoy it, for an officer named Macrinus heard a prediction of coming Empire foretold by an augur; and as the tidings of this forecast would bring certain death to its object if it reached the ears of the reigning sovereign, he contrived to have Caracalla murdered on the way to visit a temple of the Moon, at the city of Carrhæ, in the year 217.

Macrinus was altogether a soldier and disciplinarian, occupied chiefly by wars, and leaving the Church at peace, so that Tertullian, the great author, finished his life in quiet. So did Pantænus, once a Stoic philosopher, and, after his conversion, a preacher of the Gospel in the far East, where he is said to have found traditions of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, and a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in Hebrew. Afterwards Pantænus had been the head of the Alexandrian School, which ventured to combine the ethical teaching of the Classics with Christianity, and who was called the Sicilian Bee, because he gathered honey from all sources. Clement of Alexandria was his pupil and successor, and was followed again by Origen, before the suspicion and emnity of the Bishop drove away that great man.

There is always a longing in the pride of human nature to believe that perfect morality can be attained without the means of grace, and without bowing the intellect to accept the mysteries of faith, and thus there was at Alexandria a system of philosophy which was first invented by one Ammonius, called Saccus, or the sack-carrier. It was termed Neo-Platonism, since it refined on the doctrines of Plato, the pupil and biographer of Socrates; and it turned all the heterogeneous mass of myth—some beautiful, some gross—into allegories of life, nature, and the soul, and thus won many who could admire the virtues of Christianity, but would not accept its requirements or its mysteries, nor expose themselves to its perils. Morality without faith presents itself again and again as a temptation in the history of the world. Whenever, in fact, there is the power to appreciate virtue, alike in the civilised heathen or the sceptical Christian, and most of all when the truth itself has been presented mixed with superstition, or held by those who do not act up to their faith, then the standard of morals, actually raised by Christianity itself, is lifted against its professors, but without the only efficient support. Thus it was with Alexandria, thus again with even a remarkable development among the Red Indians, thus again with the French philosophers before the Great Revolution, thus at the present day it is in India, and thus, alas! with much of our popular literature.

Heathenism was at this time manifesting itself in the purple in a new and strange form almost as alien to the nationalist Neo-Platonist as to the Christian.

The Empress Julia, a Phœnician by birth, wife to Severus, had a sister named Mæsa, a clever, ambitious woman, who had lived with the imperial family and acquired much wealth.

Macrinus had not disturbed her in the possession thereof, but had

banished her to her native city, with her two daughters, Julia Sæmias and Julia Mammæa, each of whom had a son, Avitus, then thirteen, and Alexianus, nine years old.

Baal was still the god of the Phœnicians, tolerated by their Roman masters, who called him a variety of Jupiter, though he really was the Sun-god. Human sacrifices were no longer permitted, but much of the corrupt worship so abhorrent to the purity of the True God still survived; and Emesa possessed a black stone, which from the most ancient times had been regarded as his emblem; just as that other meteoric stone at Ephesus had passed from Ashtoreth to Artemis or Diana, and was regarded as 'the image that fell down from Jupiter,' and as the Kaaba survived at Mekka to become the object of Moslem pilgrimage. This idol was known by the special name of Elagabalus, and was regarded by Mæsa with special veneration.

To it she dedicated her two grandsons; and the elder, a handsome, graceful lad, became the high priest there.

Macrinus, returning from the East, quartered his army in the neighbourhood. His strict discipline was rendering him unpopular with the soldiery, who had been indulged by Caracalla, and when they resorted to the temple they admired the young priest. The cunning Mæsa contrived to spread a report that the youth was actually the son of Caracalla, and likewise that she had immense treasures to bestow, and by this means she induced the troops in the camp to revolt and proclaim him emperor.

Macrinus, with the other division of the army, marched against him, but was defeated, and finally made prisoner, and beheaded after a brief reign of little more than a year.

The new emperor, among numerous names, is best known by that of Elagabalus, which he assumed in honour of his god, and which he made absolutely proverbial by his excesses. They differed, however, from those of Nero, Caligula, or Caracalla, in that he was a fanatic for his deity, and brought the foul Phœnician worship into Rome. He built a temple on the Palatine Hill, brought the stone of Emesa thither, with all manner of ceremonies; hecatombs of oxen, multitudes of sheep were sacrificed there, with libations of the choicest wines; and it was even believed that the abominations of Moloch worship were revived, and children kidnapped from the most illustrious families for the purpose. He was seen himself leading the ritual, and forcing senators and tribunes of legions to wear the barbarous garments of the Eastern priests, and perform rites that they despised, to the music of oriental drums and cymbals. The Romans had to endure, for a murmur was punished with death.

A still greater outrage was it when he insisted on wedding his deity to the Palladium. Around this image of Pallas Athene circled the favourite traditions of Rome. Its possession was supposed to ensure the safety of the city that held it, and Greek poetry had described how Troy could not fall till Ulysses and Diomed had crept into the

city and stolen it; but to account for its presence in the Capitol at Rome, it was averred that it had been restored by Diomed to Æneas who had transmitted it to his descendants. It was too sacred to be exposed to the sight of its worshippers, who for seven hundred years at least had reverenced it as their guardian. It was dragged forth in all its native shapelessness—probably it was like one of those partly owl-shaped idols disinterred by Dr. Schliemann, and married with strange ceremonies to the Baal stone; then, still worse, it was repudiated, and an image of Ashtoreth, or, as the Romans also called her, Venus Urania, was brought as a bride from Carthage, and all Italy was commanded to celebrate the nuptial festival. It was the triumph of the degraded Baal and Ashtoreth over Jupiter and Pallas Athene, who had once served as the expression of all that was loftiest, wisest, and purest in the Roman and Greek imagination.

The fire of the Vestal Temple was used to minister to this alien idol; all the most sacred images were yearly carried to do him homage; and altogether these outrages must have done much to shake the Roman faith in the deities that suffered such treatment, and did not avenge themselves. It was working for the Christian cause, though the emperor little knew it. Indeed, he is said to have intended to fuse all religions, Christian, Jewish, Samaritan and Greek, into one great universal ritual in honour of the Sun or Baal Elagabalus; and the Christians must have beheld with wonder the Carmel contest between JEHOVAH and Baal renewed, and have almost expected the fire to come down from Heaven to vindicate the truth against the deaf and helpless stone.

The fire did not come; but Elagabalus was working his own destruction. His extravagance was ruinous. The place where his chariot waited for him was daily strewn with gold dust; all his furniture was golden; he never wore the same robes, nor even the same ring, twice, nor used the same dishes; he filled his fish-ponds with water, and caused the sea-fights of the Colosseum to take place on an ocean of wine. He fed his dogs on goose-livers, his horses on raisins, his lions with partridges, and himself with parrot's brains and tongues of peacocks and nightingales; and one of his less mischievous fancies, the smothering shower of roses, has been shown to us in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1888.

There was likewise the usual cruelty of the savage emperor, and, after four years, the miserable boy, for he was only eighteen, was murdered, together with his mother; and his young cousin, who had already become Cæsar, was saluted as Emperor by the name of Alexander Severus in the year 222.

He was a very different being from Elagabalus, upright, gentle, and loving virtue, so that he had incurred danger from his cousin for refusing to join in his debaucheries; but he had quite as little of the old hereditary Roman respect for the Classic deities, and seems to have had a sort of belief—such as in the present day might be called large-

minded—that each religion was good for a different variety of mankind. He showed a certain courteous respect to the old gods of Rome; he admired the Egyptian worship, and enlarged the temples of Isis and Serapis; and in his own palace he enshrined, as representatives of each religion, Orpheus, the traditional instructor of Greece; Abraham, to represent Judaism; Christ for Christianity; and for philosophy Apollonius of Tyana, a kind of later Pythagoras, contemporary with the Christian era, and of whom many strange fables were told. These two most dissimilar Syrian cousins both show the over-ruling Providence making them do the same work, in dethroning the ancient faiths, hitherto dominant alike by the noble poetry that was a part of education and by the hereditary superstitious observances of a thousand years.

The one had made the old gods bow down helplessly, the other had shown his belief that virtue was the great thing, and that religions were to be honoured as teaching virtue—a half-truth, perhaps, but a great advance; while both alike aided in accomplishing that strange vision recorded by Plutarch, of the sailors in the Ægean, who, at the time of the Crucifixion, heard in one of the islets a wailing and weeping rushing over the waves, and the mournful cry, 'Great Pan is dead'—Pan, the universal spirit of the natural world, deified in a hundred forms.

'Gods bereavèd, gods belated,
With your purples rent asunder,
Gods dethroned and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder;
Now the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top.
* * * * * *
Earth outgrows the mystic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth,
And those debonnaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth;
Phœbus' chariot race is run,
Look up, poets, to the Sun.'

Christians must have hoped much from so young a sovereign who was near enough to the Kingdom of Heaven to inscribe, 'Do as you would be done by,' over his palace doors, and to cause heralds to proclaim at the entrance that none must enter without a pure and holy mind. Indeed, his mother, Mammæa, had been in correspondence with Origen, had an interview with him at Antioch, and may have been actually a Christian. Instead of being merely overlooked by the more humane, the Christian faith was acknowledged, and bishops were admitted, as such, to pay their respects to the Emperor. Churches were for the first time built, and received endowments of land, and worship in them was openly carried on, attracting numbers whom fear had hitherto held back.

Alexander was successful in a war with the Parthians, and afterwards advanced against the incursions of the wild German tribes.

He had established good discipline in his army, and put an end to the excesses in which Caracalla and Elagabalus had indulged the soldiery. Discontent broke out in the motley bands who now formed the legions, and a Goth named Maximin, gathering together the worst and most violent spirits in the army, burst into the tent of Alexander, in the neighbourhood of the city of Treves, while his attendants were sleeping in the heat of the day, and, after first killing Mammæa, murdered their Emperor in his 27th year (235).

In point of fact, there were no persecutions in his reign, yet legend has placed under it two of those tales which were sincerely and devoutly believed throughout the middle ages, and belong to Church history; since they had a very strong effect upon the minds of the people, and sometimes upon art. The two supposed to have happened under Alexander Severus were, first, that of St. Martina, a maiden to whose little church in the Forum the Roman populace was from very early times wont to resort. In 1634, walled into the foundations, a sarcophagus was found containing the remains of a young woman, with the head severed. A great enthusiasm arose, and the popular legend was adopted that she had been dragged to a temple, and on her refusal to sacrifice, lightning had struck the altar. The Italian painters of the time, especially Pietro de Cortona, commemorated her with their best art.

A far more early favourite of legend and art was Cecilia, a noble Roman lady who, according to the story, lived the life of a consecrated virgin in the house of her husband, Valerian, and was devoted to singing the praises of God. The prefect of Rome, after putting to death her husband and brother-in-law, being unable to overcome her constancy, sentenced her to be put into her own bath, filled with boiling water; but to her it seemed like fresh cool streams from a fountain. An executioner was then sent, who only wounded her in the neck with the sword, and she lived for three days longer. She bequeathed her house to serve as a church, gave the poor all her possessions, and died singing hymns to the last.

Her history, we are told, first appeared in one of the Greek religious romances which were written in the fifth century, and her name is in no previous martyrology. Still, before the fifth century there existed a little ruinous Church of St. Cecilia, which Pope Paschal I. began to repair in the ninth century. According to the legend, he had a dream which caused search to be made in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, where the body of a woman was found, wrapped in a shroud of gold tissue, and round the feet a linen cloth dipped in blood. Thenceforth she was a most popular saint. There is a mosaic representing her in the church restored by Pope Paschal. She was considered to be the patroness of music, and was represented over and over again with a little organ in her arms. There is a beautiful figure of her by Raffaelle in his grand altar-piece at Bologna, and there are six fine pictures of her by Domenichino.

The feeling of this last artist was quickened by his presence at the opening of a sarcophagus built into the wall of the Church of St. Cecilia when it was being restored by Pope Clement IV. in 1599. It contained a wooden coffin of cypress, within which lay a corpse, as described by Cardinal Baronius, who was present, 'not in the manner of one dead and buried, that is on her back, but on her right side, as one asleep, and in a very modest attitude, covered with a simple stuff of taffety, having her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk which Pope Paschal had found in her tomb.'

This figure was represented by Stefano Maderno, a sculptor present at the time, in the exquisite statue familiar to many of us, 'lying (as Sir Charles Bell described it) as no living body could lie, and yet correctly as the dead when left to expire.' Very remarkably, the little chapel where the shrine is, the site ascribed to her house, actually has beneath it the apparatus of a Roman bath chamber; but here, as in many another favourite legend, it is impossible to unravel the threads of truth and imagination.

Church history during this period is taken from the writings of Eusebius, who compiled a history about the middle of the following century. It is confirmed by Roman secular histories as to names and dates, and is further supplemented by allusions and anecdotes in the works of the Fathers, also by the acts of the saints, which are of very varying authority, some standing the test of criticism and evidently contemporary, others evidently more or less traditionary, growing with time and taste for the marvellous, and adopted authoritatively by those who thought doubt profane, and felt 'that their saint's honour was their own.'

From the verses of Prudentius, a Christian poet of the ensuing century, we also gain numerous traits and anecdotes of much interest though not always capable of proof. It is round the saints who either died at Rome or whose relics are shown there that the most numerous legends cluster, because Rome was always the great centre of attraction to all the Western world; pilgrims visited the whole round of churches, and the histories attached to each were cherished and often magnified; but the stories are often of extreme beauty, and do in a manner belong to Church history. Many a noble Christian character was formed by the study of the lives of the saints, and we may well in our turn dwell on them, so long as we are careful to distinguish the proved from the unproved, and never to fall into the error which has proved fatal to many, in the reaction of preferring edification to truth, or stimulating devotion by disregard of fact.

Origen, on returning to Alexandria, found Demetrius his bitter enemy. He was too deep a thinker and student not to have made statements that could be misinterpreted by narrower-minded men. Some, never meant for publication, had got abroad; but probably it

was personal feeling that caused them to be brought against him. It is even said by Epiphanius that he was accused of having offered incense to idols, an utterly absurd allegation against a man of his staunch and zealous nature. However, Demetrius prevailed, he was degraded from the priesthood, and obliged to take refuge with his friends in Palestine. Except there, and in Greece, Origen was universally looked on as a heretic, on the decision of the Alexandrian Church, but the Bishops of Jerusalem and Cæsarea felt no obligation to abide by the censure. He settled at Cæsarea, and regularly preached there, though, according to Epiphanius, on the first occasion he gave out the text, 'To the ungodly said God, Why dost thou preach My laws and takest My covenant in thy mouth?' and then his voice was lost in tears, the congregation weeping with him.

His friend Ambrosius followed him, and he pursued his great works, the Tetrapla, or fourfold version of the Old Testament, and the Hexapla, or six-fold, all arranged in parallel columns. The first was of different Greek versions, but the Hexapla added the ancient Hebrew and the Samaritan, with marginal notes and comments of Origen's own. Unhappily this invaluable work has been entirely lost, excepting the column of the Septuagint, which was copied by Eusebius. The original was in the library at Cæsarea, and is thought to have perished in the Persian invasion in the seventh century, but not till many fragments had been extracted by Christian authors.

Origen likewise composed full commentaries on the Scriptures and notes on obscure passages, many of which remain, also sermons, to which the name of homilies were first given. Some remain in the original, others in Latin versions. There was also a defence of the faith against Celsus, the heathen philosopher. There were many other books, now lost, besides one called '*De Principiis*,' on which the accusations of heresy were chiefly grounded. The Latin version survives, but is known to have been considered as incorrect, and to omit the doubtful passages. It dealt with those deepest mysteries where language is inadequate, and on which there was as yet no authoritative formula of the Church, respecting the nature of the Godhead and the will of man, and the expressions he used were held to be unorthodox. Moreover, he believed in a universal purifying and restoring of human creatures, and that Satan alone would suffer eternally. Therefore, though by far the greatest scholar and commentator the Church had produced, and the first Biblical critic, the stigma of heresy rested on him, and the title of saint was denied to him, in spite of his having died a confessor, though not a martyr, in 254, in consequence of his treatment in the persecution of Decius.

That, however, properly belongs to the ensuing period. We have here brought the history through times when the ordeal was moderate, often ceasing altogether. We have seen that with much growth in holiness, much constancy, there was a vagueness of expression, and

there was still the terrible trial of the great century of persecution before there was calm enough to define creeds and formulate liturgies. Looking back to see what had been accomplished in these two centuries, we find the system of the Church emerging, as it were, from a state of solution. The Scriptures were all written, accepted, distinguished by general consent from other writings, but not as yet authoritatively sealed as the one definite inspired rule. The Belief again was as yet defined chiefly by refutations of heresies. Except in the brief baptismal confession of faith it had not been defined by a regular creed, though in all essentials the oral teaching was similar all over the Church, as was shown by the agreement of the faithful from all quarters a century later at Nicæa.

In like manner the liturgies were growing up, though none that can be absolutely proved to have been in use at that period exist. They all started from one point, the words of consecration of the Holy Communion spoken by our Blessed Lord, together with the Lord's Prayer, the prayer of the faithful as it was called, since it was not put into the mouths of the unbaptised. Also, as Jews, the Apostles had been accustomed to the synagogue Sabbath ritual, consisting of Psalms, lessons from the Law and Prophets, exposition thereof, and fifteen prayers, beautiful and eloquent, and one of them not without resemblance to the Lord's Prayer.

Apparently these customs guided the form of worship; but when first any distinct knowledge is capable of proof, four varieties had grown up, namely, the Liturgy of St. James at Jerusalem, of St. Mark at Alexandria, of St. Peter at Rome, and of St. John at Ephesus. All in essentials were the same, and as all, when first recorded, agreed in using the *Gloria Patri*, and its first verse is actually quoted by Clement of Alexandria, we may consider it as certainly in use at this time, to turn Hebrew Psalms into Christian hymns.

The Church had by this time extended throughout the Roman Empire. There were few large Greek or Roman cities without a Christian congregation, and beyond the confines of the Empire there was a flourishing and as yet unmolested Church in Mesopotamia and Persia. Though always in a state of insecurity, the faithful, as they loved to call themselves, were by no means constantly in jeopardy, and were in general permitted to take their part in society, in the magistracies, and in the army. From being at first only a few peasants and slaves, they had come to number among them powerful thinkers and able scholars, as well as men of rank and influence. Hundreds of men and women who would have been left to the ignorance and foulness of heathenism were living pure and devout lives, as those who belonged to a higher world; and even heathen philosophy itself had been constrained to take a higher tone of morality.

So far had the victory proceeded; but if the lights were higher, the shadows around were all the darker, and a far more severe conflict

was at hand to try who was half-hearted and unstable, and to confirm the faithful and resolute, ere the time of crystallisation was to gather up into definite form all that as yet was understood but not formulated.

And there was need of valour. Enemies were closing in upon the Empire on all sides. In Dr. Merivale's words, 'The long line of the western frontier, from Odessus to the island of the Batavi, was skirted by a fringe of fire, and through the lurid glare loomed the wrathful faces of myriads, Germans, Scythians, and Sarmatians, all armed for the onslaught in sympathy or concert; and upon all this came severe earthquakes and a frightful pestilence, which seems to have been what in modern times is called the plague, and which carried off its thousands.

But what has this to do with Church history? Much, alas! For it broke up the calm which the Church had so long enjoyed, and commenced the more deadly period of persecution.

The people under the influence of terror flocked to the almost deserted temples of their gods, offering sacrifices in hecatombs to propitiate them; and when the oracles were dumb, and the plague did not abate, clamours arose that it was owing to the desertion of the Temples.

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH AND HIS TIMES.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

I.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

It is often not only interesting, but instructive, to endeavour to look upon familiar objects from an unfamiliar point of view; and perhaps nothing gains so much from this treatment as portions of the history of the Israelites, with which we have been familiar from our earliest childhood, and into which some of us have perhaps read certain childish ideas, never yet eliminated. Let us, before beginning our subject proper, take a bird's-eye view of the nation of Israel historically rather than devotionally, regarding her now not so much as the ancestress of the Christian Church as in the aspect of the warlike and patriotic Semitic race which inhabited the highlands between the Jordan Valley and the seaboard plain to the west, and which possessed a history, a literature, and a religion unique not only among the Semitic races but among those of the entire world.

Passing over what the secular historian would call the ancient traditionary account of their origin, of their patriarchal ancestors, and the servitude in Egypt from which they had been delivered by their hero lawgiver, the first period in their history in which we can look upon them as a nation of any political importance, with a centralised government and religion, is the beginning of the monarchy. Before that they had been a disorganised series of tribes, whose want of unity made it impossible for them to make a firm stand against their surrounding enemies. These hostile tribes are not now mere names to us; their very forms and faces are now familiar to us from their portraits on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments. There were the Amorites, with their well-developed heads, bushy beards, good features, and fair complexions, not unlike many English faces of the present day; the Hittites, with their beardless faces, strong cruel mouths and receding foreheads; the Pelishtim, or Philistines, with straight sturdy features, rather stupid in expression; and on the same monuments we see also the Israelite, with more finely-cut and regular features than his neighbours, with a powerful head, hair of about the length of Milton's, pointed beard, and stern pitiless mouth. It is possible that the blood of the Jews did not remain unmixed during all those early years of struggle—so at least Ezekiel seemed

to think when, in his invective against Jerusalem, he said: 'Thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite;' but their type and their nationality remained distinct, and so did their religion, though no doubt much superstition mixed with it when teraphim and other images were kept in what might be called private chapels, and honoured as images of Jehovah.

David centralised the government of the nation when he made Jerusalem his capital, with Zion for an impregnable fortress, and Solomon took the first step towards centralising its religion when he built the temple on Mount Moriah. The Tabernacle, as its name implies, was a movable tent, and was, as we know, moved from place to place; the first *permanent* local shrine for the worship of Jehovah was formed when Solomon replaced it by the Temple. But the tendency to disunion was still so strong, that it was with great difficulty that David held his kingdom together, and probably it was the strong character and ruling capacity of David and Solomon, combined with the fact that the monarchy was a popular one, resting on the consent of the nation, which kept the north and south in union during their reigns. In the succeeding reign, the northern tribes revolted against the tyranny of Rehoboam, and it was immediately found necessary to decentralise their religion, by setting up shrines at Bethel and Dan.

This revolt proved not to be to the advantage of the nation either religiously or politically. Politically, in two ways, this was the case. Externally, the division of the nation into two kingdoms gave a great opportunity to its eastern neighbour, Aram or Syria, which was now rising to power during the decay of the great Hittite confederation, and whose capital, Damascus, soon rivalled in importance that of the Hittite capital Carchemish. Whenever Syria wished to aggrandise herself she had only to stir up strife between Israel and Judah to keep them from interfering with her, and they frequently rose to the bait. Internally the result was worse still. While the house of David ruled peacefully in Judah for century after century, the kingdom of Israel was the prey of a series of adventurers, whose crown seldom descended to their grandsons, and whose only chance of governing was by a strong military despotism, which trod down the popular rights of a free nation.

With regard to religion, the case was as disastrous, but the causes of this require somewhat fuller explanation. The Phœnicians on the north, the Hittites on the north-east, the Philistines on the seaboard, and the remains of the old Canaanite nations, whom they had dispossessed, all followed the same Hamitic type of religion, the highest variety of which we find in Egypt, and the lowest in Phœnicia. The central thought of the Hamitic religion seems to have been a deeply philosophic one, that of an eternal and perfect Divine being, the Source and End of all things, whose nature possessed two functions, active and receptive. If they had had to do with modern scientific

theory, they would probably have said that the active function was manifested in Motion, the receptive in Matter. As it was, they personified one as masculine, the other as feminine. In the long ages of ancient Egypt, there was time for this central conception to take many shapes. Osiris, the active principle, was personified sometimes as the Divine source of the higher life of the soul, sometimes as that of the life of the earth, human, animal and vegetable, sometimes as the sun itself. Isis is sometimes the soul searching after God (as in Plutarch's Morals), sometimes Nature, sometimes the earth which the sun fertilises. It is easy to see how this duality, once personified in sun and earth, led to nature-worship, more especially as the loftier doctrine was deemed esoteric, and carefully hidden from all but the priestly caste; and nature-worship, in the Hamitic races, seems to have had a strange facility for corruption into the lowest and most immoral creeds and practices.

It would seem that Aryan nature-worship did not arise in the same way as among the Hamitic races: perhaps a simpler, more childlike, less philosophical nature did not grasp the thought of the double function of the Divine Being, and made the Aryans personify merely the forces of nature,—the over-arching and all-pervading sky, —teaching them instinctively the truth of the existence of the All-father, which seems to be a conception common to Sanscrit-speaking Indian, Greek, and Teuton. But the Semitic races seem to have had a different conception of God from either of these. As far as we can gather from the records of the different Semitic nations which modern investigation has revealed to us, they had a natural capacity for monotheism. Each tribe regarded the God whom it worshipped as the supreme object whom it was right for them to worship, and whom, in consequence, they had a right to look to for help and protection. The name by which they called God was sometimes, as in the case of Assyria, the eponym of their tribe, Asshur, sometimes totally different, as Chemosh the god of Moab; in the case of Israel the name, from the time of Moses downward, was what is familiar to us as Jehovah, but what modern scholars are apt to set before us (possibly more accurately as to sound, but uncomfortably as to sight) as Jahveh or Yahveh. This, however, is not invariably used, for many of the sacred writers use exclusively the name Elohim.

The Semitic races had also another gift, which seems not to have been in any way natural to Aryans or Hamites. This was the sense of sin and forgiveness, familiar to us from our childhood in the Psalms, which the Christian Church has found fitter than anything else to express its own feelings, but not confined to them, or to the Jewish nation. Modern research has found Accadian, or early Chaldæan Psalms, which address the god and goddess of the worshippers alternately, and these, if we eliminate the 'goddess' clauses, are most strikingly like the Psalms of Israel.

But whatever might be their natural capacity for monotheism,

there is no doubt, if we look at the development of the religions of the Semitic races, that the surrounding tendencies to Polytheism were too strong for them. In the first place, the fact that all the surrounding tribes called their supreme God by different names, naturally inclined each tribe to feel that each was a different God;* and we find in the Old Testament a distinct progress in the conception of Jehovah among the Israelites, from the time when He was regarded as a national God, greater in degree only than the gods of the surrounding nations, until the period when the Psalmist wrote, 'As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols; but it is Jehovah that made the heavens.' Thus in the Assyrian monuments, we find the kings addressing, as separate deities, Ishtar of Nineveh, and Ishtar of Arbela; and if one's nation happened to be conquered by another nation whose tribal God had a different name, it must have been difficult for the wild half-savage Oriental not to conclude that Asshur was stronger than Chemosh, or Merodach than Asshur.

This difficulty applied to Semites surrounded by other Semitic tribes; but it was increased tenfold when their intercourse was with those races which we distinguish as Hamitic. For, as we said before, the Hamitic nature-worship had a capability of being corrupted into the lowest and most degrading forms that religion ever took, in which the moral sense of the worshipper was utterly annihilated, or else perverted to perform evil deeds for conscience sake. In Phœnicia and the other Canaanite nations, it was the vehicle of wildly-intoxicating religious excitement, sometimes working up to unbridled immorality, at other times to frenzied self-torture, massacre, and human sacrifice.

Now there is no doubt that excitement of this nature is like alcohol: the appetite for it grows with indulgence, as we observe in lesser degrees in our sane and stolid English nature; but how much more tempting it must have been to the Oriental temperament, with the heat of a Syrian sun in its veins! To one who had once tasted this intoxication, how attractive must have been the teaching that Moloch, or Ashtoreth, or Tammuz, demanded this as their acceptable homage, and that by offering it, the ordinary moral law of order and purity, such as Jehovah demanded, and their consciences had hitherto felt bound by, was done away with. So we find in all the other Semitic races except Israel, that, though the national God remained supreme over the others, the nature-gods and goddesses of the neighbouring races were adopted into a pantheon as inferior divinities, and the foul and cruel adjuncts to their worship gradually implanted into the national religion.

The word revelation is so often used in a conventional sense, that it is often difficult to give it any other in our sated minds; but the more we see of the degradation of the religion of the other Semitic tribes,

* For this view compare the bearing of Zechariah xiv. 9: 'The Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall the Lord be one, *and his name one.*'

the more we understand that without some direct external force, such as we commemorate every time we repeat the Nicene Creed, and say, 'Who spake by the Prophets' (among whom we may include Moses himself), it would have been impossible that the worship of Jehovah should have developed differently from the worship of Asshur or Chemosh. This is still more evident when we read in the history of Israel that this purer worship was not evolved without a life and death struggle with the lower tendencies which surrounded it, and which, in the northern kingdom, were practically successful in crushing it out, as far as the nationality of Israel was concerned.

The shrines at Bethel and Dan, originally intended for the worship of Jehovah, though tainted from their beginning with Apis-worship, caused by Jeroboam's Egyptian proclivities, soon lost every trace of their nobler intention, and became on a par with the other numerous local shrines of the Phœnician and Canaanite deities. Even in the darkest times, however, there remained a certain number of faithful worshippers of Jehovah in the northern kingdom; and on one occasion the ferocious adventurer, Jehu, endeavoured to set up the worship of Jehovah as the state religion by force; but though it had a tenacious life, and was fostered by various northern prophets, whose names and, in some cases, writings, have come down to us, it had by no means the same power or standing in Israel as it retained in the southern kingdom; and when the Assyrian captivity took place, its national history ends with that of the northern monarchy.

The history of the southern monarchy was very different. Mount Zion was the seat not only of the kingdom, but of the religion of the nation; and while the descendants of David succeeded invariably, and in most cases peacefully, to the throne, the religion of Jehovah was kept up, not only by the priests, who were the hereditary wardens and officials of the Temple, but by the order of Prophets, whose training since the time of Samuel had been provided for by collegiate institutions, but who, as often as not, seem to have had a more direct and unforeseen call. It was their function to stimulate the growth and development of a more spiritual religion and a higher morality than any of the surrounding nations could boast, or than Israel itself as a whole, in earlier ages, could have had the power to comprehend, whatever may have been the case with a few of its greatest minds. Internally they did this by protests against formalism on the one hand, and evil doings of all kinds on the other: externally they inveighed against the tendency to the superstitious worship of Jehovah in the 'high places,' the local shrines where His worship was probably assimilated, as much as possible to the Hamitic nature-worship it had supplanted; and also to the danger of the attraction of the idolatry of neighbouring countries, principally that of Phœnicia and Egypt.

If Phœnician nature-worship was the most cruel and immoral, Egyptian nature-worship, in the form in which it reached the Judæans,

shared much of its degrading tendency. The Egyptians appear to have been a mixed race, partly of a high white type, and partly negro, and their religion was as mixed as their blood. Their esoteric religion was the magnificent philosophical monotheism already described; but the popular religion was a mixture of nature-worship and a variety of negro-totemism run wild in the form of systematic worship of animals, from the Apis-bull, black, with one white spot, which was supposed to symbolise the sun-god, to dogs, cats, and shrew-mice, each of which was sacred to some Egyptian city.

When in the decline of the Egyptian power before the growing strength of Asia, the help of the little mountain kingdom of Judah became an object to be desired and intrigued for, it was not seldom that an alliance was made between the two nations; and close contact seems always to have brought the Jews under the attraction of the Egyptian nature- and animal-worship, a tendency to which had lingered in their race ever since the Exodus.

The prophetic order was held in high honour at Jerusalem. A picture of the respect and ceremony with which a great prophet was treated is shown in the embassy sent by Hezekiah to Isaiah during Sennacherib's siege, and reminds us somewhat of what the relations of Pope and Emperor might have been in the Middle Ages had they worked together, as they seldom did. As time went on, this was no longer the case, though still the Prophet had to be reckoned as a political force, by no means to be left out of account; for he did not confine himself to protests against individual sins, or even failures in national morality, but extended his domain of action to alliances, revolts, and threatening national dangers.

The political action of the Prophets of Judah seems in one respect to have been uniform. The country lay between Egypt and any Asiatic power which might be at war with it. In early ages the Hittites and their Amorite allies, later on the Assyrians, later still the Babylonians, found it desirable to possess themselves, by conquest or alliance, of this little hill country, which commanded a better passage for troops from one to the other than the other route skirting the Arabian desert, and infested by Bedouin tribes, unimpressible by civilisation. In the time of the kingdom, it was, as we can now understand, distinctly for the safety and welfare of the nation that they should be under a nominal subjection to an Asiatic kingdom, rather than make perpetual attempts at attaining an imaginary independence by an Egyptian alliance: especially as such an Egyptian alliance invariably brought with it renewed temptations to Egyptian idolatry. In the one case their higher mission and the destiny of their race could be carried out by an uninterrupted devotion to the worship of Jehovah and the pure morality of His laws, for the nominal subjection to a great Asiatic empire did not interfere with the internal government of the vassal kings; in the other the contagion of Egyptian idolatry tended to produce corruption at

the core. It is therefore not surprising that the Prophets uniformly threw their influence into the scale against an Egyptian alliance, even when the odds seemed to be as entirely against them as when Sennacherib besieged Jerusalem in Hezekiah's time, before the sudden destruction of his army by pestilence at Pelusium.

In spite, however, of this tendency in the Prophet's political leanings, they were by no means weakly unpatriotic. On the contrary, there could scarcely be found a more vigorous defiance than Isaiah, after all his protests against the alliance with Egypt, addressed to Sennacherib, beginning, 'The Virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee, and shaken her head at thee.' It was not that they trusted in one of their powerful neighbours rather than another, but that they trusted in Jehovah to protect his people and his sanctuary. And thus, in spite of renegade kings who brought in Egyptian and Phœnician idolatry, in spite of Syrian invasions, Assyrian threats, Scythian incursions, Mount Zion remained, until our special period begins, an unconquered fortress, which had never known the occupation of a national enemy, since Shishak had taken it in Rehoboam's time and commemorated his conquest in the Egyptian records.

THE LOSSES AND GAINS OF FIFTY YEARS.

'People talk a great deal about the progress which has been made in our times, but I see a great deal of retrogression.'—*Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.*

REACTION may be said to be a law of the world with regard to almost every movement. One of the first things I can remember is the saying of an old friend of my father's who took me on his knee when I was a very little child, and, putting on his gravest and most serious manner, uttered these words: 'Opinions differ, the best may err; there's much to be said on both sides.' I do not remember my reply or comment upon this wise assertion, but as he called me 'the little philosopher' I suppose he thought I could appreciate its wisdom. Anyhow, I have never forgotten it; and in all the many conflicting discussions and questions that have come before me since those far-off days, these words of truth have often recurred to me.

The immediate subject which has of late brought them again to my mind, is in connexion with the numerous and various discussions in newspapers and volumes of all sorts and sizes during the last two years relating to the grand event of the Jubilee. A 'magnificat' of enormous dimensions and power has gone up from all sides as to our progress in every conceivable matter during the last fifty years. So universal and self-laudatory has been this chorus that it has produced in some minds the feeling of which I spoke in my first word, reaction. Perhaps it is the innate perversity of human nature that may account for this; or, from a better point of view, may it not be a merciful provision of justice, in order to keep the balance even in our judgments of things past and present? However, this may be, it may serve as an introduction or excuse for the few remarks which I as an elderly woman, looking back over more than fifty years of life, am now about to make. And, at the beginning, I should like to say that I have no intention of denying the vast progress that has been made in many material and moral matters during the last half-century, nor of looking only on the dark side of things! It would be folly to pretend to do so, and it would be false. My desire is rather to point out to the present and younger generation (what they cannot know by experience) that with the gains there have been some losses, and to shew the dangers that beset even these great gains, if they are not carefully watched and guarded against.

The regrets of the old for the past, and the general and frequently-heard cry, that 'the former days were better than these,' are well-

known to all of us; that there is a 'golden age' in the visions and dreams of those who look back over long periods, cannot be denied; in such visions, while the evils appear to be obliterated in a remarkable manner, and the good things remain prominently visible, truth and falsehood are so mixed up together that facts become difficult to recognise. Yet I still believe, nothwithstanding all our boasting of present progress, there is much that we have lost at the same time.

Two matters stand out prominently before me as I look back over my own life and experience, and I will begin with them, viz., the condition (shall I call it the 'cultus?') of children, and the enjoyment of travelling.

That the whole life of children, the light in which they are considered and treated, and the results upon themselves and their elders has undergone a complete change, amounting to a revolution, no one can deny, even if they admire it. Instead of being 'in subjection,' seen, perhaps it might be, but rarely heard, living chiefly in the nursery and taking their meals there, they are now to be found at all times and seasons in the dwelling-rooms of their elders, partaking of their food, listening to and joining in their conversation, asking questions in season and out of season (but more usually the latter); travelling from the time they are a month old, to the injury, and certainly not to the benefit, of their physical or nervous organisation, and developing a precocity that is as unnatural to themselves as it is disagreeable to others. I know it is argued by some, that as regards the question of living with, and partaking of the meals of their parents, there is much to be said in favour of it, especially as concerns manners; but I believe there is more truth on the other side; as children are now rarely denied anything they ask for, there is the certainty that they will partake of much unwholesome and unsuitable food, a fact to which an eminent dentist ascribes in great measure the deterioration of the teeth of the young at the present day; greediness is thus encouraged, and they are, mentally, unduly stimulated by being admitted into a society far beyond their years. And, as regards manners, if the nurses and attendants for children are not competent to superintend their meals and control them in this important respect, they are certainly not fit for their posts in other matters. I can only say that the revered and beloved friend who presided in our nursery, though she came from an Essex cottage, was worthy of the trust reposed in her, through nearly a life-time of faithful service; and can we really suppose, for a moment, that the manners of our mothers and grandmothers were in any respect, inferior to our own? And, as regards the interests and happiness of the children themselves I am convinced by my own experience and that of many competent judges, that it is not for their pleasure, any more than their benefit, that they live mainly in the society of their elders. Such children are said to be more cross, restless and discontented, and less able to amuse themselves. I remember distinctly longing for the time when

I should be allowed to join the society of my elders, as a far distant boon to be deserved. And, while on this point, I may remark that the two subjects I named for consideration at the beginning, may be said to unite here. I read, not long ago, a clever and amusing article by a traveller with whom I most sincerely sympathised; he rejoiced as I have often done, that his days for this delightful recreation were almost over, and the chief reason he gave was, the ever-growing and well-nigh intolerable annoyance that was caused at the present day by the presence of children in the hotels and pensions of the continent. She described (as we must all be aware) how they pervade the houses where they may be, having of course no nurseries (perhaps no nurses) to which they can be assigned; under no subjection or control, playing at riotous games in the early hours of morning over the heads of tired travellers, and, of course, being present at the public tables for all meals. It is no uncommon thing to see them entering with gusto into the merits of the eating and drinking which they share alike with their elders; children of eight or ten years old asking for the 'menu' from their little neighbours, for the purpose of discussing the decisions of the future which they desire to make, and this choice and selection is not limited to those who join in public dining; a little boy of three years old being at dinner when on a visit to an aunt, his mother, who was present was naturally asked by her which she should give him of a choice of dishes? One being considered too rich, she replied, 'I do not think that is good for him;' to which he immediately responded, 'but *I* think yes;' and I need hardly say that he had it.

To those who look back upon their own childhood, so differently ordered on other, and as we believe, far higher principles, it is a serious drawback to comfort and enjoyment to be constantly in presence of such scenes as these, and we consider the traveller who contrasted the past with the present in this respect, was fully justified in his condemnation of the latter. It is now a common remark, that people object to visit at the houses where children abound, if they leave home for rest and recreation. The discussion of serious topics is frequently entirely prevented by the presence of children, who may be eagerly listening for what they have a suspicion they ought not to hear, yet often giving an opinion or remark, and asking questions on matters which they ought not to understand; even if they do not do this, the attention of their elders can rarely be given unreservedly while the children are in the room. Disobedience is too often connected with the licence and liberty now accorded to them; the play of two little children being found inconveniently loud and disturbing, even by their mother, during the visit of a friend, they were ordered to leave the room, but although they did not do so, no notice was taken, and after a considerable interval, finding the order was not repeated, they appeared in triumph in front of the visitor, with the true and not unnatural remark, 'here we are still!'

'In light of the present lax and over-indulgent system, some of us who may have considered our up-bringing somewhat severe and lacking in indulgence, now look back with thankfulness for it, and one such elderly woman who has done noble work for the benefit and care of her fellow-creatures, through a long life of physical and mental labour, was heard to exclaim to her sister, 'O, are you not thankful that we were brought up Spartans!'

To 'endure hardness' scarcely seems compatible with the training and indulgence of the present day, when the abundance of all good and pleasant things is so recklessly lavished on the young. And this description applies not only to the bodily, but mental, food provided for them. I have no hesitation in saying that there is a positive evil in the immense amount of literature now poured forth for children, in comparison with that of a former generation.

Their minds require to be filled and trained by slow and careful culture, by 'line upon line,' 'here a little, there a little,' not deluged by attractive books, which are more calculated to stimulate than to nourish, each fresh set being quickly cast aside for a newer one, and forgotten as soon as read, or perhaps, glanced through. What impression do any of these leave upon the mind or heart? What child of the present day will have the loving memories of books like those which fill our minds with regard to the treasured and well-cared for few of the past, which were read over and over again, till they were accurately comprehended and assimilated? Then again, I shall hardly be contradicted in saying that there is much writing for children which is as unfit for their mental nourishment as the foreign dinners are for their bodies, producing that fatal self-consciousness which, as has been well said, destroys the 'exquisite, evanescent charm of childhood, and spoils the harmony.'

The remark is added, which is surely worth laying to heart, that it is not well for children (especially girls) under fourteen, to read books in which the principal actors are children and girls. 'How any child can help being affected in these days we can hardly see. Self-consciousness is mixed with its bread and milk, and comes up to it from the parlour as regularly as mutton and potatoes.'

And while on this subject, it is impossible to avoid adding a remark as to the prevailing tone of literature supplied in the countless novels now read eagerly by many, at a far too early age.* When I look back at the few pure and excellent books of this description which were put before us, I am filled with astonishment at the freedom accorded to girls at present, in this respect, and I am the less inclined to wonder at certain social results, when minds have

* It seems that England is not the only country in which this lament is made. It is said that 'literature has not improved since the unification of Germany. It emulates the worst style of French literature; and I have seen in the last ten years novels which would not have been in general circulation, not to say would have been impossible, twenty or thirty years ago.'

been fed upon the sensational and pernicious food that has taken the place of the literary productions of the past, and which may be said to be now wholly neglected and unknown to readers of the present time. It may be true that the universal diffusion of knowledge is right, and may conduce to the happiness of the greatest number, but we may question at the same time if the great geniuses of the past are produced, or are likely to be, in this generation? Art may be taught to all classes, but do any amongst them approach the sculpture of early ages, or the paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? There may be hundreds of architects where there was formerly but one, but do any of them rival the works of the Greeks or of the Middle Ages? The most ambitious dream only of copying or studying them at a humble distance. Has learning with its examinations and drill, and 'results,' produced a Shakespeare or a Milton? and if not, why do we continue to boast that the present time is more fruitful than the past?

The evils and dangers of the modern system may be summed up in one sentence, that every stage of life is forestalled, and children are dragged into scenes and pleasures which can only be fitly appreciated at a later period. I have alluded already to the subject of early travel, before the mind can be capable of taking part in any of its joys and advantages. Many of us can look back on the intense enjoyment, in anticipation and reality, of our first tours, when reading and study had prepared our minds, in some degree at least, to enter into the vast stores of new and elevating knowledge opened out to us. But this cannot possibly be the case when children are familiarised, 'blasé' indeed, with all these novelties, long before they are capable of appreciating them; and the result is too often that the journey is only thought of as a means of getting to an end, which is probably a gay 'watering-place,' with all the amusements which are to be found in similar resorts at home. Instead of taking note of countries and towns which have to be passed through on the way, (even though it may be, little can be seen of them in the present rapid transit) the time is spent in reading the latest 'Tauchnitz,' in the corner of a comfortable railway carriage. I sometimes feel a curiosity to know if journals are kept by the young lady travellers of the present day? I am inclined to doubt if they have the patience, or care to acquire the knowledge and give the time, that is necessary to do so. Continental travel is now too commonplace and unimportant an event of daily life to be thought worthy of this expenditure of time and thought on retrospection. According to modern ideas it may be a recreation of a certain kind, but it has almost ceased to be a factor in the mental building up and culture of the majority of the present generation.

During the past year, many able women have written upon the vexed questions of schools and education for girls, and I may be allowed to quote a few sentences in confirmation of my own views.

One says, that 'in her youth girls had to wrestle with difficulties, to struggle over stiles as best they could; now they scarcely reach one before a hundred hands are held out to enable them to cross it gracefully and easily.' Another complains, that 'girls, on leaving school, show want of taste for intellectual pleasures.' Again, 'We are congratulated on the jam now so plentifully spread on the dry bread of education. May it not be partly owing to this extra jam in the school-room, that the pagan virtues of endurance and obedience no longer flourish. Children are asked to *sympathise* with their parents, but *obedience* is seldom preached.'

But I must not wander away to the tempting subject of education, as I wish chiefly to dwell on modern facts and methods with regard to children in social life; yet I cannot refrain from expressing doubts as to the wisdom of the forcing system which bids fair to reduce all to a dead level, and represses individuality, while the self discipline requisite for each human being cannot be given by schools, which 'leave a very large part of education untouched.'

I must now return to the subject of the earlier life of children; and here I am supported by the high authority of our sanitary reformer, Dr. Richardson. In his admirable lecture on the 'Seed-time of Health,' he gives a list of four kinds of perils to health in children. They are—1. Those that are inherited. 2. Those that are accidental. 3. Those that are inflicted. 4. Those that are acquired. Now in the two last of these we may all be said to have a share and a responsibility, and as to the third class, I will quote his opinion which must surely be that of every thinking well-wisher to little children.

One of the most fatal innovations of modern times is connected with the recreations (so-called) of the young, nothing of the kind having been known in the days to which I am referring, when children were allowed to live partly in the shade, and not always in the full glare of the sunshine of excitement. There is much that is called recreation which has no reference to health, and which therefore is not recreative, although it pretends to be.

On the other hand, many recreations which may be healthful to the young become hurtful, owing to the times and modes of carrying them out, and from no other causes. The holding of children's parties at late hours in winter time is one of the most dangerous examples of this kind, as it is one also of the most foolish of modern devices. The children's party is now often called for seven or even eight o'clock at night, and young children, for three or four hours after they ought to have been in bed and fast asleep, are kept up in the midst of a feverish excitement, which will not cool down for two or three succeeding days. In this excitement they are frequently fed with foods and drinks of the most indigestible character; and from the excitement, the dyspepsia which results, and the colds which are engendered from the exposure to cold air late at night,

and when the strength is exhausted, there is set up, almost of necessity, temporary derangement of the body, and in some cases, fatal disease.

Here, as is natural, the evils chiefly dwelt upon are those which result to the physical nature, but I would call attention to others, not less real or certain, which are inflicted on the mind and character, by thus bringing children out of their natural sphere to join in the pleasures of their elders. The fancy fair, the costume ball, the taking part in various kinds of public amusements, many of which are under the guise of 'charity,' must be named as amongst the most injurious of modern novelties, destructive to the sweet simplicity we have hitherto attached to the highest conception of childhood, and replacing it by vanity and self-consciousness. To force children to take part in 'touting' for objects of charity or philanthropy, is, to say the least of it, to place them in an unnatural position, by forestalling after years and occupations, which is in itself objectionable from every point of view; and the practice seems to grow from year to year. Many who protest against the employment of children in theatres and such-like spheres, are not themselves guiltless in the matter of dragging them into public life, without the same excuse for doing so. There is one more point which I will name which is entirely new to this generation, and of modern invention, that of children taking part in wedding ceremonies and processions, and nothing that I have alluded to marks more strongly the change of feeling and practice that has taken place. It is impossible to foresee or foreshadow the *results* that may accrue from all these innovations. We can only conjecture, and had therefore better leave them unconsidered; but there is high authority on all sides for warning and fear as we look forward into the future, even if some proofs are not already to be found in the undisciplined expressions of self-will and self-indulgence which we see around us, alas! too frequently, and too certainly followed by terrible facts.*

There is one more point on which I would touch, viz. the widespread knowledge and discussion of moral evil amongst the young of all classes, surely one of the most striking and serious features of the present time. It is the constant remark of women of the last generation who are now middle-aged, that nothing like this universal prying into subjects of all kinds, was known in their day. Can we say that the world is, or likely to be, the better for it? if so, we will endure the evil for the sake of the good which is promised to follow it, but which is hardly yet apparent. An old proverb about the

* A learned writer and divine writes thus in his last published book, on 'the painful, distressing—nay, I must say, revolting, social phenomena of the present day. Nobody can have watched these phenomena without seeing that society from head to foot is undergoing a rapid disintegration—that the old forms of it are being broken up by a levelling process that is going on everywhere.'—*Dean Goulburn.*

touch of adhesive matter comes to our minds, and we confess to shrinking with dread and horror from the possible consequences of such a knowledge of good and evil as is now brought before the minds of young women and girls. Purity of mind, from which lives and actions spring, cannot be promoted by that familiarity with its opposite, which is now so frequently met with, and is so directly opposed to the reticence which was the characteristic of the last generation. That this is no mere isolated opinion, to be styled prudery, we have abundant evidence, and not the least striking was that given by some of the most experienced of the clergy, who, on a recent occasion, gave their absolute condemnation to work of this nature for the young, and which it was requested should be delegated entirely to the middle-aged, or to those especially set apart for it.

There is, perhaps, hardly any point in the changed systems which we have been considering, that is felt more strongly and seriously than this; and we are tempted to ask, we trust in no bitterness of spirit, nor denial of some gains, but yet with sadness, if we have not, with regard to these matters, lost sight of the angel with the six wings, 'two for modesty, two for reverence, and two for obedience'? And if these qualities are lost or obscured, what is the value of all other gains?

There is yet one more matter to which I would fain allude before leaving this discussion of the innovations of the last few years; and here again I am supported by the authority of the eminent physician to whom I have already alluded; I mean the growth and rapid increase of the habit of smoking in young boys and men. Hardly anything I have hitherto named comes so distressingly before the notice of the older generation as this entirely modern development. Let us hear what Dr. Richardson says of this now too common practice. 'Such kinds of so-called pleasures for the young are not recreations; they are destructions, they kill time, and time is life; and so they kill life, for they shorten its days. Drinking strong drinks; taking into the body narcotics and narcotic fumes, as the smoke of tobacco; eating too much of the assumed good, but really bad, things of this life. These are the luxuries which beget the fatal cravings that are most injurious. I will simply enforce that the cravings to which I have specially alluded, ought not be cultivated between the period of birth and the attainment of the majority of any child born within this era of civilisation.'

I have said that it is impossible to point to the results of habits so lately introduced into our modern life, and this is naturally a disadvantage to my argument; but do we need supernatural wisdom to foretell and foresee what the consequences *must* be of the last-named innovation from every point of view, while at the same time we defy any one to point to a single advantage that can arise from it to those who we are now considering at a time when thrift and forethought for the future are being urged on all sides, even the cost of a daily

habit, begun often before the age of ten, is surely a not unworthy consideration, and I would ask if the amount has ever been calculated by those who indulge in it? But even beyond and above that, are other and more fatal consequences to body, brain, and mind: one of the former was once stated honestly by a boy who indulged in the habit, that 'it was so nice, because he never felt hungry!' and so the merciful and healthy provision of appetite for food was destroyed; then there is the no less important fact of the loss of saliva, essential to the process of digestion, combined with the effects upon the brain and liver, the unnatural habits of torpor and idleness involved, and the assumption of prematurely 'manly' habits and ways, all destructive to the simplicity of healthy youth.

It is, indeed, a matter of astonishment to us of an older generation, that more serious efforts are not made before it is too late, to arrest this sadly growing evil, by means of teaching in schools, warnings of the clergy and parents, and other like endeavours. But I have heard of none such, and thus we drift on, with the result of future stunted and half-developed beings for the coming race, beings who have known no healthy and natural childhood, and can thus attain to no vigorous or perfect manhood. Surely no greater factor for the production of degeneracy, can be named, than this so unnecessarily acquired a habit.

I am aware that in the foregoing remarks I shall meet with some opponents and much contradiction. We are too apt to acquiesce in the apparently inevitable, and to swim with the stream. To some, the task of opposing or controlling it seems too gigantic, impossible, and hopeless, while others do not see nor feel the need of doing so.

It is pleasanter to cry 'peace, peace,' than to proclaim danger; but I would ask all who have the courage of their convictions, and have still some tender memories of a vanished past, to join with me in telling of its merits and its virtues to the present generation, both of mothers and children, who, it may be, dazzled by the glory of the gains they know of, may be blinded to the losses that these have replaced during the half century which we have been considering.

LOUISA TWINING.

WOMEN I HAVE MET.

'AUNT MARY.'

She came from New England, but when I met her she had traversed two hemispheres, and we were both under Eastern skies. She wore a soft grey hat, sufficiently large to shade her face, and carried a big white sun umbrella. She wore a black jersey and an old black skirt, a green cloth coat by day, and in the evening or on occasions of festivity, a light blue flannel jacket. Her mild round face was set in a framework of soft brown hair, neatly braided. Perhaps there had been tinges of gold in earlier years; if so, they had given place long since to threads of silver. She wore spectacles and could scarcely escape the accusation of a double chin. Had she belonged to the old world, and the Latin Church, she would infallibly have become Sœur Celestine; as it was, I knew her by the simple designation of Aunt Mary.

She was not clever; she possessed no accomplishments; she had not much originality. It was not given to her to strike out brilliant ideas. Her light might be gentle, continuous and soothing, but she could not dazzle.

Destiny had brought her to the banks of the Ganges, and she did not rebel. An indifferent sailor, she had not hesitated to place two oceans between herself and all that signified home for her on earth. She suffered severely from the heat, but it did not occur to her to seek a climate where the sun burns with less fierceness. If she was heroic, she was not aware of it.

Neither was she without companions. There was the stern-visaged woman, cold and taciturn, of puritanical tendencies, whose very presence checked laughter, and before whom the most innocent mirth became shame-faced and hung its head. There was the gushing young woman, whose roving glances suggested the matrimonial market as a more coveted destination than the stake of martyrdom. There was the sallow, discontented girl for whom life had lost its illusions, who had taken up 'the work' as a *pis aller*, her downcast eyes not without a suspicion of malice, her religion tarnished with censoriousness. Association had not, however, produced resemblance. Aunt Mary's avocations were fulfilled with a simplicity that betrayed no self-consciousness.

She tended with loving care infants cast away by their parents as unfit to live, children deserted by their own mothers. She taught ignorant women who did not wish to learn. She toiled for women who knew little of womanhood beyond the enticing wiles, the childish

freaks of a debased coquettishness. She strove to raise from their degradation immortal spirits, to make them participators in the most sublime mysteries that can be uttered by mortal tongue, and her hearers regarded her with a stupid and frivolous curiosity. The people for whom her life had been a willing sacrifice cheated her out of annas and pice.

Ingratitude had neither soured her disposition nor frozen her powers of compassion. Labouring amongst a population disfigured by the worst passions that can afflict humanity, she became herself serene and gentle; surrounded by beings without natural affection, her own affections remained warm and tender. Dwelling amidst a people bound hand and foot by the most cruel prejudices, the most jealous traditions, her own sympathies daily became wider and deeper. In a life of unrest and perpetual wandering, she was calm and tranquil. In an atmosphere of intrigue and duplicity, she became neither suspicious nor uncharitable. Amidst countless vexations and unnumbered disappointments, she remained cheerful; engaged in work of the most fruitless character, she never despaired. Three times in contact with virulent small-pox, she escaped contagion and seemed to bear a charmed existence. Through the experience of years of discouragement she learnt the secret of that strange alchemy which transforms mortals into angels, and for her the foulest slums of the bazaars became the very gate of Heaven.

One luxury she allowed herself. A tiny native child, who had been rescued from an ash-heap, she ventured to abstract from the routine of the orphanage, and to keep beside her. In a short purple petticoat and a pinafore gleaming with red spots, the queer little creature would toddle about after Aunt Mary, and her benefactress found leisure from the stitching of charity clothes to manufacture a doll. A rag doll of ample proportions, and with conscientious zeal Aunt Mary decorated its physiognomy with water colours, slate-grey hair, slate-grey features and eyebrows.

When I became acquainted with Aunt Mary, her health had finally given way, and a peremptory, kind-hearted physician had ordered her home, to the dear familiar home in New England, now growing almost dim through the mist of years.

Aunt Mary begged to take the little Gunga with her. She fancies that some day Gunga will return to her native land, to minister to her own countrywomen with gentle hands, to raise them from their wretched animal existence, to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God. This is Aunt Mary's dearest aspiration, as she knits patiently, silently, watching the little Gunga with moist eyes.

And Gunga? will she fulfil the dream?

Alas! there will come a time when she will break away from the kindly teachings, the well-meant restraints; when she will snap her fingers, and twisting her slender restless shoulders, impatiently exclaim that she cannot bear the life held out as her future.

And then—her foster-mother will make no effort to bind her.

'There are so many different ways of working,' Aunt Mary will say cheerfully. 'Life is beautiful in its variety. The good God knows what is best for each of us.'

If the decision costs Aunt Mary a tear, spectacles hide a great deal. What right have middle-aged women to weep? Tears are the privilege of the young and lovely. Aunt Mary's fingers will work to provide the girl with fitting raiment that she may not go empty-handed to the husband of her choice.

Gunga will settle in the far West, where the joys and sufferings of a mother will develop a character not wholly ignoble.

Aunt Mary will turn with a little sigh to a life that can never be lonely, where faith in the unseen will shed a bright and beautiful glow over the path that has never been darkened by any shadow of self.

CHILTERN CARR.

A FEW PROVERBS.

'The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.'—Prov. xiv. 10.

'Thou knoweth our bitterness; our joys are Thine.'

A LITTLE child, who was perpetually warned for every infantine fault, 'God sees you do this,' 'God hears you say that,' 'God knows when you are angry,' etc., etc., inquired piteously, 'And does He ever look at me when I am good and happy?' It was a woeful revelation of the way in which many think of His Holy Presence, as that of One who is watching for their halting, and from which it were well to escape if it were possible; whereas the consciousness of His Omniscience, of an eye of love, 'that neither slumbers or sleeps,' is to the spirit of men what sunshine is to the material creation.

In every spirit there is a great lone land which is traversed by no human tread, which echoes no human voice, where the truth is felt that—

'Not even the tenderest heart and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.'

But this solitude is not a desolate one. Far from being a barren desert, this lone land is full of thoughts too deep for utterance; of joys too tender to be spoken; of hopes that to mortal ear might sound presumptuous; of aspirations after good that hide themselves for very shame of the contrast between the ideal and the attainment; and all this inner life lies naked and open before the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do!—'Who formeth the spirit of man within him,' and so enters into all its mysteries! This lone land is peopled, too, with memories that live in one heart, and have died out of others. As time goes on new generations rise up, and the memories of the old pass away; but they are not annihilated; they all exist in the bosom of Him Who was, and is, and is to come, our ever-living and ever-present Friend. This thought of God as the Keeper of our past, as He is the Hope of our future, is beautifully expressed by Bishop Ewing—

'Thou, Who containest all the past,
Thou Who containest what's to come,
Keep for me that which went so fast,
Be Thou Thyself my future Home.'

Alike awful and joyful, filled alike with filial joy and holy fear, is the confession of faith, 'Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid,' leading to the prayer, 'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration

of Thy Holy Spirit.' And thus may we, even the most lonely, echo our Master's words, 'Alone, yet not alone, for the Father is with Me.'

The craving, now so wildly exercised, for intercourse with the departed, might find its rest and satisfaction in the Living One, in Whom the souls of them that depart hence in the Lord are in joy and felicity; they and we alike in His constant presence, though they have attained what we as yet see not. And 'our joys are Thine.' As truly as He pitifully beholds the sorrows of our hearts, as truly does He behold their joys. Can we doubt that when He dries our tears, He sees the smiles that replace them? Can we doubt that He loves to see 'the innocent brightness of an infant's face,' and the innocent brightness often given to maturity, and even to old age? There are joys, as there are sorrows, too deep for human sympathy; but all are known to Him Who 'made us this soul.' It is a mistake to limit the Scriptural exhortations to 'rejoice' to a joy totally apart from our earthly condition. We 'rejoice in the Lord' whenever the heart is lifted up to Him in thankfulness for surrounding mercies. The beauty of creation is His gift—

> 'Who planned and formed, and still sustains a world
> So clothed in beauty for rebellious men;'

and His gift, too, is the sense of beauty by which it is enjoyed.

It is no 'stranger that intermeddles' with this joy; but He Who speaks from mind to mind in a language which He teaches us to understand.

Bishop Taylor speaks of 'the holy family who had laid up their joys in the eyes and heart of God.' Ruskin says of some teachers, 'they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight.'

As truly as the ears of the Lord are open to the cry of sorrow or want, so truly does He hearken to 'the voice of joy and the voice of gladness; the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride; the voice of them that shall say, "Praise the Lord of hosts, for the Lord is good;" and of those that bring the sacrifice of praise into the house of the Lord.' The thought of God's omniscience is like the pillar that guided the Israelites. 'It was a cloud and darkness to *them;* but it gave light by night to *these.*' The words 'Thou God seest me' must speak either of holy joy or of terrible fear.

'Honour the Lord with thy substance.'—Prov. iii. 9.

There is in the human mind, whether savage or sage, an instinctive desire to show honour to whom each may think honour is due; it stands apart from the ideas of service or usefulness to its object; it is the effort to express, and exhibit to others, our own sense of esteem or admiration; it finds utterance in various forms, according to taste; in savage countries often by cruel and loathsome rites; in civilised nations it is expressed by statuary, by architecture, by

music, by painting, by processions, by illuminations, by floral decorations—things which are quite useless to him for whom they are done, but valuable according to the feeling which could not otherwise be expressed, and also as conveying that feeling to distant times, or giving it expression to others, a sort of proclamation to friends or foes of *our* estimate of its object.

In elevating this instinct to its highest purpose, we find the vase of ointment very costly poured forth in such lavish profusion as to excite the question, To what purpose is this waste? while no such rebuke could have been made even by Judas Iscariot to the women who 'ministered of their substance' to their Master and His followers. *Both* were acts of worship; *both* were graciously accepted, but they were different, and each expressed something which the other did not. The ministering to His daily wants was a plain act of duty, now carried out in ministering to those of whom He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.' The other is the expression of a sentiment. In this nineteenth century there is very little risk of excess in sentiment, and the danger is rather that it may be altogether stifled in the whirl of philanthropic machinery. Nevertheless, duty must ever stand as the hedge to guard and limit sentiment; but it is a 'sweet-briar hedge,' full of sweetness and beauty, unless we try to break through it. If Joanna, the wife of Chusa, had withdrawn the needful supply for the Master's followers in order to provide the costly and unnecessary perfume, she would have failed in duty; but it was Judas only who said to Mary, 'Why is this waste of the ointment made?' And where we hear the cry loudest in behalf of the poor, the answer might be found in the words, 'Whensoever ye *will* ye *can* do them good;' whereas the opportunities for the free-will offerings that express our honour for God's house, and all pertaining to it, are occasional.

I can best illustrate what I mean by two memories. One is of a little girl who grew to live and die a godly woman. She was one day presented with a large cake. She asked her mother to divide it into five parts, one of which she kept for herself, and three she gave to her mother and sisters; the fifth she laid aside until the feast was over. She then took the piece in her hand, and went into the garden, where they saw her climb a tree and lay it on the highest branch she could reach. When she returned she was asked—

'Did you leave that piece for the birds?'

'No,' she said; 'it is for God Almighty.'

Her little sisters exclaimed at her folly, and she answered—

'I know He does not want anything; I know He has everything but just it was mine, and so I like to give it to Him.'

The other case was a clergyman and his wife who had lately changed to a new parish. Their former abode had all the charms that belong to refined taste and liberal means, and a friend expressed

her surprise at the change, at the absence of so much that money might supply. The lady replied—

'We found the Church in such a shabby state that all we could do was, and still is, required for it; but as soon as it is made as it ought to be, we shall make this place very nice too.'

It never occurred to them that they should 'dwell in ceiled houses while the house of God lay waste,' and so they 'honoured the Lord with their substance,' as the little girl did, knowing that 'all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.'

'The full soul loatheth an honeycomb.'—Prov. xxvii. 7.

We know that even in intellectual life all deeper studies, all higher thoughts may be choked and paralysed by too much indulgence in light literature, even of a harmless character; how often the charms of fiction make biography appear dull and dry, and how the affections are deadened by the absorbing pursuit of amusement, or of gain, or of ambition. The soul fully occupied and filled with one object, rejects whatever would take its place, excepting only where that one object is to serve and please God, because the very nature of that service is enlargement, extension, aspiration—a longing and thirsting which the things of this present world can never satisfy. St. Augustine says truly that the soul made for God can find its true rest only in Him, for whom it was made.

Nevertheless, the soul of men or women may, for the time, be perfectly satisfied and filled by the things of this world, its pleasures and deceitful riches, whether in possession or in anticipation, so as to have no aspirations beyond it. Doubtless the prodigal son was, for the time, satisfied with the freedom he had gained while he had enough of the food the swine did eat, and had no longings after his father's house. We hear a great deal now of the noble aspirations of the human soul; but how rarely do we see them. We hear of its thirst for something nobler, purer than it finds in its surroundings, yet if we look round any circle we are acquainted with, how rarely do we find this hungering and thirsting? among a hundred commonplace people, how many of these aspirants do we meet?

One young lady gave as her highest ideal of bliss to be the most admired person in a ball-room, while a working girl gave as hers 'to sit by the fire and rest myself.' The devotee of self-culture, the artist, the musician, the philosopher, the philanthropist, would speak of aims far superior to these, though even their far nobler pursuits may so 'fill' and absorb the soul as to make it turn with disgust from the true and satisfying aim of life—the worship and service of God; holiness to the Lord; from 'the chief end of man,' which is 'to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.'

'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

C. A. M. B.

NIGHT WATCHES.

The sunset faded into grey,
The sky grew dim and pale;
They said, 'This soul will pass away
Clad in the twilight veil.'
The twilight deepened more and more,
The world lay steeped in gloom,
And still that lingering soul forebore
To quit the darkened room.

The moon arose—the harvest moon
A yellow crescent shone;
They said, ''Tis meet this soul should soon
In this soft light be gone.'
The young moon moved towards the west,
The stars came out above;
That soul lay still in watchful rest
Amid its dear ones' love.

The midnight chime rang clear and loud
Across the misty air;
They said, 'The blackness like a shroud
Enfolds what was so fair.'
But when the chime's soft melodies
Echoed and thrilled no more,
That soul still gazed with wistful eyes
On dear ones, weeping sore.

The breeze began to move aside
The clinging mist and grey;
They said, 'It is the turn of tide;
This soul will ebb away.'
The waves ran down the sounding beach,
The sands grew blank and bare;
That soul smiled calmly down on each
Who knelt in silent prayer.

The clouds were torn, the glorious morn
  Was over earth and sky;
They said, 'We are not left forlorn;
  She lives, and day is nigh.'
But as they spoke the red sun broke
  Forth full on sea and shore;
That sweet soul lay in perfect day,
  At peace for evermore.

F. HARRISON.

IN DUST AND DESOLATION:

BEING A VISIT PAID TO THE WESTMINSTER WAXWORKS.

THE more one sees of Westminster Abbey the more one wishes to see and to know of its many glories, both past and present. This desire has beguiled me into spending whole mornings searching out the more obscure memorials—such as the small square grey tile in the pavement of the north aisle on which is chiselled the words,

O RARE
BEN JONSON,

which still remain the only indication of a poet's peculiar grave: or in wandering round the quiet cloister and lovely chapter-house, tracing the door of the ancient historic chapel of the pyx close by.

But these things can be seen every day by every one who cares to find them. It had long been a castle in the air of mine to be admitted to those inner recesses of the Abbey in which are hidden away from public view those almost mythical waxwork effigies disrespectfully dubbed The Ragged Regiment. But all things come to him who waits, and at last an opportunity came.

How we gained admission to the waxwork chamber need not here be told. It is enough to say it was by fair means, although visitors to the mystic apartment are discouraged as much as possible, admission being prohibited except to the most favoured few, as in the eyes of the Abbey authorities the effigies are 'a vile and vulgar exhibition.'

That the waxworks are by no means lovely objects to look upon must be frankly confessed; but (to quote Miss Strickland's 'Queens') 'They are . . . as authentic relics of historical usages and customs as anything within or without the Abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the dead "barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are to this day carried to the grave in Italy.' And it may be as well to mention that during the Roman Commonwealth, at the funeral of a patrician 'figures with waxen masks representing his ancestors' were carried in the procession. This is supposed to have been the origin of the custom of using an effigy at the obsequies of an English sovereign. It began with Edward I., and was continued down to Queen Anne, though accounts vary as to how many of the effigies still existing were actually used at the royal funerals. The effigies were not intended merely as

accessories to a state ceremony, for like most things English they were made for a definite purpose. When the time came for a monument to be raised to the memory of the departed monarch, the effigy (which was probably in some cases a cast) came in usefully as a reference for the artist employed in executing the recumbent statue for the tomb in brass, or in fair white marble like that of Elizabeth, when standing by which the visitor is moved to exclaim with Capulet:—

'There she lies, flower as she was!'

When the nation did not choose to perpetuate the lineaments of a departed sovereign by any monumental statue, then wax had to do duty for nobler material, and the figure was set up either over or near to the grave of the person it represented. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'

Morning service was not quite finished when we entered the Abbey by the north transept. Waiting there, we had time to grow accustomed to the 'dim religious light.' Once more I saw the glorious rose window of the south transept, its myriad rainbow hues glowing as they alone can glow upon a dull November morning. Again I saw the marble statues of statesmen and diplomatists—Chatham and Peel, Beaconsfield and the three Cannings—looking down from their pedestals as though still pondering over some deep problem of statecraft, or else, with outstretched arm, carried away by some vein of mighty eloquence. And now, among all the other countless memories was added that of the recent Jubilee. From where we were I could see the spot (again occupied by the lectern) where, surrounded by her sons and daughters, and her children's children, our Queen had sat returning thanks for her glorious reign. Beyond, under the great window, could be dimly seen the clustering monuments of Poet's Corner.

The service over, we crossed the choir to where a little knot of people were gathered round the iron railings that shut off the south choir-aisle, passing on our way the bust of good Archbishop Tait. After awhile a black-robed verger came and opened the gate. Seeing another verger standing about, we drew him aside and explained our errand. Courteously the old man examined our credentials, and on satisfying himself that all was right, led us away from the other sightseers to a little old nailstudded door. On its being unlocked and pushed back upon its ancient hinges, a small narrow staircase was revealed. After scaling the steep ascent in safety, we were at last within the waxwork chamber.

Very different it is from the glittering saloons of Madame Tussaud.

Fronting the head of the stairs, in an oaken cupboard protected by a glass door, was Waxwork No. 1. His hands outstretched as though in friendly welcome, stood the figure of Charles II. The Merry

Monarch looked rather forlorn, despite the rich ruffles of real old point lace that garnished his faded array. His face was fat, while both it and the hands were of a dark southern complexion. His large dark eyes had a vacant stare wholly unshaded by the large velvet hat with white feather crowning his black periwig. Altogether this was not a pleasing character to see.

On the left was a long and narrow case with glass on two sides of it, containing the recumbent effigy of Edmund Sheffield, second Duke of Buckinghamshire, who died at Rome in 1735. The young man's head, supported by cushions, wore the gilt ducal coronet, while his right hand clasped a gilt cross-hilted sword on the breast. The nose was very aquiline, the eyes closed as in sleep, and the feet were quite bare.

The last case being very long and placed in the centre of the small chamber with that of Charles II., made a kind of passage, on going behind which we came to a large double cupboard. Within were two figures, placed one at each end. That on the left, William III., held the orb and sceptre (the latter pointed outwards), and being very short was raised on a low pedestal: a very necessary measure, as otherwise it would be completely dwarfed by the gigantic effigy of Mary II., which stands at the other corner of the case, and, besides being unusually tall, was very stout, and had a very fine double chin. Arrayed in a well-fitting robe of dark blue trimmed with some white fur, it also held the sceptre outward, pointing at her lord as though it were a poker. A small crown, to denote joint sovereignty, was placed between the figures on a little gilt table shaped like a pillar.

Passing to the next case on my right, I came to a full stop.

There, in its narrow upright case, protected from the dust by the usual glass door, stood the figure of Queen Elizabeth—'that bright occidental star . . . of most happy memory.' Certainly, no one could doubt this to be the 'lively effigy' of Gloriana. The head of that fair goddess was thrown haughtily back, her sharp little chin elevated. The small eyes gazed straight and piercingly at the beholder, as if able to read his inmost thoughts. The mouth was small, the thin lips tightly compressed, and the whole aspect that of a poor, lonely old woman of seventy, who had been accustomed to command (ye gods! how sharply!) for the last forty-five years of her stormy career. This waxwork also resembled, as it were, a grim old lioness at bay, knowing full well that the one mortal being she could implicitly trust consisted of herself alone; and it gives a far better idea of what good Queen Bess must really have been than any painting or statue howsoever cunningly wrought. Besides, we have the testimony of 'old Stowe,' who records that when the populace at Elizabeth's funeral 'beheld her statue or effigy lying on her coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing,

groaning and weeping, as the like of which hath not been seen within the memory of man.'

The figure of her Grace was attired in a rich farthingale, much ornamented with gold and silver. An immense ruff stood up behind her head, setting forth her small throat wreathed with pearls; strings of the same (false) pearls fastened to the shoulders, hung to the long slim waist. Other jewels were profusely scattered over different parts of the dress, but all this magnificence was a little marred by the fact that the figure had slipped from its rigidly upright position into a corner of the case, against which it rested on its heels.

Turning regretfully away we next beheld Lord Nelson's effigy, wearing the cocked hat and clothes the hero wore in life (except the coat of navy blue which has the right sleeve pinned to the breast). The great man being buried under the dome of St. Paul's, some poorly paid Canons of Westminster, as a counter-attraction, set up this effigy in the Abbey in the hope that it would increase the number of sightseers. Though purely apocryphal, it is an interesting old doll.

The remaining four figures were in a very bad light beneath a window. The one of Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, clad in the robes of a peer, held a scroll in one aged hand. That of a Duchess of Richmond was dressed in the robes its original—the famous *la belle Stuart*—wore at the coronation of Queen Anne, who, poor lady, had her own waxwork in such a dark and dusty hole that nought could be seen of her except a dim majestic outline.

The last of the collection represented the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, whose son lay opposite.

And here, after noticing the armour that belonged to Monk, Duke of Albemarle, ended our review of the Ragged Regiment. I was surprised at the small number of figures. Edward I., that 'Hammer of the Scots,' certainly had a temporary effigy placed on the plain block of stone that is his only monument, and which tradition says was brought for the purpose from the Temple of Jerusalem. Eleanora of Castile, Edward III., Philippa, and Anne of Bohemia, each had one; while we are told* that the image of Henry V., which was carried in his funeral pageant from Paris to Westminster, was made of boiled leather! The waxwork of fair Elizabeth of York was in good preservation down till a late date, and, with the one of Henry VII., is probably exactly reproduced in the statues lying on their gorgeous tomb. James I. not only had a model representing himself, but 'four heads of the cariatides of playster of Paris,' draped in 'white callico, which was very handsome and very cheap, and shewed as well as if they had been cutt out of white marble.' James's son, Henry Prince of Wales—'Prince of Great Britain and Ireland'—

* Strickland's *Queens*, vol. i.

seems also to have had a fair effigy. But none of these 'frail memorials' are in the waxwork chamber; either they have turned to dust like their august originals, or they have been swept away by some mercilessly reforming official. In days of yore the effigies were one of the common sights of the Abbey, but, owing to the jeers and improper jokes they excited, were carefully hidden away in their present home, where it is to be hoped they will long live in the calm seclusion befitting their extreme old age.

CUTHBERT MACLEOD PAINE.

THE WOLF THAT WISHED TO BE A LAMB.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN: A FABLE FOR OLDER PERSONS.

BY THE LATE MISS E. HASELL.

THERE once lived in a large forest a big old wolf, with several little ones. She took great care of her children, and plundered right and left for their support. Most of the young wolves enjoyed eating the lambs and other spoil which their mother brought them, snarled at one another over their food, as they fought for the choicest morsels, and looked forward with much delight to the day when they should go and hunt for themselves.

But one, the youngest of the family, was otherwise minded. He did not like quarrels, but wished for peace; he shuddered when he saw his mother's bloody jaws, and loathed the morsels which they offered him. And one day, when his mother left him on a sunny bank at the edge of the wood, while she went on one of her marauding expeditions, he saw a sight which awoke strange feelings in his breast. A pretty little girl, with golden locks and blue eyes, was gathering flowers and singing as she went, leading all the time a milk-white lamb by a rose-coloured ribbon. 'Oh, I should dearly love to be led about by that sweet maiden,' said the little wolf to himself. 'I should like her to gather blossoms and make a wreath of them for me, as she is doing for that innocent little creature. How I wish that I, like him, could be harmless and beloved!' And another time when, having grown older, his mother allowed him to run about by himself, he came all of a sudden on a great open space in the forest, where lambs, now old enough to leave their dams, whitened the grass with their snowy fleeces. He heard two shepherd boys piping, and his heart beat in time with their music. He looked at the lovely flowers which inlaid the green grass with many fair colours, and he envied the lambs as they frisked over them or stooped to crop them.

Then at last he said to himself, 'I will not be a wolf any longer; I will not make it my business in life to catch and devour those dear little lambkins, or to kill their kind old mothers. I will be a lamb myself; I feel just like one. Surely my coat will change and grow soft and white as theirs is when I have once got into the way of living as they do; and I shall learn to bleat like them when I have fed a while on flowers wet with dew, and hearkened morn and eve to the shepherds' songs and music.' So resolving, the small wolf crept out of the thicket, and came gently up to a pretty white lamb, and tried to make friends with it. But the lamb fled from him in dismay, not at all understanding the poor little fellow's words of endearment. He tried another with no better success; it, too, ran away, bleating

piteously, and aroused the shepherds' attention. They laid down their pipes and looked round to see what was the matter. No sooner did they spy the unwelcome addition to the flock, than shouting 'A wolf! a wolf!' they flew at him with their heavy crooks. Battered by several cruel blows, and only just not killed, the unhappy wolf had to run for his life to the shelter of the friendly trees. As he disappeared amongst them a shower of stones pursued his retreat, one of which inflicted a severe wound on his head. The boys dared not follow him into the depths of the forest, but went back to their charges, never doubting that they had saved them from a cruel enemy, and expressing a hope that he would soon die from the injuries he had received. Meantime, the little wolf lay pained and panting on the soft moss beneath an old oak tree. There were pretty flowers around him, some sweet woodbine hung over him, and breathed its fragrance to refresh him, while, as if it wished to comfort him, a bird sang sweetly, perched on a branch over his head. But the poor wolf felt as if every bone in his body had been broken, while big drops of blood stained the moss, from his wounded head.

'How very difficult it is to be good,' he sighed and sobbed forth. 'If I had gone out with my brothers and snapped up a lamb or a kid, they would have called me a clever little fellow, and my mother would have been proud of me. But because I want to do no harm to any creature, every one turns against me. My own family would despise me if they saw me lying here in my misery, and say it served me right. The shepherds left off their pipings to try and kill me. The fair damsel would scream and run away if she saw me. The lambkins will not let me be friends with them. What am I to do? I cannot be a lamb—I will not be a wolf. I had best die.' Great tears ran down his hairy cheeks as he said this. 'And yet,' he went on, 'the world is so beautiful, the grass is so green, the flowers so gay, the honeysuckle so sweet, it would be hard to leave them all, and never hear the birds sing again. Oh, I am very unhappy. I wanted to love every one, and no one will love me; they will not even let me love them.'

When the wolf had said these words he closed his eyes and grew so faint that he thought he was really dying. But he opened them again after a while, and his strength seemed coming back to him. By this time it was night; the birds had done singing their evening hymn, and had gone to sleep, the dew had fallen, the glow-worms had lighted their lamps, and one bright, beautiful star could be discerned in the blue sky through the thick branches of the oak under which the wolf lay. Nor was the wood wholly silent. A nightingale was sending her clear notes through its stillness, and the wolf seemed to hear the words of her song. 'Follow me,' they sounded like to his ear.

'Follow me to peace,
Where thy woes shall cease.'

'There must be peace somewhere for everything,' thought the wolf, 'even for me;' and he rose and dragged his stiffened limbs in the direction from which the song came. At first walking was very painful to him, then it grew easier. On and on he went through the wood, across thickets hard to squeeze through, past beautiful open glades on which the moonbeams fell, along dark ravines with frowning rocks overhanging them, amid which yawned gloomy caves, the dens of wild beasts, whose growlings came dismally from their depths. But the nightingale's sweet voice made itself heard above them, and it guided the wolf onward while the night lasted. But at length the glow-worms put out their lamps, and the light of the moon and stars was extinguished by the brightness of the rising sun. Its rays lit up the summit of a high rock, round the base of which on one side flowed a deep river which seemed to bar the wolf's farther advance. But indeed he could scarcely have gone on had the river been a shallow brook, or the rock a smooth meadow. Footsore and exhausted, he stopped, panting for breath, but still listening if haply he might hear anything to direct him on which side to retrace his steps. Then from near the top of the rock sounded some deep bass notes—solemn and serious in comparison with the light pipings of the shepherds, and full of a meaning which was lacking to the nightingale's song—for some one was singing a morning hymn. When it ceased, hope revived in the wolf's breast. And well it might, for the singer was a venerable hermit, who had been serving God for many years in the solitary recesses of the forest, and who, because he loved God, loved all His creatures, and was loved by them. He knew the language of the birds, and they often joined in chorus with his hymns of praise. He too knew, by long sympathy and kindness, the dumb sorrows of beasts, and could understand what their moans and howlings meant. So, when the wolf sank down, uttering faint and feeble cries, at the foot of the rock, the good hermit felt that there was a suffering creature awaiting his help, and made haste to go to him. The wolf feared at first as he saw an old man with a long white beard, leaning on a strong staff, stoop over him. 'He will kill me,' he thought to himself; 'he has come to finish what the young shepherds began.' But the hermit's eye caught his, and the look was such a loving one that he added, 'If he does it will be because it is the best thing that he can do for me, and I think that death from his hand would be sweet.' But instead of harming, the hermit stroked and fondled him, till the wolf took courage and told him in his own language all the desire of his heart.

'Is that really thy desire?' said the hermit. 'Oh, that men would be as wise! A lamb thou wouldst be instead of a wolf, weak instead of mighty, the sufferer instead of the inflictor of wrong—then a lamb shalt thou be. Go and wash in the holy well which springs up just round yon far corner of the rock.'

The wolf wondered and obeyed. The hermit went with him, and

as he plunged him in its clear waters, and as they washed the clotted gore from his head, and the blood and dust from his wander-weary feet, repeated holy words, the meaning whereof was far above the wolf's power to understand. He only knew this, that the pain and weariness left his head and limbs, that he felt peace filling his heart, and that when the hermit set him on the fountain's brink again and bade him look into its depths he saw a strange sight. It was himself, yet not himself any longer. His coat was not black and tawny now, but shining white, and his face was the face of a lamb. And now began for him a truly happy life. He cropped the fresh grass and drank the clear stream with none to make him afraid, and at night the hermit carried him up into his lofty cell, and he slept there peacefully at his kind master's feet. When maidens from distant villages came there for counsel and teaching they made him wreaths of flowers for his neck, and when his benefactor went forth to pray by the sick or comfort the sorrowful, he frisked beside him, kissing and licking his feet when he stopped to rest, and felt as happy as the day was long, because he was allowed to love, and was loved in return.

After a while a small flock gathered round him. Some were lambs given to the hermit by shepherds whom he had cured by his knowledge of the properties of herbs; some he rescued from dangerous precipices where they had strayed, and brought home to be his pet lamb's companions until their owners should claim them. They used to feed in the open spaces of the forest, and Renatus, as the hermit called his little friend, was their leader, and marched proudly at their head, with a silver bell (the gift of one of the hermit's scholars) tinkling at his neck. All went on most pleasantly till one unhappy day, when a wolf lurked in the thick wood which bordered their favourite meadow and snatched away a lamb which all the rest loved dearly. Great were their lamentations over their loss; and great the good hermit's sorrow when he found out the cause of their piteous bleating. Renatus abandoned with great regret the wood-encircled plain where they had been so happy, and tried to be content with the grass to be found near the hermitage. But even there he could not feel secure. Fierce eyes glared upon him and his friends from time to time from the leafy coverts, and in the course of the next fortnight two more lambs disappeared. 'What a pity,' thought Renatus, 'that I cannot be both a wolf and a lamb. Then I could defend myself and my friends when need arose, and enjoy this harmless, merry life at all other times.' While he was thus thinking, he saw a great commotion among the lambs. They were running wildly towards the enclosure at the foot of the rock where the hermit always gathered them at night. Yes, and it was a wolf that they were running away from. But his eye had no savage light in it; he passed one and another without striving to bite it; and as the hermit came down to see the cause of his flock's alarm, the wolf

crouched submissively at his feet. 'He feels as I did,' said Renatus to himself. 'Like me he wishes to be a lamb. Perchance he has heard my story.' Great was his interest as he saw the hermit lead this second wolf to the holy well, and he drew as near as he dared, to see what would happen. Then he heard the hermit, as he sprinkled water on him, say aloud, 'Thou regrettest the ill that thou hast done and wouldst fain be a wolf no longer. That is well, my son. Gladly wouldest thou be harmless as a sheep, but yet not in other things like one. That, too, is well; for in this vast forest, such is the Creator's will, no two leaves are perfectly alike. Lose thy fierceness and keep thy courage; instead of devouring the sheep save them from the jaws of their enemies. Go with them, and by thy superior sagacity keep them from straying, and by thy strength protect them from those who would hurt them. Be a wolf no longer, but the first sheep-dog.' And straightway the beast's eye gained a new and gentler expression, his coat became smoother and softer, he began to gambol first with Renatus, then, as they lost their fear of him, with the rest of the flock; and from thenceforth, Cambio, so the hermit called him, proved their faithful guardian, and in many a successful single combat worsted and slew the wolves which sought to make them their prey.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

I.

'NATIONS need a common language, and they will always choose our French,' wrote Montesquieu, and the high position held by France among European nations, together with the limpid precision which characterises her tongue, have justified the prediction.

Of the three languages which Cæsar found in Cisalpine Gaul, Latin only allowed Armorican to remain, driven westward like its sister British, and still existing in a corner of France, as Cymric does in Wales. No doubt it long held its ground to a considerable extent throughout Gaul; but a hundred years after that country had been conquered by the Romans, it was Latin songs that the women and children sang, and so universal became the use of Latin, and of Latin customs, that in Strabo's time the Celt was no longer regarded as a barbarian. The Roman tongue soon fell into two dialects in Gaul, one spoken by the uneducated, the other by the educated classes. This latter was already dying out at the time of the German invasion, which turned Gaul into France; but a kind of bastard imitation, known as Low Latin, and distinguished from the popular, or rustic dialect, was kept up by the clergy and Government officials; 'a sort of jargon, which was neither popular nor literary Latin, but a strange mixture of both.'

The invading Germans spoke various dialects, and were but a handful among six hundred thousand Gauls; they could hardly be said to have a common tongue, and soon all used Latin, especially when the Franks, having become Christian, reverenced that tongue as the one used by the Church. Rustic Latin now both developed and simplified itself—French has been fairly enough described as 'shortened Latin'—and became more and more an independent tongue. In A.D. 818 the Council of Tours acknowledged it as such, and ordered the clergy to preach in *Romance*.

Twenty-five years after the death of Charlemagne we find Romance the tongue of both politics and poetry in France, and from the eleventh century French literature developed with hardly a break in it; even the Hundred Years' War did not check it as disastrously as the Wars of the Roses did literature in England, though they lasted only thirty years. Even earlier than A.D. 1000 there were probably ballads, historical and others, which were worked up into those *Chansons de Gestes* which flourished in the eleventh century. At this

date neither Italy nor Spain possessed a literature, and though Saxon England had both poetry and prose, the Danish invasion crushed its development, and when, under Edward the Confessor, it began to revive, it was again repressed by the Norman Conquest.

'The literature which arose in France in the eleventh century was not born,' says Littré, 'in the cultivated classes, who belonged almost exclusively to the Church, and wrote in Latin.' It spoke to laymen, to kings, barons, vassals alike, and had no classic models on which to form itself. Greek authors were inaccessible; Latin ones almost as much so, nor—had they been better known—would they probably have greatly influenced the new literature, which was shaping itself in accordance with the needs of that new world just arising out of chaos. An ideal was beginning to exist, half-Christian, half-military, which had nothing in common with Pagan or Roman heroism. Those for whom the new songs would be sung desired to hear about the deeds of Christian and feudal warriors, and those who sang them cared only for the mailed baron on his charger, for the suzerain and the vassal, for the ladies who inspired knightly exploits, and for the Church, to whom the warrior came when age or repentance overtook him, to ask absolution for his misdeeds, or pious repose for his old days.

Charlemagne and his paladins were the heroes of this early cycle of poems. 'The Western world had not forgotten the great emperor, who with one hand had conquered Germany on the north, and on the other had repulsed the Moslem on the south.' In the confusion and misery which followed his death, his majestic figure appeared to those who looked back, as standing out in redoubled stateliness, and 'the days when Queen Bertha, his mother, span,' were alluded to in proverbial speech as a golden age. The legends which gathered round him and his paladins furnished almost inexhaustible material for the Trouvères (inventors, or finders) who told or sang the *Chansons de Gestes.*

The word 'geste' has three meanings: first, the deeds of a hero, a sense in which Spenser uses it, as when his Sir Scudamour 'gan arise, to win him honour by some noble gest;' secondly, the story of knightly deeds; lastly, a family of whom the deeds are told. We find geste used in the first meaning as late as Montaigne, who writes, 'Ils sacrifiaient aux Muses, afin que leurs gestes fussent bien et dûment escripts.' Naturally, in the earliest of these Chansons, military interest is supreme. Women count for little; war and the supernatural for a great deal; nature for nothing at all. The opening of the story of Charlemagne's mother, 'Berthe aux grands pieds,' indeed, may seem to contradict this. 'When April unfolds, a season fair and sweet, when we see the little plants shoot, and the fields grow green, and every shrub longs to flower;' but this is rather used to get a good start than from genuine love of nature. It is quite a different note from that struck by the Troubadours, the poets

of Southern France, who celebrated love and nature together in their sweet langue d'oc—

'Beau play lo douz temps de pascor (Easter or Spring),
Que fait fuelhos et flors venir.
Et play mi quant aug la baudor
Dels auzels que fan retentir
Lor chan par lo boscatage.'

'Pleases me well the sweet springtide—Which brings leaf and flower—Much do I love to hear the gladness—Of the birds which make to resound—Their song throughout the copses.' So sang that turbulent warrior and sweet singer, Bertrand de Born, and though he goes off immediately into descriptions of battle and warlike achievements, we feel that the sights and sounds of spring had really rejoiced his soul.

Three heroes form the centre of as many groups of the *Chansons de Gestes*, Charlemagne, Guillaume d'Orange, and Renard de Montauban, to all of whom a certain degree of honour is accorded by the Latin Church, and all three were unfortunate and pious. Charlemagne saw his army destroyed and his Paladins fall at Roncevaux; Guillaume lost the Battle of Aliscans; Renard knew poverty and exile. Besides these chief groups there are several lesser cycles. The chansons extend over three centuries, and only end with the Crusades, the oldest being the Song of Roland, written, like all ancient French poems, in *assonance*, not rhyme, the *assonance* depending on the last accented vowel. Thus De Born makes an *assonance* with vespre and bele, riche with barronie and marine. It is very difficult for a foreign ear to perceive this and feel it as anything corresponding to rhyme. The style of the chansons is well characterised by Montaigne: 'Il est sur papier tel qu'à la bouche,' familiar and spontaneous, meant to be told in song, not read, with brief touches characterising the personages, and repeated almost like the heralding 'motif' in Wagner's great musical dramas. Charlemagne is always the 'Emperere à la barbe chenue.' 'It is right wondrous,' said the Pagan, 'how bearded and white is Charlemagne.' All ladies are 'tantôt cler le vis,' so fair of face; palaces are invariably 'marbrins,' and cups always golden. Heroes rate one another as lengthily as those of Victor Hugo, and abuse one another heartily before they begin to fight. It is only in the late and debased chansons that we find the stately figure of Charlemagne losing its majesty, and becoming 'ce vieillard qui tout est assotez,' and at the same time the women grow coarsened; Belissant and Rosemonde are of quite another stamp to that of 'fair Aude,' who died for sorrow on hearing of the death of Roland in the fatal pass of Roncevaux. There is no description of her beauty, or analysis of her character, but we feel that she is noble and true-hearted. The French had not yet begun to mock at women's honour and fidelity, and the heroines, if we may call them so, of the early chansons are

rough, perhaps, but noble and chaste. Here is a passage from the *Chanson de Roland*:—

'The Emperor has come back from Spain.
He comes to Aix, the fairest town of France.
A lovely maiden meets him, Lady Aude,
Says to the King, 'Where is Roland the Captain,
Who swore to take me as his wife?'
Charles is filled with grief and anguish,
His eyes weep, he pulls his white beard:
'Sister, dear friend, thou askest of a dead man,
But hear! I will give thee another Roland;
I can say no better; I will give thee Louis.
Louis, my son, who shall keep my marches.
'Strange talk is this,' fair Aude made answer:
'God forbid, and His saints and angels,
That—Roland dead—I should live longer.'
Then she lost colour and fell at Charles's feet.
Sudden her death—'God keep her soul.'

The early chansons are singularly serious. If comic, they immediately become coarse and brutal, though the manners described are much more polished than in the Arthurian legends. The love of the Church and of 'douce France' is inextricably mixed; Roland dying at Roncevaux begins to think on both—

'De plusurs choses á remembrar li prist
De dulce France.'

Some of the chansons are horrible pictures of manners; Les Lorrains shows two families at such deadly enmity that the poem is 'an Iliad of feudal hatred,' but the earlier chansons at all events offer a forcible picture of the time in which they were written. It matters little who composed them; that is merely a question for the antiquarians. It is on other grounds that their interest depends. 'A barbarous people can have a primitive epic, but not a mediocre one.' To create such poems as the *Chansons de Gestes* at their best, there must be strong religious and national feeling, stirring and unusual events, and heroes who personify their age and country. The tenth century in France, with its great struggle against the Saracens, offered these conditions, and naturally enough, men looking back from amid the confusion and disorder into which Europe was plunged, saw the majestic figure of Charlemagne, who had maintained law and ruled mightily over his vast dominions, rise into legendary greatness. He was gone from sight, indeed, but he sat in the vaulted tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle, with his crown on his head and his sword by his side, while the ivory book of the Gospels on which all succeeding Emperors took their coronation oaths lay on his knee, that long white beard, 'white as laurel blossom,' flowing down to it. Nor was he altogether withdrawn from earth. Yearly he left his tomb to bless the vineyards on either side of the Rhine, the moon making a golden bridge by which he might pass from one side to the other, and it was only needful to look up to the sky on a dark night to see his chariot

among the stars—Charles's Wain, the celestial chariot of a Scandinavian god, transferred to the mighty emperor. We may object that in these mediæval romances we have something very unlike the real Charlemagne, and this is no doubt true, but what they do give is quite as valuable, namely a vivid impression of the age. We see too, that they held up an ideal of knighthood which, though doubtless imperfectly acted up to, must greatly have elevated and shaped the characters and manners of those who studied and delighted in it.

The Carlovingian cycle of 'Gestes' are based more or less on historical tradition; they dealt with the struggle between Moslem and Christian, and prepared the way for the Crusades.

The thirty-three campaigns of Charlemagne against the pagan Germans left comparatively little traces in popular recollection; it was his wars with the Saracens that the Trouvères sang, even referring to their great hero events in which he had no hand, as the battle of Poictiers and the expulsion of the Arabs from France. We have also legends of the birth and death of Charlemagne and the deeds of his Twelve Peers, coming down to the time of Charles le Chauve. Celtic tradition does not seem to have mingled at all with them; there is no religious element, such as the Quest of the Sangréal, no enchanter like Merlin, but a series of wars and deeds of arms, a whole set of wars (entirely legendary) in which Charlemagne fights against the Saracens in Spain and Palestine to recover the Crown of Thorns, the nails and the lance, instruments of our Saviour's Passion; then the really historical disaster of Roncevaux; a single romance, *Guitielin li Sassoigne*, the only one alluding to Charlemagne's great German wars, and a very confused set of traditions about the taking of Catalonia and combats between the Christian Franks and the Saracens in Southern France.

Besides these there is the more domestic legend of 'Berthe aux Grans Pieds,' containing a great deal which history has omitted about Charlemagne's mother. According to the '*Geste*,' she was a Hungarian princess, sought in marriage by Pepin le Bref, who sends his steward to fetch her. Then we have a set of adventures curiously like those of the old French fairy tale of 'The little green dog with one ear.' The steward has a daughter whom he substitutes for Berthe, leaving the poor princess wandering in the great forest of Mans, with neither 'gastiaux' nor 'biscuit,' in great danger from the wild beasts, who would eat her willingly uncooked, 'plus tôt crue que cuite.' A miller shelters her until Pepin chances to come that way, sees her and learns the truth. It is very curious to find a statue with a goose or swan foot appearing from under her robe above the great doorway of the beautiful old cathedral at Mans—probably meant for Berthe and connecting her with the Swan maidens of Scandinavian mythology, who appear in many forms in various legends and traditions in France as well as Germany.

The legend goes on to describe Charlemagne in exile, after the

death of Pepin, concealed at the Saracen court of Cordova from the two sons of the false Berthe, who have seized his throne. Galerane, the Saracen princess, falls in love with him and returns to France with him when he recovers his throne, but we do not hear what became of her. The legendary journey to Palestine is the next event chronicled in the *Gestes*, and it must have been received as undoubted fact, for we find Pope Urban holding up Charlemagne's example to the princes and nobles who gathered to that Council of Clermont where the first Crusade was born. It must be allowed that the emperor had an unusual span of life, according to the *Trouvères*, in which to accomplish his unusual deeds, for he must have been quite two hundred years in Spain when the day came when the glory of France paled in Roncevaux. We should note, however, that he takes 'little or no active part in the romances. Grand, solemn, and almost supernatural, he fills the central place. The inspiration and the glory stream from him. But the deeds of strength and daring, the single combats and adventurous expeditions, are undertaken by the chiefs and paladins who surrounded him, and who, in their turn, are not less marvellously favoured and endowed. They are, in short, great feudal barons, with a colouring drawn from the stores of an older religion, just as Charlemagne is the feudal monarch, with the attributes of Thor or of Odin.' The *Trouvère* could no more conceive of Charlemagne and Roland otherwise than as the feudal king and baron of the twelfth century than Brother Anselm or Brother Hildebrand could image to himself Saul or David combating with any other arms than the steel-ringed hauberk, pointed helmet, and broad Norman sword, in which fashion his hand had so cunningly depicted them upon the pages of his great monastery Bible.

As Modred was faithless to Arthur, so Ganelon is to Charlemagne, but in the Arthurian legends we have no knight so peerless in loving fidelity to his king as is Roland to Charlemagne, and in him too we have the strong religious element. When mortally wounded in the pass of Roncevaux, he drags the dead bodies of the paladins before Archbishop Turpin, and sets them in a kneeling position to receive his dying blessing. 'He knew not how to lie'; 'he was the staff of orphans,' says the *Trouvère*. We give a quotation from an excellent translation by Mr. King:—

'Beneath a lofty pine tree Count Roland dying lay;
The sun shone o'er the Spanish land towards the close of day;
And he thought of pleasant France and the cities walled high,
And how of old he won broad lands, fighting valiantly,—
And of Charles the King his master, he who girt him with the sword,
And of the Lady Alda—she who pledged to him her word.
He might not choose but weep, for he knew his name was nigh,
And evermore for mercy he called to God on high:
"Oh holy Father of the world, to Thee I cry this day,
Who didst Lazarus call forth from the tomb wherein he lay,
Who of old preservedst Daniel within the lions' den,—
Thou helper of the sorrowful, Thou keeper of all men,

Save my spirit from the evil one, and blot out all the crimes,
While the life was in my body, wrought against Thee oftentimes."
And then to prove his words were true, he flung his gauntlet high,
Where St. Michael the archangel watched o'er him silently.
With his sword beside him laid, about the closing of the day,
And his palms together on his breast, his spirit passed away.
But God sent down His Angels, a bright and burning train,
With Michael who doth guard the ships upon the stormy main,
And to the gates of Paradise, with hymns and harpings high,
They bore the spirit of the Count. God grant us so to die.'

Religious knighthood is represented by Guillaume d'Orange, or, as he is also called, 'au Court-nez,' a name in itself testifying to that primitive condition of society when sobriquets are freely bestowed, whether flattering or not, so long as they characterise the object, a state not yet outgrown in Italy, where a servant will usher in a visitor as 'Il gobbo,' should he unfortunately be humpbacked, or 'La zingara,' if the lady remind the spectator of a gipsy. Guillaume was a real personage. Visitors to the wild and little known valley of Gelona, in the Cévennes, will find his Byzantine church, and may possibly recollect an ancient monastic biography in which he and his monks, towards the end of his life, are described as cultivating the steep hillsides, and planting corn and vines. Charlemagne is said to have bequeathed his famous sword Joyeuse to him; and the chaplain of Hugh d'Avranche, a mighty Norman baron, used to hold up 'this holy athlete' as an example to the knights whom he preached to.

In 'Amis and Amile,' a chanson dating probably from the twelfth century, we leave the military Geste, and have domestic interest. The two knights who give the poem its name are sworn friends, and, though not related, exactly resemble one another. Their great deeds, and the favour of Charlemagne, rouse the jealousy of Sir Hardré, who, finding his plots against them do not succeed, discovers a new weapon in the love of Princess Belissant, daughter of Charles, for Amile. Conscious of a doubtful cause, Amile will not clear himself from the accusation by single combat, and Amis comes and fights in his place, no one discovering the exchange. Amile wins his lady; but Amis has taken a false oath while playing the part of his friend, and is punished by becoming a leper. At once he is an outcast, scorned, driven from the company of men, nearly starved, loathed by his wife. At last it is revealed to him that if Amile and Belissant will give the blood of their two little sons to cure him, he will be healed. Thereupon he journeys to his friend, and tells him how he has suffered for him, and how alone he can be cured. Amile's heart is wrung; but the debt of more than life—honour and love—must be paid. There is a touching passage when Amile, coming to his children's room with a sword and a golden basin, stands beside them and looks 'moult doucement' at them—'si beaux, si beaux,' as they sleep in each other's arms. Sword and basin drop from his hands, and he faints for very ruth, but recovers to remember the friend whom all speak of as men do of the dead, and all despise, yet who verily shall

live again. The eldest child awakes, and, seeing the sword, 'moult grant paor en a,' and asks, 'Que volez faire? Nil me celez vos ja.' Then the father tells him, and the noble little fellow bids him strike; they will go to Paradise, and pray for him there, and for his 'compaignon gent, Ami,' only he must be sure to kiss their mother, 'the fair Belissant.' So Amile strikes, and catches the blood in the golden basin, and Amis is cured; and when all, hearing how he has been healed, rush into the chamber, it is to find the children miraculously restored to life, and playing with a golden apple. 'Bourgeois, sergents, fiucelles,' all render thanks to God; and 'Belissant, the clear-faced,' who had sprung to the bed with a shriek, now all joy, dresses her darlings, and leads them to her husband, saying only, 'Sir Amile, good baron, could I have thought this morning that you would have beheaded my children, verily I had stayed to gather up their dear blood.' Many wept at this saying, and all went to the minster to praise God, and all the clerks sang high and clear.

In Belissant and the wife of Amis, Lubias, we have the first portraits of anything like living women yet given in French fiction. The one is violent, but faithful and loving; the other treacherous and cold-hearted. The whole poem is full of life and movement, and religious feeling. Space fails to deal with other chansons. The group of Crusading ones, known as the Chevalier au Cygne, is particularly interesting, because the siege and defence of Antioch seems undoubtedly to have been written by an eye witness. 'Fierabras' is comic, and, like all comic poetry and prose of that age, and still later in France, coarse. 'Huon de Bordeaux' has a special interest for us, as it supplied Shakespere with some of the materials for the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

Gariu le Loherain deal with the feuds of the nobles of Lorraine, once one of the most popular of the 'Chansons de Gestes,' yet one of the first to be forgotten, probably because its interest was chiefly local, turning on the struggle between the Lorraine or German race, and the Picarde or French. The Trouvères who shaped and sang this chanson were all on the Lorraine side, and make the unfortunate Prince who is on the other flee for his life, and turn Saracen. Of course his rival gains Blancheflor, with her 'yeux riants et bien faits les sourcils.' It is a Gothic Iliad.

We must recollect that these chansons were made by the Trouvère, but sung by the Jongleur, a wandering minstrel, who bore them from town to town, and castle to castle, often interpolating lines of their own. It is not wonderful that the name of the original author should generally be lost. They are chiefly in Norman or Picard French, and only one, unquestionably the work of a Southern poet, is found among them. Their tendency was always to grow longer and longer, some at last reaching 40,000 lines! Then they were turned into prose romances, exceedingly popular among the French peasantry, who delighted in them long after the upper classes had forgotten their

very existence. Towards the end of the twelfth century the Trouvères got hold of the Armorican legends, and retold them in lines of eight syllables, intended to be read, not sung, and modelled on Chivalry, with its triple ideal, prowess, courtesy, and love. The drama in France might return to classic models, but fiction would inevitably belong to the romantic school; and from the Arthurian legends, as told by the Trouvères, there was but a step, readily made, to the prose romance.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—I.

Questions.

1. What is the earliest document in French?
2. Explain the relation of French to Latin.
3. Define what is meant by Trouvère, Troubadour, and Jongleur.
4. Give the meanings of 'Geste' and 'Chanson de Geste.'
5. Analyse the 'Chanson de Roland.'
6. Into what divisions do the 'Chansons de Gestes' fall?
7. What are the social and literary characteristics of these chansons?
8. Remark on their style and language.

BOOKS (NECESSARY).

Demogeot, 'Histoire de la Littérature Française.' (Hachette.)

Sainsbury's 'Primer of French Literature,' 2*s*.

Strongly recommended: 'A Short History of French Literature.' Sainsbury (rather expensive, but very valuable).

Gérusez, 'Histoire de la Littérature Française.' 2 vols.

Answers to be sent not later than August 4th, to Miss Le Fléchier, care of Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

April Class List.

First Class.

Greta, Lisle	100	Snapdragon, Wolferstan	84
A. C. Shipton	95	M. E. Ackerley, A. I. P.	82
Hilda, Patty	94	Cordelia, White Hawthorn	79
Dick, Sybil	93	J. M. Douglas	77
Bee, Cornflower	90	Eugenie	74
Mu Mu Kappa	86	Kleine Katze	71

Second Class.

Secnarf. 48

DEBATABLE GROUND.

ARE excitement and the stirring of emotion on religious subjects to be deprecated?

Answers have been received from *Agnes Lowther*, *Caro*, *J. M. D.*, *A Northumbrian Lassie*, *Ein Mädchen*, *So-and-So*, and *X. Y. Z.* It cannot be said that two sides have been taken, as all the writers agree that the stirring of emotion is in its place valuable and desirable, but requires to be controlled. *Caro's* paper is entirely in its favour. *So-and-So* does not see that the antithesis to the heart, in this connection, is not the understanding, but the conscience. Either heart or conscience may be informed by the understanding, but the understanding apart from the heart and conscience is not the sphere of religion. *J. M. D.* puts the whole question sensibly, if without much novelty of treatment. *Agnes Lowther* is too long to quote entirely, though interesting; we give an extract from her paper. *X. Y. Z.* tries to analyse the difference between the emotion that is good and helpful, and that which stimulates the feelings at the expense of the growth of character.

The question is one which comes before every student of ancient history and religions, and perhaps we may say that in the frightful excesses of Phœnician and Canaanite nature-worship, we have excitement in religion divorced from conscience, and attached to the lower feelings, while in the preaching of the Jewish prophets against it, we have the 'stirring of noble emotion,' which was its antidote.

To judge from the working of the Salvation Army, and from some of the cruder forms of revivalism, one would be inclined to condemn all religious excitement as pernicious. A soul fed entirely on excitement, like a body fed entirely on stimulant, must end in ruin. These, however, are extreme cases. Judging from another point of view, it would be shown that religion without enthusiasm is cold—lifeless; and enthusiasm without a certain proportion of excitement, can hardly be said to exist. The awakening, also, of many a dormant spiritual life is often due to an appeal to the emotions.

Perhaps a great danger lies in the varied character of the religious lives so worked upon. Where it is of shallow growth, tending to exhaust itself by the bearing of leaves and blossom on slender root, excitement will weaken the plant still further, and maybe, sap away

the very life itself. Where, however, there is firm and solid root, the occasional stirring of its surface, or even of its depths, will probably be more productive of good than harm.

In *favour* of moderate excitement, there is the example of religious enthusiasm that has made martyrs and missionaries, and founded many a great work. *Against* it, there is the awful warning of many of those who thrilled with shallow emotion only, cried on Palm Sunday, 'Hosanna, Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord,' and on Good Friday, the emotion having passed away, were shouting, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'

J. M. D.

But to those who feel within them, however awakened, the strange overpowering swell of religious fervour and enthusiasm, what should be said? One would not repress and chill their ardour; no, not for worlds! Such gushes of highly-wrought feeling have their value, and are meant to have their use—to issue at the moment in rapturous praise, and in fervent prayers that may bring down outpourings of grace for the coming hour of temptation; perhaps, too, to carry us through some hard task or trial to which we could not have nerved ourselves when on the ordinary level.

But let us make sure of some such result, by seizing the moment of fervour for the praise, the prayer, the performance of the painful duty, and then, though the fire must go out, it will have consumed our offering first.

We may not spend our lives 'gazing up into Heaven.' The rapture on the Mount must be followed by the conflict with pain and sin; but if we must, while here, make it our study 'to be quiet,' and to 'let' our 'moderation be know unto all men,' there will come a time when we shall no longer need to guard and repress even our most innocent and natural emotions, lest they lead us astray, but, 'delivered from the burden of the flesh,' shall take part in a perfect worship 'with all the company of Heaven.'

AGNES LOWTHER.

Matthew Arnold defines religion as 'morality touched by emotion.' This of course pre-supposes a large meaning to *morality*, which must be taken to mean the whole region of duty to God and to our neighbours. It also pre-supposes a large meaning to *emotion*, which must be taken to mean all stirring of the affections as well as of the feelings. But if the definition is thus taken, I think the answer is not only that we must not deprecate 'excitement and the stirring of emotion' (which are, in a sense, synonymous), but we must cultivate the stirring of emotion in the wisest way.

Perhaps, however, there may be a real difference between that stirring of emotion, which we call excitement, and which is oftener mentioned in a bad than in a good sense, and the stirring of emotion proper, that is, the stirring of a noble emotion, for there can be no question that the emotion which leads to massacre or the Carmagnole is better repressed. There are two parts of our being which are acted upon by emotion: the affections which lie deep in our nature, and the superficial feelings which do not reach down to the affections. It will simplify matters if we call what touches the affections emotion, and the superficial feelings excitement, though in strict logic both terms can be used of either.

Some people's emotions are superficial, and attached to what we call the feelings: others are deep, and attached to the affections. It seems to me that we cannot too perseveringly try to stir the affections, but appeals to superficial feelings must be made with great care. In either case, we must never lose out of sight the 'morality,' the 'righteousness,' which formed the substance of the early revelation of God, and without which all emotion is a means without an end. Those who have worked among excitable Keltic races, such as the Cornish, have sometimes seen so much of emotion unattached to morality, that they are apt to put forward morality unattached to emotion. This is natural, but I think it is a mistake.

We want people to love goodness rather than to grind at it grimly from a sense of duty, though this is better than dispensing with it altogether: and the moment a person feels that goodness is lovable, instead of feeling that it is merely binding—when *I want to* takes the place of *I must*—morality has given way to religion. When *I want to* refers not to goodness, but to the objects of a fervid imagination—golden harps, crowns or vivid spiritual experiences—then emotion may be easily divorced from morality, and when once this is the case, stirring it up is likely to lead to harm.

X. Y. Z.

Sunday-schools.

Bog-Oak sends such a good suggestion about Saturday-schools, that in spite of the length to which the subject has extended, Chelsea China cannot refuse to insert it.

Dear Chelsea China,

Have you heard anything of the 'Saturday morning schools,' tried in several places? This would meet one or two objections, and is at least a hint worth consideration in these days when we want to gain more *time* for religious instruction, without unduly burdening Sunday. Many mothers only too gladly get rid of their brats, for Saturday morning, by sending them to a voluntary school, where in two or two-and-a-half hours, the lost daily

lesson is nearly restored. Between repetition, Bible-reading, Catechism class, singing class, preparation for Sunday catechising, or writing out answers, it can be varied, that with a break if needed, for play for the juniors, the time is not too long. I do not suggest who should be the teachers. Some people say the week-day teachers would gladly help; but where a Church Reading Society exists, its members might give an hour each! Anyhow, this *has* been tried, and it leaves Sunday a freer day, just the marshalling the children before matins with prayers, a hymn, and the shortest lesson—and in the afternoon, a bright appropriate reading, tale or allegory, would be enough.

I believe we shall be driven to some such expedient, if our children are to be seriously made to *study* religion—Sunday won't suffice. My experience of Sunday-school in a Western sea-port, was that young women earning their living, loved to keep up their attendance, but that one must only by example show them that pearl earrings, white kid boots, and five colours at once were unsuitable. I think the *West* and *South* must not be mixed up in experience.

Yours very truly,

BOG-OAK.

SUBJECT FOR JULY.

Do the claims of intimate friendship between women necessarily clash with those of family duty?

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

From Ephesus to Chalcedon.

Questions for July.

1. How did the Catholic Church in North Africa fall, and what causes, in your opinion, led to its fall?
2. Give shortly the rise of the heresy of Eutyches.
3. An account of the *Latrocinium* or Robbers' Meeting at Ephesus.
4. A life of St. Leo.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by August 1st.

April Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Water Wagtail	39	Bluebell	36	Ierne	
		Papaver, Miss Muffet	35	Violets, Wylmcote	32
Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Charissa	38	Decima	34	Polypodium	31
Speranza	37	Erica, Fidelia	33	Vorwärts, Frideswide	30

Second Class.

Verena, Budgerigar, Veritas, Cox	29	Hegesippus, Millstone, Mary, Mervarid	25	Portia	24
				Countess, *Hispania, Cecilia, Evelyn	23
Box	28	Vivia		Snapdragon	20

Third Class.

Καθολικος, Elk, Theodosius	19	†Sycorax, Trudle	18	†Malacoda, *Hazelnut	15

* Two answers only. † Three answers only.

Remarks.

13. Perfect answers by *Water Wagtail* and *Charissa*. Bog-Oak admires the clear arrangement of *Erica*, *Charissa*, etc., in this and similar answers. *Verena*, *Countess*, and others: The four Eastern Doctors were SS. Athanasius, Basil the Great, Gregory Nazianzen, and Chrysostom. They wrote in Greek, with trifling exceptions. The Westerns were SS. Ambrose, Augustine of Hippo, Jerome, and Gregory the Great, who all wrote in Latin. Bog-Oak thought they

would certainly be known, being such a frequent art subject, especially the Westerns. Mrs. Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' vol. I., gives the best art account of them. The Western Doctors are painted together by Raphael, in his *Disputa;* by Titian, in 'The Triumph of Christ;' by Vivarini, in the Venice Academy; Moretto, in the Frankfort Museum; Dossi, in the Dresden Gallery; Rubens, in the Grosvenor Gallery, etc. The Easterns are grouped in the Dome of the Baptistery of San Marco at Venice; in Palermo Cathedral; by Fra Angelico, in the Vatican, and by Domenichino, at Grotta Ferrara. Besides these 'Great Doctors,' SS. Ephrem of Edessa, Hilary of Poictiers, Leo the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, and many of the Schoolmen have had the title conferred on them, and it is not unusual in the modern Roman Calendar.

Bluebell and *Millstone:* Eusebius of Cæsarea, whose orthodoxy is more than doubtful, is never reckoned, though St. Cyril of Alexandria is often counted among the Greek Doctors. All should have said St. Gregory M. was a Benedictine monk, and Abbot of St. Andrea (now San Gregorio) before he was Pope. *Veritas* gives St. Ambrose's works to St. Chrysostom. *Portia:* It was St. Anthony's, not St. Jerome's, Life which St. Athanasius wrote.

14. Best life of St. Gregory N. by *Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Etheldreda, Speranza, Water Wagtail, Sycorax.* Bog-Oak likes best Mahan's view of the affair of Sasima—that we must not take literally Gregory's playful description of the place, or of his aversion to it, and that his real reason for non-residence was that he thought Anthimus' claims just. Newman's line—

'Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule,'

is the key to his character. *Vörwarts:* SS. Basil and Gregory knew each other at Cæsarea, before going to Athens. *Fidelia:* The beautiful translations you give are Newman's, not Keble's.

15. On the whole, *Etheldreda* and *Water Wagtail* are best, though *Papaver* gives 'Festal Epistles' best. *Valens' Epiphany: Hegesippus* should have given the scene in the Great Church (Crake, p. 306, Bright, 144). *Hispania:* Basil the Great (not Ambrose) was Archbishop of Cæsarea.

Festal Epistles: Καθολικος and others: See Bright, p. 25.

It seems to have been a custom long before Nicæa for the Bishop of Alexandria (a place noted for astronomical science) annually to ascertain the date for the next Easter, and to announce it, not only to his own Church, but to the Bishop of Rome and other Patriarchal Sees, in a 'Festal' or 'Paschal Epistle.' Dionysius of Alexandria (third century) wrote such. Nicæa is *said* to have confirmed this, as a right, but we possess nothing on the subject, unless 'Let the ancient customs prevail' covers it. Probably, however, it did make such a rule, and Festal Epistles became a vehicle for exhortation, or for expressing opinions on great subjects of the day. St. Athanasius are

the most celebrated; they seem latterly to have been sent out about Christmas, as St. Cyril was at work on his when the Nestorian controversy broke out, and he wrote his most famous Paschal Epistle on the point. The Council of Hippo, A.D. 393, orders the Bishop of Carthage to pass on the time for Easter to his primates, and they to their suffragans.

Sermon on the Statues was a mistake or misprint for *Sermons;* there were twenty-one.

Snapdragon should have given *Ad Quercum*, or the Council of the Oak near Chalcedon in 403, ostensibly held to judge the 'Tall Brothers,' practically against St. Chrysostom, and not Augustine's at a place near the Severn, *afterwards* called 'Augustine's Oak.'

16. Excellent answers on St. Chrysostom's last days from *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, *Charissa*, *Bluebell*, *Violets*. Bog-Oak hopes Nicæa was a slip of *Cocksmoor's* pen for Constantinople, as no Nicene Canon gave precedence to the latter, which was only pronounced by Edict. 'New Romé,' at the Dedication, in 330, *at earliest*, says Gibbon. *Water Wagtail:* Eudoxia had died the year after the Saint's exile. *Hegesippus:* His banishment lasted three years. *Countess*, Καθολικος, *Hazelnut:* The *last* days of a man's life really cannot begin with his birth, when he survives infancy. His death was 407, not 307. *Countess* four times puts three for four.

Bog-Oak hopes the members whose consciences accuse them of spelling heretic, *heritic*, will amend, and remember a dictionary is allowed, so they are without excuse. Several names will be mentioned next month, if bad spelling continues.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MONTHLY PACKET.'

In the present day, many ladies are only too glad to be able to supplement their incomes by one means or another, and there is no doubt that there are great opportunities for skilled artists, etc., to find some way of earning money.

I could relate many instances which have come to my knowledge, of daughters who almost maintain themselves, though still members of the home circle; and I myself, in common with many other wives and mothers, am thankful that my education fitted me for work, when Irish troubles reduced a fine property to an almost valueless one.

Indifferent work of any kind is absolutely useless, as I do not advocate the accepting of alms, under the paltry cover of forcing charitable folk to buy rubbish at exorbitant prices.

Drawings must be correct, music not a mere succession of noisy incorrect runs and flourishes, embroidery perfect of its kind, and when all this is achieved, there is a fair chance of finding some one who will give a fair price for the result of one's labours. The next question, however, is a serious one. Where can girls acquire such training as will fit them to be bread-winners?

Having to decide this question for a daughter of my own, I went a round of many London studios. In some I found students of both sexes mixing on the most free and easy terms. In others the charges were very high, and though I discovered several which were all that one could desire in every respect while the girls were in the studio, it was impossible to find suitable residence close by, and I am old-fashioned enough to object to girls traversing the streets daily alone often after dusk.

Thankful then was I to hear of a studio which combines good teaching and a comfortable home-like residence, where some supervision is given to students, many of whom are at the most thoughtless time of life, and also I was very glad not to send a country-bred girl to the fogs of London, of which she had no experience, and which might have affected her health. Thinking other parents might like to hear of such an educational home, I will give a short description of the Art College, Wimbledon.

The house is modern and convenient, the studio large and airy, a small green-house connects it with the College. All or any branches of drawing and painting can be studied under first-rate masters; modelling is also taught, and there are also facilities for the study of music and singing, and church embroidery, of which I saw some very beautiful specimens.

Some of the Royal Academicians take great interest in the progress of the art pupils, and assist in the selection of competent instructors, and many men and women of note have warmly approved of the idea of combining home and teaching, for they know too well how many girls get into serious trouble, in the ordinary life, which a large

proportion of students lead, foolish acquaintances, and questionable behaviour, leading to miserable marriages, or yet sadder results. There is another growing evil which Churchmen must deplore, and that is the amount of free-thinkers to be found among the foreign masters who teach our daughters, and seem to take delight in inculcating their ideas at every opportunity, and silly girls often are attracted by what seems wrong but mysterious, and thus incalculable harm is done.

From this and other evils, the resident pupils at Wimbledon are quite shielded, and most careful inquiries are made before any one is admitted, so that the danger of bad influence is guarded against as much as possible.

Due care is taken of the health of the students, who have a nice tennis-ground whereon to exercise themselves, after a fashion much dearer to them generally than the orthodox constitutional, and all other arrangements seem excellent, and though simple, decidedly home-like.

French conversation, university extension of knowledge lectures, and other educational advantages, are not wanting, so that, all things considered, the students certainly have many advantages, and may either qualify themselves for professional work, or merely perfect the talents with which Nature has endowed them.

UNA MADRE.

Notices to Correspondents.

M. Lever.—Myer's St. Paul.

Netta.—Many correspondents answer that 'the mills,' etc., are in Longfellow's Poetic Aphorisms translated from the Sinn Gedichte of Friedrica von Logan, 17th century.

'The River Time' is by Owen Meredith. E. Redgrave, Hyde Park Gate, S.W., will copy the poem if the inquirer will send address.

R. Y.—We know of no book including both mythologies. The Northern is admirable in Miss Keary's 'Heroes of Asgard.' For classical mythology, 'Kingsley's Heroes' (both Macmillan), Professor Church's Series (Seeley), or Hansen's 'Old Greek Stories' (Nelson).

Les Verges.—Send your address. A New York correspondent has sent in the song, 'Revelry of the Dying.'

M. W. H. adds that the dedication of Truro Cathedral is to the Blessed Virgin Mary—from that of the old parish church. *Bog-Oak* adds that Winchester includes St. Peter; Canterbury preserves Christ Church, Westminster, St. Peter, Exeter, St. Peter, Worcester, St. Mary, St. German in the Isle of Man.

A. M. D. asks who is the author of certain lines, beginning—

> 'The night is come, like to the day,
> Depart not Thou, great God, away;
> Sleep is death, O make me try,
> By sleeping, what it is to die.'

They are worked on a sampler, dated 1746, and quoted in 'Consolation in Affliction,' 1834.

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TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAIDS OF THE MILL.

GREAT was the wonder at the Mill House, South Warrendon, when Lucas announced that the Despards had applied for the post of lady managers of the silk girls' Home.

'Those girls!' said his mother.

'What maggot have they got in their heads?' said his father.

Lucas replied by reading out Gwendolen's letter, which ran thus—

'DEAR LUCAS,

'Maisie and I have been thinking that we should like to do something useful, where we could both work together; and, after what you said at Quixeter, we thought perhaps we might be able to do what you want at the silk girls' Home you talked about. We do not at all wish not to be paid, as we know you are particular about not encouraging unpaid work, and it is always easy to spend money. So if you think we should do, please let us know.

'Your affectionate cousin,

'GWENDOLEN DESPARD.'

'What has made them change their minds?' said Mrs. Ingleston. 'They were wild to go abroad a little while ago, and I encouraged the idea. I felt sure that if they went to Miss Ibbs at Cannes they could learn no harm, and might see some worthy French Protestants —excellent people—such as they have never been thrown in with here.'

'Well, really, Susan,' said her husband, 'I think it is much to their credit that they prefer a useful life to an idle one; and here, anyhow, we shall be able to look after them, and make them comfortable, poor things.'

He was hardly conscious of the fervency of thanks in Lucas's eyes. Mrs. Ingleston snorted; she kept her own views, and they were strong. The silk girls' Home was a private fancy of Lucas's, which the father and mother had agreed to when he suggested it, and could hardly interfere with now; and if Gwendolen and Maisie wished to try their powers at philanthropic work—as Mrs. Ingleston had always said they ought to do—there certainly seemed no valid reason against it, except the cap that Maisie was supposed to set at Lucas.

Lucas spent his very first spare time in going over the rooms which had been prepared for the superintendent lady of the Home, and ordering various changes in papering, painting, etc. What had seemed quite right and proper for an abstract superintendent, did not seem nearly good enough for Maisie Despard. Various dainty touches were added to the sitting-room, and Mrs. Manville was impressed to give her views about the means of making the bedroom more comfortable, and turning a bit of a passage outside into a dressing-room. Even then he looked at it with an air of critical disfavour, and said, 'I always thought she would be some old governess when I planned the place out.'

He would have liked to furnish the whole place regardless of expense, but the girls had plenty of furniture, and preferred bringing a selection from their own; and they had a week to settle themselves in before the thirty silk girls, who intended to 'come for a trial' to please Mr. Lucas, took up their abode there too. They worked hard at settling in, and both of them were young enough rather to enjoy the hard work, which diverted their thoughts from the turbid course of true love; and at last, one rainy evening, when pictures had been put on the walls, when curtains were drawn, and a shaded lamp was shedding soft radiance on their pretty tea-things, both agreed that after all a place of their own, however small, was much better than to be on the world in other people's houses.

'And think of what we save!' said Gwendolen. 'We shall shorten the time by nearly a year.'

'Yes,' said Maisie. 'This part is very nice. I only hope we shall be able to manage the silk girls.'

'They will be in the factory all day,' said Gwen, 'which will be a comfort.'

'Yes,' said Maisie; 'but I shouldn't like Mrs. Ingleston to say we were utter failures when they came back.'

It was rather curious, considering the lines the two girls had hitherto taken, and that the scheme had been entirely originated by Gwen, that Maisie seemed to feel the responsibility of her position so much the most of the two. Gwen had a gift for organisation, went with great energy into all the details of sheets and wash-stands, and spent much time over calculations of the respective cost of such matters as lentil soup and porridge; but she seemed hardly to realise

that she would have to deal with human beings, and not machines, and that though Lucas Ingleston would back her up to the utmost of his power, it was impossible but that there should be many difficulties which would call for gentleness, tact, and wisdom, even if the positive side were overlooked, and she did not attempt to help the girls individually.

Maisie's view was very much modified by the thought of Cheriton, and what he would think it right to do in a similar position; otherwise she would probably have been satisfied with establishing a general good fellowship, which might enable her to modify their coiffure, and perhaps to receive their confidences about their 'young men.' Now, Maisie felt that this would not be enough: though she fully believed that this was a desirable groundwork, she felt that there would probably be various other matters in which a girl of her position and education, if she were up to her work, would be able to meet and help these more lowly-born maidens.

It was an exciting day for both when the thirty silk girls and their boxes appeared upon the scene; and Gwen showed herself capable of management and organisation, as she directed each to the neatly furnished cubicle set apart for her in the long dormitories. The girls were not a rough set, such as the idea of mill hands or factory girls brings up before North-country people; they were more of the superior London sewing-girl type, tidily dressed and small-handed. They all had a young man to walk with on Sundays, and a store of penny novels in their box; and for the most part they were well-intentioned, respectable, though rather ignorant girls, whose scheme of life and manner of thinking had but few points of contact with Gwendolen's, and not very much more with Maisie's. The accommodation for them in South Warrendon cottages had been so limited that a large number of those who had no homes had at once accepted Lucas's invitation of trying how they liked the Home. Perhaps they might have been less complaisant had Mrs. Ingleston given the invitation. At supper, Gwen sat at one table and Maisie at another, and here Gwen's first difficulties began. Her girls would not talk. She made remarks which called out no response but 'Yes, miss,' while Maisie managed somehow to elicit voluntary remarks in turn. When they compared notes, it was found that Maisie had learnt how long all the girls within reach of conversation had worked at the mill, and something of their former histories, while Gwen had learnt nothing. The silk girls at the respective tables also compared notes on the two young ladies.

'Law, Florence Deacon, you are lucky to be at the little one's table. She's jolly, she is. Now mine's the sort you can't talk to.'

'They're both good-looking, ain't they? But if I was Miss Despard, I wouldn't put my hair back like that. She'd look much more stylish with a fringe.'

'I think I shall cut my hair short like the little one's,' said another.

'I should have before, only Minnie Wood made such a fuss about its being out of the fashion; but it ain't, you see. The little one's regular stylish, ain't she?'

'Law, Maud, your hair wouldn't look like hers if you did,' etc., etc.

It was intended that Maisie should be known by the name of 'Miss Mary'; and perhaps if the girls had not taken a fancy to her—which they did almost unanimously—this might have been the case. But somehow, when they heard Mrs. Manville and Gwen calling her by her pet name, they adopted it too, and she became Miss Maisie in the Home, rather to Lucas's indignation. He made the most of his cousinly rights, and came every day to inquire in a business-like manner how they were getting on; but though he prided himself on absolutely concealing his secret affection from vulgar eyes, the Home had not been open for a fortnight before it was a recognised fact among the silk girls that Mr. Lucas was 'sweet' on Miss Maisie.

Mrs. Ingleston watched with lynx eyes, but at present she could not see anything to object to in the way the sisters were going on. Gwendolen, who had always been looked upon as a business-like and dependable person, was doing the housekeeping with great care and economy, and Maisie was most popular among the girls, though she had not yet attempted any reforms in their hair-dressing. No difficulties had at present occurred; the charm of novelty had not yet worn off, and Mr. and Mrs. Manville had nothing but congratulations for Lucas on his happy thought of bringing down his orphan cousins to make their lives useful at South Warrendon.

Lucas was at the Vicarage one afternoon when the Vicar had been dilating on this subject, and when he and Katie had gone off to an engagement at the school, he stayed on to talk a little more to Mrs. Manville, who had a pretty clear notion of his secret, and whom he could now talk to with more freedom because Katie was engaged to a neighbouring curate.

'The thing that strikes me most,' said Mrs. Manville, 'is the change in Maisie Despard. I always thought there was good in the girl, perhaps because she has always been nice to me; but she is certainly an instance of the good of trouble. She was just a pretty little butterfly before, and now she is a woman, really anxious, I believe, to be good and helpful.'

'She is much graver—I don't mean that she doesn't laugh, but she takes things more gravely. I always thought she would, some day. Still——'

There was a tone of dissatisfaction in Lucas's voice.

'Well?' said Mrs. Manville.

'I'm not sure I like the change. In fact,' Lucas suddenly blurted out, 'I've talked to you so often that you must know all about my feelings. Well, she doesn't seem so near to me now as she did before. She never has since that time at Quixeter. I always felt before then that the field was before me; but now, ever since that day, I haven't

felt so sure. Before I thought I might make her care—now I don't feel sure there isn't somebody else in the way. If so, I know who it is!'

There was a certain viciousness in Lucas's tone which made Mrs. Manville say sympathetically, 'Some one unworthy?'

'No, that's the plague of it! He's a good man, and over so much better than me every way—what people would call a good match for her. But he might have left me my little ewe lamb! Lots of girls would be only too glad to marry Cheriton Lester.'

'Do you mean the Mr. Lester who preached at the opening of Lanstead church in July?'

'Yes; he was staying at Quixeter all the time the Despards were there. A nice fellow too—a good deal better than most of the fools of young parsons you meet. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Manville.'

'My husband can't be called a young parson, so I won't apply your strong language to him. Then, perhaps, it is not only her father's death that has had such an effect on Maisie?'

'Perhaps not; but I shall find out before long. I can't go on long in this way. The only thing is I don't want to do what will unsettle them, poor girls—and if she refused me——'

'Yes; if it came to that it would be extremely awkward for them to stay on at the Home.'

'How would it do,' said Lucas, 'if you were to find out if there is anybody else? If it was only that she did not care for me I might wait on and make her; but if there is another man in the way——'

Mrs. Manville was enough touched by his unselfish consideration to accept the embassy, and could not help thinking that if Maisie refused Lucas, it might be the refusal of a chance of happy married life which might not recur.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUPERINTENDENTS.

'What is the matter with Louie Brown?' said Gwen to her sister one day. 'She won't speak civilly to me, and looks as black as thunder. What have I done?'

'I noticed it too,' said Maisie, 'and asked her dearest friend, Maud Simpson. It is because you told her to go away yesterday when I had asked her to come to see me, and she has been in a huff ever since.'

'Was that it? I saw her dawdling about the passage, as I thought, and sent her away. You may tell her I did not know you had appointed her to come, if you like.'

'I have, Gwen, but it's no use. I wish you would tell her so yourself.'

'No,' said Gwen, 'that won't do. I must assert my own authority, and not lower it by making apologies for nothing.'

'I don't believe we are old enough to manage the girls at all if we

mind making apologies,' said Maisie. 'They know we are girls too. If it was Mrs. Tanner or Mrs. Manville, they might do it by the force of their age; but we can't.'

'You can't, I dare say,' said Gwen; 'but you must remember I am four years older than you.'

'You are older,' said Maisie, 'but not so much older as all that comes too, and this sort of work is as new to you as to me.'

'I am a great deal older in experience anyhow,' said Gwen, who felt it necessary to assert her authority over Maisie from time to time as well as over the girls.

'You *may* be,' said Maisie, a little drily.

'If I was not, we should never have come here. You would not have done it by yourself. It's quite natural, Maisie; I don't blame you; it's all right that the girls should amuse you, you have never cared for any one. Till you have, you have not the experience that I have, and experience gives the weight which age does not always.'

It was the wicked Maisie of old times who replied meekly—

'It's my misfortune, not my fault,' unable to repress an irrestible twinkle in her eyes, which, however, soon died out. Had she never cared? If not, why was Cheriton Lester in her mind morning, noon, and night?

A few days proved that Maisie, in spite of her four years' inferiority of age and her want of experience, had been more right than Gwen with regard to Louie Brown. That young person set up as a malcontent in the household—she was a lively girl, with the biggest fuzz in the house, and had a certain following of her own, most of whom, unfortunately, sat at Gwen's table at meals. One day, when there was rolly-polly pudding for dinner, with what these young ladies thought a less quantity of jam than that given to the other table, they all struck publicly; remarks, intended to be audible, were heard about 'stick-jaw,' 'downright beastly,' and 'a shame, so it is,' and Louie Brown's voice was heard saying, 'I come to please Mr. Lucas, but I shall tell him I can't stand a difference being made in meals, even if I ain't no favourite!'

Gwen was not good at emergencies. She did not know what to do; the colour went out of her cheeks, her eyes dilated with fright, and she looked helplessly and appealingly at Maisie, the girls at whose table were all looking on with awe-struck wonder, though not themselves sharing in the revolt.

Happily Maisie's instinct told her how to act. She sprang up and faced Gwen's table with a laugh.

'You dreadful babies,' she said; 'do you suppose really there is any difference between the pudding for the two tables? Come'—and she turned to her own girls—'we know better. We have not helped ours round yet; let us exchange with them; and, Louie Brown, give *me* your plate.'

The infectiousness of her merry face made the girls at her table

respond at once, with much sense of their own magnanimity and superiority; the girls at Gwen's table had nothing to say, and sank into ignoble silence, and the matter was tided over for the time. Nor did Maisie stop there; she had an interview with Louie Brown, in which she actually persuaded that young person to apologise to Gwen, and, by some subtle association of moral and physical laws, it was observed that Louie's fuzz was considerably modified in size afterwards, as well as her manners improved.

It was a day or two after this that Mrs. Manville asked Maisie up to the Vicarage to fulfil her commission for Lucas. Mrs. Manville was a conscientious and prudent woman, but not a very ready one, and it had been difficult to her to find a pretext for asking Maisie without Gwen, until fate gave her the opportunity, by afflicting Gwen with a cold in her head—severe enough to keep her indoors, but not severe enough to keep Maisie at home to nurse her. She had arranged with Katie to leave her alone with her young visitor, and she took Maisie without ceremony into the room which was still called the schoolroom, but was now used chiefly as a temple of parish-work, and filled with parish library-books, and bundles of garments for the Mothers' Help Society.

They began, of course, by imbibing cups of tea, the beverage which unlocks the tongues of modern Englishwomen as steaming punch did that of their great-grandfathers; and then, with much shyness and many misgivings as to her own capacity for mismanagement of a delicate matter, Mrs. Manville began.

'Maisie, my dear, I hope you won't think I am taking a liberty. I am going to ask you a question which girls don't—don't often like to answer except to the right person.' Then, as Maisie coloured and looked uncomfortable, she went on, 'Perhaps I had better tell you exactly what passed. If I were a cleverer woman, I should find out without your knowing what I was at.'

'Then,' said Maisie, laughing, in spite of herself, 'I am glad you are no cleverer, Mrs. Manville, for I would rather know what you are at before I let out my secrets.'

'Well, I will tell you, and if you want to blush, my dear, or don't want me to see your face, look the other way, and I won't look at you. It is about Lucas Ingleston. I promised him to ask you.'

'Why can't he ask himself?' said Maisie, with some girlish hauteur, by no means inexcusable.

'Well, my dear, that is really all his consideration for you. He feels if he said anything, and you said no, that it would be so uncomfortable for you to stay on at the Home; and it would be such a pity to unsettle you when you are just settled and beginning so nicely. So I said I would sound you, and tell him.'

Maisie was amused by Mrs. Manville's utter incapacity for anything but open explanation, and at the same time rather unjust to Lucas for making her a go-between. She said—

'I suppose his awe of his mother counted for something; but he need not have troubled himself, Mrs. Manville. Whether he asks me in person or by proxy, Mrs. Ingleston may have an easy mind as to the result.'

'You don't do him justice, Maisie,' said her friend eagerly. 'He can hold his own much better than you think; and if you had watched him as I have, you would know that he *does* take his own line whenever he pleases, though he manages to be perfectly respectful to the old people. I have the greatest respect for Lucas Ingleston.'

'So have I; but I couldn't accept a man on respect alone,' said Maisie. 'I'm sure you didn't marry Mr. Manville just because you respected him—did you?'

'There are worse things to begin with than respect. Let me tell you, Miss Maisie, however, my husband and I managed to fall in love,' said Mrs. Manville, with a conscious smile at the thought of the wooing of twenty-five years back. 'Now then, you mustn't turn off what I have to say with your chaff, child. He is very much in earnest. He knows you don't care for him now; but he thinks he is man enough to go on till he makes you care—now look out of the window if you like, Maisie, I won't watch you—unless there is somebody else in the way.'

To a girl of Maisie's nature, masculine force is one of the most attractive points in a wooer, and her opinion of Lucas rose by several degrees; so much so that the impulse to treat him with honesty and fairness overpowered her natural coyness, and she turned round to Mrs. Manville with hot cheeks, and with tears in her grey eyes.

'Mrs. Manville, I know you wouldn't tell any one if I tell you—you know what a girl feels, you were a girl yourself once. There *is* somebody in the way. I believe we both care for each other; but it has all gone wrong, and I don't see that it can ever be put right. Still, it's enough to make me feel I could never think of any one else.'

'You have given me his answer, anyhow, Maisie. But tell me some more about it, my dear, if you can. Has he behaved ill?'

'He couldn't behave ill if he tried,' said Maisie, and this rather startling expression of faith certainly convinced Mrs. Manville that there was no hope for Lucas. 'But, oh! Mrs. Manville, nobody knows, not even Gwen, only our two selves, and he has never said anything that—that I could tell any one of. And now he never will?'

'What has gone wrong? Why are you sure he never will?'

'I know he won't. He thinks me a wicked, deceitful girl, because I had to tell him a lie.'

Maisie was crying now, and Mrs. Manville took her into her motherly arms and let her cry comfortably on her ample shoulder.

'And can't it be put right? Can't you let him know, through some one else, that you are sorry?'

'I'm not sorry!' said Maisie. 'Don't ask me anything more, please, Mrs. Manville, or I shall be telling you lies too. And you won't tell any one, will you? or try to find out and set things right?'

'No, my dear, I won't. I will keep your confidence, and simply tell Lucas that I find there *is* another attachment. I know Lucas well enough to be sure that he is gentleman enough to keep the matter to himself. And as for you, I won't ask you any more till you feel you like to tell me.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you for saying that! I have kept my secret till now, so that Gwen says she is so much older than I am, because she is in love, and I'm not!'

Mrs. Manville was glad to see the corners of Maisie's mouth flicker as she made this remark.

'Well, my dear child, I am very glad for Lucas's sake that you have told me truly, because now I feel that he will probably turn his thoughts to somebody else.'

'What a pity that Katie is engaged,' said Maisie mischievously. 'I am sure Mrs. Ingleston thinks so.'

'Katie prefers a scholar to a practical man,' said Katie's mother; 'though I am sure this practical man in particular would make a very good and kind husband.'

'He might,' said Maisie; 'but I should get so tired of always hearing him say and do exactly what was expected of him! I do like a man to be original!'

'Original and good at the same time,' said Mrs. Manville.

'Yes. People can be that—I've seen it,' said Maisie, with a deep sigh.

'Poor child; I was sure that something had come to you, to change you so. But I don't believe you are sorry, Maisie, are you? Would you rather the—person—had never crossed your path?'

'*No!*' said Maisie emphatically. 'I shall always be glad I have known him, even if I never see him again, and *know* he thinks me a nasty, heartless, deceitful vixen!'

But the picture brought on Maisie's tears again; there had to be more petting and fondling, while Mrs. Manville whispered comforting words about nothing really going wrong between two people who were both trying with their whole hearts to do what was right.

'And I believe you are trying now, my child, in spite of that lie.'

'I am,' said Maisie; 'but, oh, dear! I've such a long way to make up—for all the years before I found out I'd got a soul!'

The months went on, and the routine of the silk girls' Home became so familiar to the Despards that there was no longer any excitement about it. Gwen did her duty conscientiously as far as the outward routine went; but there was not much heart in it, and she began to feel a positive distaste for it when she perceived—Gwen was candid enough not to deceive herself on the point—how much more effective among the girls Maisie was than herself. Gwen had

been brought up to school and district visiting as part of a correct young lady's life; she had tried to keep up the habit at Paul's Warrendon, in spite of her father's amusement and Maisie's scorn; and, on the ground of her previous experience and Maisie's want of experience, she had imagined that she would succeed, and that Maisie would be almost a nonentity—whereas the opposite seemed to be the case. Gwen had a Bible-class on Sunday afternoons, when a certain number of the girls sat on chairs round the dining-table, read their verses in turn, listened when she explained a passage, and answered in monosyllables when she asked them a question; but it was Maisie who got their confidences in the evening, after church, when Gwen stayed behind to help in the choir practice, and any girl who liked might knock at the sitting-room door and have a talk with Miss Maisie in the warm firelight. Sometimes Maisie carried their difficulties to Gwen, and they talked over them together; sometimes she settled them, for good or ill, by help of her own shrewd mother-wit; but it was always understood that the confidences were Maisie's share, and Gwen did not attempt to undertake a part for which she felt unequal.

Sometimes it would happen that it was not merely home troubles that were brought to Maisie, or tales of the desertion of their young man for another girl, usually described as a 'nasty mean thing;' some of these girls felt the vague unrest of the stirring of the spiritual life within them, and came to ask Maisie for help. Maisie, who was only too conscious of her own extreme ignorance and want of experience, came diffidently to Gwen for advice, and was much surprised at Gwen's line of thought on the subject.

'I don't think it's the proper thing for us to meddle with subjects of that kind. Lily Ball is half a dissenter,' said Gwen. 'You have better ask Mr. Manville to talk to her.'

'She wouldn't know what to say to Mr. Manville. He would say in the kindest way, "What can I do for you?" and it would end in his sending soup to her grandmother.'

'Mrs. Manville, then.'

'Lily Ball is afraid of Mrs. Manville—they all are. She is the dearest old thing possible when you know her, but she is so awfully shy! Gwen, if you won't talk to her yourself, I wish you would write to Mr. Cheriton Lester. He would be able to help her.'

'Cheriton Lester? I couldn't bother him about a silk girl he knows nothing about.'

'He wouldn't think it a bother. He would say that was what he was a parson for.'

'Why don't you write yourself if you think so.'

'I—I can't. I told him a story about Hal Ingleston, and he knew it was a story—and he would think me a hypocrite.'

'Well then,' said Gwen, still unperceptive, 'he would think me just as bad, for behaving as I did to poor Humfrey.'

'But why won't you talk to her yourself, Gwen? You who have always had to do with that sort of thing?' said Maisie, whose own notion of 'that sort of thing' was so based on human fellowship and sympathy, that she hardly realised how often it was done as a mere exterior duty.

'Because I can't be what you say Cheriton Lester thinks you—a hypocrite,' said Gwen, almost fiercely; 'and I should be if I tried to talk good to Lily Ball while I feel as I do!'

Maisie dared say no more. Eventually she carried Lily Ball's spiritual difficulties to Mrs. Manville, and retailed her advice to the girl, not without considerable profit on her own behalf; and from this and other cases of the kind came a great deal of intercourse with Mrs. Manville, and much development of the better part of Maisie's nature. She was eager to improve on her own part, and took home to herself many little hints not originally intended for her. For instance, Lily Ball, having got into the way of perpetually hanging upon her, and wanting to refer everything to Maisie's conscience and not her own, Mrs. Manville warned Maisie that unless she could get the girl to stand on her own feet, when circumstances separated them, she would not know what to do without some one to lean upon.

'We have all to grow like standard trees, not like wall-fruit, you see, Maisie dear,' said Mrs. Manville.

'That is what he said,' said Maisie, lighting up and smiling, and then colouring deeply.

'What who said, my dear?'

'The—the man I told that lie to. He said we ought to have original consciences. I've thought sometimes I should be such a much better girl—if—if things had gone right. But perhaps that's why they haven't."

Mrs. Manville was very curious about that mysterious lie, which lay so heavy on Maisie's mind, and yet did not seem to trouble her soul as might have been expected. However, she bided her time, and asked for no confidence which Maisie was not ready to give.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LONG WINTER.

THE marsh country in which South Warrendon stood was not a cheerful one in the winter. In the summer it had its merits, though perhaps they might have been overlooked by the native of a mountainous country, and Gwendolen had never learnt to appreciate, as Maisie had done, from her earliest youth, the charm of the flat green levels intersected with the artificial watercourses called in those parts 'dykes;' or the walk along the sea-wall, which had always filled her with such a delightful sense of adventure, especially at high tide, when the big ships dropped down the river, and came so close

in shore that you might have thrown a stone upon their decks; or to love the over-arching blue sky, and the misty and fairy-like fields and houses of the Kentish coast—so near and yet so far. But in the winter things were undeniably less attractive. West wind brought yellow London fog, east wind brought white marsh fog; if you walked along the sea-wall, you saw the ghost of a dark vessel against a white floor which might have been water or sky, for any difference that could be seen between them; and the winter that the Despards spent at South Warrendon, which had been frosty and sharp in Westmoreland, was one marked by the clerk of the weather as 'anti-cyclonic,' chilly, cloudy, foggy, still, and depressing, with no sunshine or blue sky for weeks together in the south-east.

Gwendolen had a very hard time of it, poor girl, with rebellious misery in her own heart, and nothing pretty or pleasant to turn her mind upon outside herself. Say what people will, a certain amount of interest and excitement is *the* necessity of life; it can be gratified nobly or ignobly, in small or in large, but it is far easier to dispense with so-called necessaries of existence than to resign oneself to a life of despairing quietude. Quixeter had been Gwen's centre of interest; she felt now that she had lost it; and in her depressed moments she felt that with it she had lost everything worth having—youth, hope, and love. These depressed moments alternated with wild storms of suppressed passion, which made her so irritable that Maisie did not know what to do with her. Whether depressed or passionate, in either case she refused to betray her feelings to Maisie, whom unconsciously she had come to look upon as the cause of all her miseries, by having bound her by that miserable promise.

It must not be supposed that no voices from the past reached the sisters during this autumn and winter. Gipsy came over to lunch once, and inspected the Home, and was shown over the mills; but Gwendolen felt that intimacy and freedom were over. She said very little about her visit to Westmoreland in the autumn holidays, and never mentioned Cheriton's name. It did not occur to Gwen to ask after him, and Maisie dared not go beyond hoping that every one was well in the North, to which Gipsy replied that they were all much as usual. When she went away, they felt as if the visit had been a sort of finishing up, and her correspondence with Gwen did not flourish.

Once, too, Gwen's heart thrilled and beat almost to agony when the post brought her a letter directed in Humfrey's small scholar-like handwriting with the Quixeter postmark. She opened it and read—

'Dear Miss Despard,

'Since I must not call you anything closer and dearer. I cannot help breaking the silence you have imposed on me just this once, to tell you first (if it is possible that you care to hear of my proceedings), that I have taken the boarding-house the Doctor has

offered me, and that my aunt is coming to me for the present to help me to carry it on. But this is not my only reason for writing to you. In thinking over the mystery that separates us, I cannot think you would wantonly trifle with love like mine. I feel as if it must be my unworthiness that has taken some aspect in your eyes, which makes you unwilling to listen to me; and I have sometimes thought that you may have heard a version of an old boyish folly of mine in my Oxford days, which may have been represented to you as worse than it was. May I assure you that in that engagement I have nothing to repent of beyond the folly of falling in love with the beautiful face of a girl not of my own station or position, who, as it turned out, did not return my affection! The poor child died soon after I discovered my error; but I can truly say that her death was in no way caused by any conduct of mine, as she had distinctly shown me that she preferred to me a man of her own class in life, and that that, in fact, opened my eyes to the mistake I had made. I had never behaved to her in any way which I should not have done under the circumstances to a girl in my own position; indeed, I think I was even more scrupulously reverential to her on that account. Cheriton Lester knows all the circumstances, and holds that I was in no way to blame. If this has in any way come between us, will you allow me to ask Lester to tell you the whole story? I cannot rest while I think that any effort of mine may set right this horrible misunderstanding between us.

'Yours,

'H. Bevan.'

Poor Gwen cried bitterly in private over this letter, but she wrote off by the first post—

'Dear Mr. Bevan,

'It is nothing to do with you; it is all myself and my own affairs that have made me change my mind.

'G. Despard.'

And then she tried to forget her wretchedness by drawing up an average of the cost of the food of each girl in the Home, till she threw down her pen with sick and miserable impatience.

'What am I doing this for?' she said to herself. 'I loathe the whole thing all round. There is only one thing in life worth living for, and that has been cut off from me for ever by Maisie and her persistence in keeping this loathsome secret; and now she has made it impossible for me to do anything else!'

And thus the fleeting satisfaction Gwendolen had had in the work and organisation of the Home—which, indeed, was of the kind really suited to her capabilities, for she was a born manager—passed away, and at times the silk girls' beds and board became intolerable drudgery, so that Maisie had now and then to keep her up to her work by suggestions, or even to supplement it herself. She never

saw Humfrey; but even after that letter had been received and answered, she heard of his bicycle having been seen, one Saturday, careering along the neighbouring roads, and she grew more and more sick at heart at this hopeless separation—more and more ashamed of its cause—more and more indifferent to her own surroundings.

Gipsy's silence had been partly caused by her husband's angry annoyance at everything connected with the Despards. It did not occur to poor Maisie that if Cheriton had really forgotten her he would have come naturally into his sister-in-law's conversation; but Jack was determined that neither he nor his should lend a helping hand, nor disturb what Cheriton had once spoken of as his conviction of the relations between Maisie and Lucas.

This conviction probably varying about every half-hour, and Cheriton, hearing nothing from Quixeter, was reduced to attention to the interests of his wards. He corresponded with Mr. Ingleston about the proposed employment of Frank Maxwell in the silk mills. He sent Mrs. Maxwell the prospectus of a Ladies' College. He consulted Lucas about the management of a club for boys, which a friend of his wanted to open in a northern town; and nobody mentioned the Miss Despards in their answers to his letters.

The Miss Despards, however, occasionally heard of his communications from Marcia Maxwell, who had not as yet gone to school, and who became, as the winter drew on, a frequent visitor. It was thought good for her health to ride, and the expense of a pony and groom had been sanctioned by the trustees of her fortune—another chance of correspondence for Cheriton; and no ride was so agreeable either to her or to old John (formerly the Despards' man) as the ride to South Warrendon; where the roads were level, and there were long stretches of grass by the wayside for the horse's feet. Marcia took a violent interest in the girls of the Home, and when Gwen and Maisie got up a Christmas entertainment for them with little presents, Marcia was most energetic, both in making the presents, helping to distribute them, and dancing with the girls afterwards, and teaching them the step of the Highland 'schottische,' while Gwen hammered on indefatigably at the tune of the 'Keel Row.' She was to sleep at the Mill House that night, much to her delight. Marcia thought everything to do with the South Warrendon Mills delightful; she liked the engine-house, she liked watching the various processes, she liked talking to the girls. 'Oh, dear,' she said, with a long breath, to Lucas, 'I do so wish you would marry one of the Despards, Lucas, and mamma and I could come and live with you instead of with Hal. It would be so much nicer. Gwen is going to marry Mr. Bevan some day, of course, though she won't now; but Maisie, there is nobody booked for Maisie. Why don't you?'

'Maisie might not wish it particularly,' said Lucas.

'Not wish to be the head of these lovely mills?' said Marcia, as if she had referred to an earldom.

'She would have to take me thrown in, you see.'

'Well, why not? You are not so bad. When I come to think of it, Lucas, I think you are really very nice.'

Lucas laughed, Marcia's tone was so extremely impersonal in its unconsciousness; but at that moment a new idea entered his mind. He was not the sort of man to go on hankering for a girl who frankly let him know that she preferred another; and why should he not be flattered by the openly expressed admiration of this outspoken damsel, who was really, 'when he came to think of it,' also growing very handsome as well as very effective, and was the only girl of his acquaintance who was not afraid of his mother. He put by the thought for further consideration. Marcia was young enough for the idea to have time to ripen in his mind.

He felt that there was no end of the Lesters, when an invitation arrived from Mrs. Lester, of Oakby, asking that her two young cousins, Marcia and Frank, might come and spend the last fortnight of their holidays in Westmoreland, make acquaintance with their father's relations, and share in some Christmas gaieties. Mrs. Maxwell accepted the invitation for them with much delight. Marcia was naturally very eager about it, and volunteered to write to Maisie, and tell her how she got on.

It may be supposed with what eager interest Maisie read the following epistle, which seemed to her impatience long delayed—

'Oakby Hall, Hazelby, Westmoreland,
'*Jan. 20th.*

'My Dearest Maisie,

'I could not write before. There have been three dances, and the lake has been frozen over, so we have had splendid skating. I get on very well with them all, and cousin Virginia says I am a capital hand with children and at helping when anything is going on. I think cousin Alvar the grandest-looking person I ever saw; he is very polite to me, and found me partners at their dance. I hardly sat down at all, and my cream dress with the red ribbons looked very well. The Jack Lesters are here, which is a pity, as Frank never says a word when Mr. Lester is there; but he likes the skating. We haven't seen very much of cousin Cherry. His old Vicar has the gout, so he has been very busy, and now he has a bad cold, so he has not been here this week. They all seem rather worried about it; but I had one talk to him, and I told him all the things I think about Hal, and how I can't bear Frank to be with him. I told him I took a great interest in the silk girls' Home, and helped you sometimes, and he said it was a good thing for me to have such an interest. I told him how you influenced the girls, and how fond they were of you, and how much good you and Lucas were doing. He was very kind, and I think him awfully jolly. I begged him to persuade Frank to go into the mills, as I thought it would be best for him, Lucas is such a good example; but Frank says he should like to emigrate like

Robert Lester. I hope he never will. Good-bye, I am going to show Virginia how to make sunflower pin-cushions for a Christmas-tree at Elderthwaite. With love to Gwen.

'Your affectionate,
'MARCIA MAXWELL.

'You never saw such a grand house as Oakby. Mill House is nothing to it; but I think that is more comfortable. There are wolves all up the staircase, and family pictures everywhere. The wolves are the family crest.'

'Little goose!' said Gwen, when she read this letter. 'She is quite set up with the good impression she has made on her grand relations.'

Poor Maisie said nothing, she had to wait till Marcia came back to find out what Cheriton had thought of her influencing the silk girls, and to hear if the 'bad cold' was better.

Much, however, as she longed to see her, Maisie would have preferred that Marcia should not have ridden up to the door just as Lucas and Gwendolen were finishing the final settlement of the first quarter's accounts of the silk girls' Home, which were so triumphantly satisfactory, that even Gwen smiled and looked cheerful for the time, and Lucas was delighted. He showed no inclination to depart when he had helped Marcia off her horse; but came in with her, perhaps as curious as anybody else to hear something of her grand visit. She was to lunch at the Mill House; but Gwendolen produced some cake and milk, which her visitor devoured with hearty school-girl appetite, as she sat with her feet on the fender, discoursing on her experiences; while Maisie sat knitting as fast as her fingers could move, and Lucas filed his papers and watched—which young lady he hardly knew; but with a gradually increasing sense of impatience of the magnificent Lesters. Gwendolen sat a little apart, feeling a sort of dull jealousy that the names that had once seemed part of a world belonging to her and to her only of the party, should now be much more familiar to another.

'It was most awfully jolly,' said Marcia, in her clear high voice, quite unconscious of her listener's various interest. 'Mother thought I should be shy; but I wasn't a bit, they were all so kind. There were three dances—the Oakby one, and one at Elderthwaite House, and at Ashrigg; and everybody came in the daytime and skated on the lake at Oakby. Frank had lots of nice companions, and it was the greatest fun!'

'And did your guardian give you good advice in the midst of all this gaiety?' said Lucas.

'I consulted him about Frank,' said Marcia, 'and he was awfully kind and jolly.'

'And did he come to the dances and skate too?' asked the

persevering Lucas, as he saw Maisie's knitting needles click and stop.

'He came to the Oakby dance for a little while, and danced a quadrille with me,' said Marcia proudly. 'He didn't dance with anybody else. And he came to the skating one day because, he said, he had seen nothing of us, from his Vicar being ill. And he and cousin Nettie—that's Mrs. Seyton, you know—skated some figures together beautifully. People stood and watched, and said they were like a picture. But he got out of breath, and had to leave off, and Mr. Lester told him he shouldn't have come.'

'How did you get on with Mr. Lester?' asked Gwen.

'Oh, I didn't mean cousin Alvar, I meant cousin Jack, only I can't call him anything but Mr. Lester. That was the only little thing that wasn't quite perfection. Mr. Lester and cousin Gipsy were not *nearly* so nice as they used to be at Quixeter.'

'How was that?' said Maisie, longing and dreading to hear more.

'Well, I am sure Mr. Lester doesn't like me, and he looked so cross. And that day, when we went in from the skating to tea, I was telling cousin Cherry how much interest I took in the silk girls, how they were quite an object in life to me, and how beautifully Gwen managed, and what an influence you and Lucas have over them, and how we talk them over, and cousin Gipsy interrupted me, and talked of something else; and she told me afterwards "not to talk shop that nobody cared for."'

'Why should they care?' said Gwendolen.

'Cousin Cherry did care,' persisted Marcia. 'He was awfully interested, and he said—he said, Lucas, that he had no doubt of it, and he believed you were a first-rate fellow.'

'I'm very much obliged to him,' said Lucas gruffly, while poor Marcia felt half suffocated with conflicting feelings, scarcely appreciating the gallantry of this defence of her supposed choice before her critics.

'He did care about my interests,' said Marcia, 'and it was a great pity that he had to get up and go away directly, because he was so busy; and he wasn't well enough to come over afterwards, so I never saw him again.'

'But,' said poor Maisie, as nobody asked a question, 'isn't he better now?'

'I don't know. We went home in two or three days; but Gipsy said he would work himself to death. I dare say he will,' concluded Marcia cheerfully, and with a school girl's romantic delight in unrealised pathos. 'All the old people there say he is too good to live, and cousin Virginia says he has no one over there to take care of him. Are you coming, Lucas? We shall be late for lunch. How jolly it is to talk over things afterwards!'

Poor Maisie's feelings, when the girls' dinner-bell rang, and she had to sit at the head of her table, with her anxiety increased, and the

conviction added to it that Marcia had represented Lucas as her constant counsellor, were almost intolerable. All she had ever heard of Cheriton's former illnesses haunted her at night, and gave her many wakeful hours. The strain might have been beyond her endurance, had it lasted very long at this stretch; but about a fortnight after Marcia's visit, one foggy day, when she met Lucas out walking, he stopped and said, with an odd look at her—

'Marcia's guardian has not yet succumbed to his own superlative merits; for I have heard from him about Frank. And he writes a very business-like letter, I must say.'

'Then he is—better?' said Maisie, with a little nervous laugh.

'He says nothing about it; but as he speaks of having been very busy looking after his Vicar, and doing all the work while he has the gout, there can't be much the matter with him. He says, when he can get away to Quixeter, he will come over and settle finally about Frank; but that he can't leave home at present.'

'Does he want Frank to go into the mills?' said Maisie.

'Yes; I think he inclines to it. He'll have to talk over my aunt, but like everybody else, she took a fancy to him.'

'It seems he likes you, Lucas,' said Maisie, with a reviving flash of her old brightness.

'He *said* so,' said Lucas drily; and then, not wishing perhaps to be outdone in generosity, he added, with what he meant for admiring enthusiasm, 'I don't know that he is altogether a bad sort, in his way.'

Maisie laughed as she went on her walk through the fog, some degrees less miserable. She was better off than Gwen, for she had a real interest in the silk girls, and a real desire to do her best, and to be as brave as her lover. For under all her doubts, there recurred the thought that could not but be sweet as well as painful, that he, too, needed courage, that the separation tried them both.

Maisie went ahead gallantly, started a dress-making class in the evenings—she had always been clever with her fingers—and became more and more the idol of an admiring circle of silk girls, in a way that might not have been particularly good for her if it had continued. She kept herself, by sheer dint of occupation, from going down into the depths of depression which overwhelmed poor Gwen. Nevertheless, after nearly three months of this, when Lady-day drew near, and they received a letter from Hal, asking if one of them could come to Paul's Warrendon for a few days to go over some business matters together, she was not sorry that Gwen positively declined to go. She was not well, she said—not untruly; she could not possibly cope with Hal, and have all that worry over again—it would drive her wild. Maisie must go and do what had to be done, and, if Hal wanted Gwen's signature, he must come over to South Warrendon for it himself.

Maisie had seen the old home with its changed inmates, and it was

better than silence to have a chance of a talk with Marcia, and a gossip about 'cousin Cherry' and Elderthwaite, since Marcia might possibly have heard again from Oakby.

So she accepted the offer with some natural girlish pleasure, feeling that it would be, in spite of Hal, a sort of holiday, and Gwendolen was left to her own devices for nearly the inside of a week; Maisie arranging to meet Mrs. Manville on her way home, and to go with her to see a house near Quixeter Junction, which the curate to whom Katie was engaged thought of taking with a view to matrimony.

There were a certain number of rules at the Home, one of which was that all the inmates should be in by nine in the evening—it was impossible to tell them that they were to take no fresh air after being confined all day at their work. Maisie had dancing for them two evenings in the week, and took pains, in other ways, to make the Home pleasant for them after supper; sometimes by having a novel to read to them, sometimes by playing games with them. Gwen had lately taken to leave these evening entertainments entirely to Maisie, while she herself sat over the sitting-room fire, generally with a book in her hand which she seldom read, her mind being entirely absorbed with her own story. Now, however, she felt it her duty to take Maisie's place, and on the day on which Maisie had gone to Paul's Warrendon, she was in her place in the girls' sitting-room when supper was over, ready to begin her work.

It happened to be a fine evening, and not a single girl appeared in the sitting-room. When nine o'clock struck they trooped in, and Gwen, rather out of temper at their universal desertion of her company, told them drily that she could not have them that night, though any who had needle-work to do might use the sitting-room. So she played a hymn and read prayers, and said good-night, thinking her flock were all there. She was considerably vexed to find a straggler coming in a quarter of an hour late, whose absence she had not even perceived, and who took a politely apologetic line.

'Very sorry, Miss Despard, I'm sure; I'm afraid I *ham* a minute or two late; but you know, Miss Despard, with a *hinteresting* companion you scarce do know how time go!'

'You are a quarter of an hour late, Ada,' said Gwen coldly. 'I cannot have it happen again.'

Ada's head went up in the air, and she went away without any good-night.

The next night, however, the obnoxious Ada was late again, and two of the other girls as well. Maisie would, after the first offence, have gone up to Ada, half scolded her and half laughed at her, and the incipient disaffection would have passed off in a shamefaced giggle; Gwen's cold, dispassionate severity only provoked remarks in which the inappropriate metaphor 'cross cat' found place. Then came a very wet night, in which the weather drove every one indoors;

and then, on Maisie's last night at Paul's, came the climax. Two girls were not in at half-past nine—ten—even half-past ten, and Gwen felt really driven out of her wits. The rest of her flock were safely in bed; and she could think of nothing better to do than to go up to Mill House and ask for Lucas's advice before setting on foot a hue and cry after the runaways. It might perhaps have been wiser to ask some of Ada's and Maud's special associates where they were likely to have gone to spend the evening; but Gwen could not bear to do anything that seemed to her like taking counsel of the girls. She put on her seal-skin coat and hat, and rang the bell at the Mill House door just when every one was gone to bed but Mr. Ingleston and Lucas; for it was an early household. She congratulated herself that Mrs. Ingleston was not there; things would have been a shade worse if she had been.

Poor Gwendolen felt very small, as Mr. Ingleston tried to console her in the benevolent manner of an elderly gentleman to a pretty young lady, who cannot be expected to be business-like; but she felt it was distinctly hard that her youth and young ladyhood should be so prominent in his mind that he insisted on coming out in the March air to act chaperon over her and Lucas. But no doubt there was something to be said for his view that the cause of propriety would not altogether be furthered if it were known that the superintendent of the silk girls' Home was wandering about the village at midnight with an eligible young man to hunt up runaways.

Happily, when Lucas heard the girls' surnames, he thought that they had better inquire at a married sister's of Ada's in the village whether the truants had taken refuge there, and there, in fact, they were found, having stayed out so late that they had made up their minds not to face Miss Despard's cold displeasure. 'I wonder you did not think of inquiring there,' said Mr. Ingleston; 'a respectable girl is likely to go to her own relations first.'

'I did not know Ada had a sister in the village,' said Gwen, feeling like a school girl convicted of not knowing the latitude of Paris or Vienna.

'Maisie knew. She talked to me about Mrs. Burt's little crippled boy,' said Lucas, 'and whether he could be got into the Orthopædic.'

'It would never have happened if Maisie had been here,' said Gwendolen, feeling nearer tears than was dignified, and much relieved at finding that they were close to her own door, where she could cool her hot cheeks in solitude.

Both Mr. Ingleston and Lucas were good-natured and consolatory; but Gwen felt that she had made a terrible fool of herself, and that if she had only asked the other girls, she would probably have had the right answer suggested, instead of blazoning her own incapacity —so she regarded it—before the Inglestons. She turned in at her own door; but just before she shut it Mr. Ingleston, with an evident

desire to say something kind to comfort her mortification, said, 'By the way, Gwendolen, we have one of your friends the Lesters coming for three nights the day after to-morrow. Will you come up and meet him? Your sister will be back, won't she, so that you can be free? You shall have a note.'

'Mr. Lester of Quixeter?' said Gwendolen, with a catch of her breath.

'No, the clergyman; the Maxwells' guardian.'

'Thank you very much. One of us will, anyhow,' said Gwen. 'Good-night,' and she went in, fully determined that Maisie should be sent up to Mill House to meet Cheriton.

She determined on something else too, as she shut herself into her own room, feeling as if she could never face her flock again.

(To be continued.)

'LOST IN THE FINDING.'

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER VII.

'It cannot be, Sir Godfrey.'

'I do not ask much; not more, surely, than you can give! Only the privilege of being near you; of doing what I can to comfort you; of shielding you from the daily trials and annoyances to which you are exposed: this would be enough to make *my* life happy.'

'You think so now, but you would not find it so.'

'Only let me try it?'

'And do you the greatest wrong a woman can do a man! No, that would be a poor requital for all the kindness and sympathy you have shown me, and which, hitherto, have been a real comfort.'

'You say hitherto; why not always? I am not asking you to do what I know—as well as you can tell me—is impossible; to forget the past!'

'I would not if I could!' broke in Margaret; 'the memory of it is my only happiness now.'

'Would it be no happiness to one who is as good and unselfish as you are, to make the happiness of another?'

'Ah! Sir Godfrey; but that is just what I should not, could not, do! You think so now, and I fully believe that you mean all you say; but what man could endure for ever by his side a sad and sorrowful wife, whose every thought, whose whole heart was given to another?'

'I have come too soon.'

'Too soon! If you really understood, you would know that *time* can make no difference. They say that "men *lend* their hearts; women *give* them." Mine is *given*. Gone from me irrevocably, irrecoverably. If I had all the will in the world, I could not reclaim it, and give it away again.'

'And what if I say the same? If I tell you that mine too is given; that you have it whether you will or no?'

'Then you only add another to my causes of regret, if it is indeed true that I have brought upon you, however unwittingly, such sorrow as that which I must bear through life. But I will not believe that that need be; I shall pray that you may yet have the

comfort of a good and loving wife, who will give you what you deserve, but what it is not in my power to grant.'

'Does Sir Godfrey want you to marry him, Cousin Margaret? Why won't you? It would be such fun!'

It was the latter half of a dull November afternoon. The above conversation had taken place in the library of Hawthorndene, the old dwelling-house belonging to the Hawthorne family, in which Margaret had now been established for more than six months. This was the room in which she passed the greater part of her time, chiefly because in it she was but rarely disturbed; and no wonder! for a more gloomy appartment, even in summer-time, it would be difficult to imagine. Rank grass, which had once been a lawn, now encroached upon by the neglected shrubbery, grew up to the very windows, which stood back in the thick walls as though ashamed of their ill-fitting sashes. It was as well perhaps that they did so, for no comfortable shutters shut out the night; and it would indeed have been rash to attempt to draw the faded moth-eaten curtains, which in King James' time had been rich brocade, hung up to do honour to a royal visit! The black oak panellings and bookcases would have delighted the heart of an antiquarian, as, indeed, the few old volumes on the shelves were already delighting, in a very literal sense, a multitude of book-worms! Luckily wood was plentiful, and there was no lack of fire on the wide hearth; and perhaps the place looked at its best when, as now, age and imperfections were shrouded in judicious twilight, while an occasional bright flame, or rush of sparks from a falling log, touched with sudden gleams of light some carved oak corner or brazen lock, producing effects which would have been dear to the heart of Rembrandt.

Nor would he have passed unnoticed the figure which now so often sat there, crouched on a large skin rug, which alone did duty for carpet on the rough oak floor, long guiltless of polish. Bare boards were no novelty to Margaret, however; nor would she have owned to being affected by her surroundings, though they no doubt contributed unconsciously to the depression which continued to weigh her down, as mind acted upon body, and body reacted upon mind.

Under the most favourable circumstances a first winter in England, spent in an old-fashioned country house, would have been a severe trial to one born and bred in sunny Portugal. As it was, Sir Godfrey may be pardoned for the consternation with which he looked at the pale face and thin figure before him, which seemed to him to dwindle visibly from week to week.

Perhaps it was chiefly this which had driven him on to proposals which he himself felt to be premature, and which he would now have given much to recal.

Nevertheless, he was by no means grateful to the unexpected advocate who had so suddenly arisen to plead his cause. Arisen

literally! For the figure, that of a curly-headed boy of six, started to its feet from under a sofa, or rather 'settee,' at the other end of the room.

Margaret's over-strung nerves could not repress a slight scream at the apparition, which did not tend to soften Godfrey's tone of indignation as he exclaimed—

'Ambrose! How did you come here? Do you think it is the part of a gentleman to turn eavesdropper?'

'I ain't a—eavesdropper; and I don't want to be a gentleman!' was Ambrose's encouraging reply. 'I say, Margaret! *do* marry him; and then I'll come and live with you,' he went on, planting a pair of very sharp little elbows on his cousin's knees as he looked up into her face.

'Hush, Ambrose dear. You mustn't talk like that. Tell me how you came here; I did not hear you come in.'

'You weren't here when I came in; so you see it was you that was eavesdropping me! I ran away from Nurse Trotter because she wanted me to do my letters, and I didn't want to; so I hid under there, and then I think I went to sleep; and when I woke up, Sir Godfrey was asking you to——'

'Hush! hush!' said Margaret again. 'Gentlemen never talk about what they were not meant to hear. You were not meant to hear that, so you must not talk about it.'

I tell you I won't be a gentleman. Nurse says that gentlemen must know how to read and write. I mean to be a highwayman, and have a horse of my own, and pistols. I was a highwayman just now under the sofa; and I meant to jump out at you and shout, "Your money or your life!" and then Cousin Margaret would have shrieked and fainted, and Sir Godfrey would have run at me with his sword; and I should have escaped through the window.'

'You would have been a very cowardly robber to run away,' said Godfrey, laughing in spite of himself. 'I think you had better stick to being a gentleman, and try to behave like one.'

At that moment the door opened, and a tall, gaunt woman curtsied stiffly on the threshold, as she said—

'If Master Ambrose is with you, madam, I should be much obliged by your dismissing him. My mistress prefers that he should remain under my care in his own apartments.'

'Go, Ambrose,' said Margaret quietly.

But that young gentleman had no notion of submitting tamely. 'Won't' and 'shan't' were indeed words almost unknown to that generation; active resistance was far more in Ambrose's line; and before any one had guessed his design, he had leapt from Margaret's lap, on to which he had climbed, pushed past Nurse Trotter, and rushed off down the narrow passage leading to the hall, from whence he could take his choice of various outlets of escape long before his pursuer had groped her way so far after him in the

dark, muttering audibly as she went something about encouragement in all his wilfulness!

'Does that woman dare to be insolent to you?' demanded Godfrey, taking a step towards the door.

'No! no! don't,' said Margaret, 'she does not mean it, and she is a privileged person here. In truth, she is the only one who does try to teach and control poor little Ambrose, and I am sure she is sincerely attached to him; but she is very jealous, I fancy, and does not like his affection for me.'

'As if he could help that!' exclaimed Sir Godfrey, and Margaret, seeing that this was returning to dangerous ground, rose hastily.

'I must say farewell now,' she said, 'it is time to prepare for dinner.'

'Will it pain you if I remain?' he asked. 'Your uncle, who met me riding on my way here, invited me to do so, and I consented, little thinking that I should to-day venture to presume so far. Miss Hawthorne! if you cannot give me hope, at least let me have the comfort of hearing from yourself that you pardon my presumption, and that I may still be your friend as before?'

Margaret hesitated. Prudence whispered at once that, for the present at all events, it would be wiser to dismiss him altogether; but the temptation was a strong one to the otherwise friendless girl, who was suffering keenly from the lack of that love and sympathy with which her life had hitherto been surrounded.

'As a *friend*, yes, Sir Godfrey,' she murmured, 'but as nothing more.'

After all, it was as much as he could expect as yet, so he told himself, as he raised respectfully to his lips the hand she had given him in parting. Then with the formal bow and curtsey of the times the two separated; Margaret, to prepare for that early meal, half dinner, half supper, which was to her one of the greatest penances of the day.

For it was to no congenial home that she had come. Mr. Thomas Hawthorne had, as we have said, gone out to Lisbon while still a lad; and since that the intercourse between himself and his family had been but small, as was necessarily the case in those days. The present owner of Hawthorndene, Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne, was not then the heir, but succeeded to the property later in life, owing to the death of an elder brother. The two younger brothers had kept up a desultory correspondence, from which Mr. T. Hawthorne had rightly gathered that his brother was a prudent man; and had been willing to help him materially when he succeeded to an estate, impoverished as we have already said, and now freshly encumbered by the extravagancies of the late owner.

It was not till after his succession to the property that Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne married a lady considerably younger than himself.

Since then, his letters, usually forwarded with Mr. Faversham's business despatches, had grown more and more rare; but Mr. Thomas Hawthorne, though he occasionally grumbled, had scarcely been surprised at this; and when, on making his will a few years back, he had consulted Mr. Faversham on the subject of Margaret's guardianship, the latter had strongly recommended her uncle and aunt, describing the latter, whom he had seen on two or three occasions, as 'a sprightly lady, of good parts, and very fascinating manners;' and speaking with admiration of Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne's laudable efforts to recover the estate.

But something more than economic prudence and fascinating manners were wanted to make a comfortable home for poor Margaret in her grief. It is true that when she first arrived, her aunt, who was only ten years older than herself, greeted her with enthusiasm, lavished caresses on her, mingled with exclamations of pity; and vowed eternal love and friendship with a fervour which more than ever charmed Mr. Faversham. For the latter had torn himself from his counting-house, very much against his inclinations, to fulfil what he conceived to be his share of a troublesome duty, by personally conducting his ward into Devonshire.

But as time wore on, Madam Hawthorne's enthusiasm lessened; she discovered that Margaret was cold, unsympathetic, and prudish to a degree which was simply absurd in a woman who had been brought up abroad; where, as every one knew, manners were more free than in England. 'Obstinacy' was another crime laid to poor Margaret's charge, when her aunt found it impossible to persuade her to abandon her sombre clothing and bedizen herself in the many coloured garments then in vogue. It is true that she did so far conform to universal usage as to wear a moderate sized 'hoop;' and even consented on one or two occasions to the martyrdom of having her hair dragged tight up from her forehead into a tower on the top of her head. But nothing would induce her to pinch in her waist in the manner which her aunt assured her was essential to refinement of appearance; or to adorn her elbows with such huge ruffles, as to make it necessary to pass through a door side-ways!

Of society, they saw little or none during the winter months, beyond a few gentlemen who came over for hunting, badger-drawing, and other out-door sports, and whose occasional presence at dinner made the latter half of that meal a time of terror and disgust to Margaret, who could not be sufficiently thankful that they were rarely seen in the drawing-room afterwards. Often she contrasted such evenings with the little society which her father and mother attracted around them in her old home, and wondered whether all gentlemen in England were alike in such ways, as her aunt assured her was the case; and whether Sir Godfrey's abstinence, on the two or three occasions when he dined there, was habitual, or only assumed to please her.

Not that Hawthorndene was by any means what we should call a 'fast house.' Young Madam Hawthorne constantly complained of her husband's strictness, and the want of sociability consequent upon the economy which he endeavoured to observe. She had been accustomed to London life, and was never tired of talking of its pleasures, of the conquests she had made, and of her regret that she had not forseen the life which she would have to lead as a married woman. Nothing, she openly declared, would have induced her to make such a sacrifice had she known that she and her charms were to be buried in a dull country house.

At first, she quite aroused Margaret's pity by her complaints of her husband's neglect, and of the privations and hardships which she had to undergo; of which, not the least, according to her own showing, was the being so completely shut out from all intellectual pursuits, and opportunities for improving her mind. She talked glibly of the great men of the day, of that 'charming Thomson' and 'delightful Gay;' but when Margaret, somewhat ashamed of her own ignorance, begged leave to read with her (thinking that the many hours which her aunt spent every morning in her own apartments were, no doubt, devoted to study), she was put off with an excuse—discovered that 'The Seasons' was not in the house, and was soon glad to relinquish a very dirty and much-thumbed edition of the 'Beggar's Opera' with which Madam Hawthorne did indeed provide her. She got on better with 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa' which Sir Godfrey brought for her, and delighted him almost as much as she was delighted herself, by her eager absorption in Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and in one or two poems written by a Mr. Thomas Gray, whose works were beginning to be talked about in the literary world.

As for those morning hours, Margaret soon lost all desire to encroach upon her aunt's privacy before the afternoon; when the latter would make her appearance, radiant in such variety of colours, as would in the present day be suggestive of a clown at a pantomime, —in an enormous hoop, and with hair and face so arranged as to amply account for little Ambrose's grave remark—'Mother mustn't be touched when she's dressed.'

It was a maxim impressed upon his memory by plenty of sharp knocks, pushes, and even *pinches;* for Madam Hawthorne's discipline, like that of some of her descendants, was chiefly regulated by the law of personal convenience. Not that she was a harsh mother, according to the ideas of those times; on the contrary, neighbours held up their hands in horror at the way in which Master Ambrose was indulged. But here again we could find many a simile in modern times; for now, as then, over-indulgence may be only an amiable weakness, and, at all events, sounds better than that ugly word *neglect.*

For neglected poor little Ambrose undoubtedly was. The constant care, patience, and watchfulness necessary in the training of a high-

spirited boy during his early years, was far too much trouble for his selfish mother. She declared that his restlessness and noise were altogether too much for her poor nerves; and never willingly kept him with her for long together. This was, perhaps, as well; for Nurse Trotter's discipline was, on the whole, *just*, and was certainly more wholesome than bribery with sweetmeats at one moment, as the easiest escape from the trouble of coping with real naughtiness; and angry blows at another, as a vent to personal annoyance!

As to his father, like many middle-aged men who have never had much to do with children, Mr. Hawthorne took but little notice as yet of the boy; scarcely, indeed, recognising the fact that he had outgrown infancy.

Besides, though Mr. Hawthorne would not have confessed even to himself that he prized his estate above his heir, there could be no doubt that the former held the first place in all his thoughts, and that its reclamation was the motive and mainspring of his life.

Very bitter had been the feelings with which he had been forced for years to stand by, a helpless spectator of the ruin of what he held so dear. When he succeeded to the property, capital was the first thing necessary; for the whole place had run to ruin; it was heavily mortgaged, and the farms and homesteads were in a state of such dilapidation, that many were uninhabited, and the land uncultivated.

Then his brother Thomas had come to his assistance, and in the last eight years much had been done. But now, in consequence of Mr. Thomas Hawthorne's sudden death, fresh difficulties arose. By the latter's will, Margaret was made her father's sole heiress, and consequently her uncle and guardian became her debtor. Unfortunately also, her property under existing circumstances was not easily realisable. Mr. T. Hawthorne's money had been mostly invested in his own business, and it would be long before his affairs could be sufficiently arranged for Margaret's income to be assured to her. Under the circumstances, the payment of Mr. A. Hawthorne's debt would be, as the executors naturally pointed out, the simplest way of obtaining ready money!

But other and more serious complications arose on the subject of Mr. Coppleston's will. One had been found among the papers hastily collected by Sir Godfrey when he visited the office. It was very short, and simply left everything to Humphrey; but—*it was not signed!* The supposition was that he had gone there that morning with the intention of signing it; but it was difficult to account for the fact that there seemed no possibility of his securing any valid witnesses at that time and place. Be that as it might, evidently the will was worthless parchment, even had poor Humphrey lived. The next legal heir would be his cousin, Mr. A. Hawthorne.

Mr. Faversham had brought this news at the same time that he escorted Margaret to Hawthorndene. To her, at that time, the whole

question of money seemed one of supreme indifference. She listened patiently to the elaborate explanations which her guardians thought proper to make to her, and endeavoured to follow them. Indeed, she so far succeeded as to realise the fact that old Mr. Coppleston's fortune was to go to her uncle Ambrose, and that the latter owed her father money which must be her sole dependence until the latter's affairs could be arranged. All this seemed simple enough; but she could scarcely comprehend her uncle's anger and mortification, and the many tears shed by her aunt, when, a few days later, came fresh news. Another will had been found! It had been produced by a firm of solicitors in London, of whom Mr. Faversham knew nothing, but who simply explained that one of their partners, when travelling in Portugal some years before, had been employed by Mr. Coppleston to draw it up; and had, at his request, brought it home to be kept in their office. The wording of this was most peculiar. By it, half of the property was left to Humphrey unconditionally; the other half to Margaret in the event of her marrying Humphrey. Should she marry any one else, her share was to go to Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne!

At first sight it seemed evident enough that half, at least, must still come to the latter in any case. But, as Mr. Faversham now warned him, it would probably be long before he could obtain possession. Already the lawyers were beginning to make difficulties about the succession to properties left vacant by the earthquake, in cases, even, where the death of the owners could be more definitely proved than the Copplestons'. It was true that there could be no *moral* doubt about the matter, but that was scarcely sufficient in the eye of the law. If Sir Godfrey could positively swear to the identity of the bodies he had seen, all would be plain sailing; but this was exactly what neither he nor any other human being could possibly have done under the circumstances.

Then too, as to Margaret's share. It was evident that she could not marry a dead man! But the strange thing was that neither Mr. Coppleston nor the lawyer seemed to have contemplated the possibility of her not marrying at all! What was to happen in that event? There seemed no alternative but that the money must lie idle during her life-time, and then pass to her uncle or his heirs; but it is no wonder that, pressed as he was for ready money, the latter should have felt bitterly mortified that with his utmost desires thus almost within his grasp, he should be unable to avail himself of their fulfilment; at a time too, when he was brought face to face with the necessity for a ready-money payment which he had no means of meeting without serious loss and damage.

Moreover, he was soon called upon to decide whether or no he should incur the expense and risk of a lawsuit concerning poor Humphrey's share of the property; for another claimant arose in the person of a brother of the latter's mother, who argued that the evidence went to prove that Humphrey had *survived* his grandfather;

in which case *his*, and not the former's next of kin, would be the rightful heir.

Here was a nut for the lawyers to crack! As to Mr. Hawthorne, when this last piece of news reached him, he actually made up his mind to the desperate measure of travelling to London himself to make inquiries, and ascertain the rights of the case on the spot (as he said). Such a determination was of itself sufficient to prove his state of agitation on the subject; for, as Madam Hawthorne knew to her cost, nothing would hitherto induce him to leave his estate, and incur the expense and risk of such a journey. And now he soon found that he might have spared himself the perils of Hounslow Heath, and the scarcely less serious extortions of a London tavern, for any good he could do!

Mr. Faversham hum'd and haw'd, and declared it was a lawyer's business in which he must decline to advise; nor did he fare much better with his solicitor; who, while carefully avoiding committing himself as to the issue, declared it to be a 'pretty case—a *very* pretty case,' and one which, in his humble opinion, was well worth trying.

No wonder he thought so! But it may be doubted whether Mr. Hawthorne shared his enthusiasm when he had time for reflection and repentance as he lumbered slowly homewards in the heavy coach over bad roads, after an angry interview with the other claimant (arranged for by their respective lawyers), which had ended in each declaring that he would fight for his rights to his last penny.

And it is to be feared that the poor man did not meet with much conjugal sympathy when he did at last reach home. In the first place he had entirely forgotten to call at the milliners for a box of 'absolute necessaries' which his wife had seized the opportunity for ordering. She had not a decent gown to her back, so she assured her husband; and as for Margaret, she was not fit to be seen. Perhaps the latter argument had more effect than the former, for Mr. Hawthorne had a conscience; and if he shrank from the self-sacrifice involved in doing absolute justice to his ward, he was at least anxious that she should want for nothing while under his roof. How much of the order which he had obediently left at the door of Mrs. Prettyman's shop as he passed through Holborn on the day after his arrival in London, was really intended for Margaret's benefit, time might have shown but for that unfortunate last interview, which put all other things out of his head, and left it an open question whether the precious box must await another opportunity, (which might not arise for months), or run the, not slight, risk of being sent on alone by coach.

As usual, Margaret incurred her aunt's displeasure by her manifest indifference on this vital point, which absorbed all Madam Hawthorne's interest and conversation on the evening of her husband's return; while the latter sat silently eating his solitary supper, with a heavy cloud of care upon his brow.

At last Margaret rose, and pleading fatigue, retired to her own room, which, however scantily and shabbily furnished, was always a welcome refuge. She had pleaded for a fire; supplied indeed, but not without many murmurs from Nurse Trotter (the virtual housekeeper of the establishment) about 'foreign fancies,' 'self-cossetings,' etc.

'Good lack!' cried Madam Hawthorne, as soon as she was relieved of her niece's presence. 'Did any one ever see such a creature! I don't believe she has any more feeling than a stone! Pretending to all this grief for her parents and her lover, and so on, and then disgracing them by going about in that shabby old black gown which I wouldn't allow my maid to wear! But tell me, Mr. Hawthorne, how goes the lawsuit? Are we like to come into this money soon?'

'Not soon, or *ever*, most probably,' he answered grimly.

'And why not? I should like to be told. What could be clearer than old Mr. Coppleston's wishes—from your own showing?'

'Wishes are not law. The other fellow is determined to fight for it, and is as likely as we to win; so it seems.'

'He ought to be put in the pillory for a cheating knave!' exclaimed Madam Hawthorne energetically. 'Trying to obtain other folks money, forsooth! But that is but the half, is it? Surely we have a right to the other half, since Margaret did not marry that young rascal Humphrey?'

'Don't use hard words about the dead, wife. Besides, from all I gather, Mr. Faversham was somewhat harsh in his judgment of the character of that poor young man.'

'Oh, of course that is always the way! It is enough for *me* to express a like or a dislike, and you go the other way! But anyhow, the fellow is dead, as you say; and of course *that* money ought to come to us at once.'

'It won't do that until, or unless, Margaret marries some one else.'

'What!' almost shrieked his wife. 'Do you mean to say that that pale-faced chit gets all that, as well as her father's fortune? I call it positive robbery!'

'You need not talk so loud, wife; the girl will not get it in any case; besides, she may marry yet.'

'Not while she goes mooning about dressed liked a charity girl, and not a word or a look to give to a man who comes here. You must get more into society, Mr. Hawthorne; that's the truth of the matter. As I've always said, no good can come of living mewed up like this.'

'Nonsense! Would you have her gadding about before she has left off her mourning, even?'

'It's near a year ago,' murmured Madam Hawthorne. 'But, anyhow, you can get men here—for hunting, or fishing, or what not. Only in that case, decent clothes I *must* have. It is all in your own interests, Mr. Hawthorne. You know well enough by this time that

I am not one to think much of self. But if I am to do my duty by your niece, and to help you to redeem your property by marrying her off, I must at least be fit to be seen. How you could forget that box, I can't think. But you never have a thought for me!'

Mr. Hawthorne had finished his meal by this time, and was slowly pacing up and down the room with his hands clasped behind him. It is a peculiarity with some people that they always *do* pace up and down a room when they are particularly tired! especially if mental uneasiness accompanies bodily fatigue. His wife's words flowing on formed an accompaniment rather than an interruption to his thoughts; he was not a *quick* man, not one to jump to sudden conclusions, or to adopt a line of action hastily; and he felt additionally mortified at having allowed his temper to outrun his judgment as he now felt it had been doing. But it never even occurred to him to retract.

'It may be a lengthy business, sir,' his lawyer had said at parting; 'but with your means to back you there can be but little doubt of the issue. The other fellow has literally nothing to stand upon; we shall have him in the Fleet before the case is half finished.'

Mr. Hawthorne had shuddered at the words. What if their positions should be reversed! As things were, he scarcely knew how to raise money sufficient to carry on current expenses. But Margaret once married, and the half of his old cousin's wealth assured to him, there could be no difficulty in borrowing what he needed, even if he had to wait for a time before he could claim the fortune itself.

Besides, was it not his duty to do his best for his niece, standing towards her as he did, almost in the position of a parent? It was no uncommon thing in those days for marriages to be arranged almost without consulting the individuals—especially the lady—concerned. Probably the arrangement with young Humphrey Coppleston had been some such contract, judging from the ages of the parties to it at the time it was made, and the evident desire for its accomplishment evinced by old Mr. Coppleston's will. It was unlikely that Margaret's heart had been much engaged in the matter; there was plenty, without that, to account for her continued melancholy and depression, and nothing could be better for her than a complete change of ideas, fresh duties, and fresh affections to occupy her time and thoughts.

Mr. Hawthorne had a conscience, as we have said, but consciences are maleable things, especially when our own interests are involved; and he had little difficulty in persuading himself that he was only doing his duty when he began to collect the neighbouring gentry around him in a way quite unusual at Hawthorndene. As for Margaret, she was, of course, unconscious that these guests were anything new or unusual; but simply concluded that their absence during the first months of her stay was probably owing to the mourning which her uncle and aunt then wore. For a time she absented herself as much as possible from society which was for the most part uncongenial to her, until she was surprised at her uncle

expressing his displeasure at her so doing; and, however reluctantly, she submitted to his decision with a tameness which would doubtless excite the contempt of a nineteenth-century young lady!

But she felt herself rewarded for the effort when on entering the drawing-room one evening (or rather late one afternoon), just before dinner, she was accosted by a familiar voice. Its owner was Sir Godfrey Lester, whom she had not seen since she parted from him on board ship six months before. Now he seemed like an old friend; associated, indeed, with the saddest memories of her life; but also able, as no one else could now, to enter into its former joys; since he, and he alone, had seen her *home*, and knew all whom she loved.

Never since her arrival had she shown so much animation as on that evening. Her aunt was first surprised at, then jealous of the change in her niece's appearance, caused by the colour in her cheeks, and brightness of excitement in her eyes. Sir Godfrey handed her in to dinner, and instead of remaining over his wine with the other gentlemen, followed the ladies to the drawing-room almost immediately. He explained to Margaret that although his estate was in another county, he was for a time houseless, as he had undertaken alterations and repairs on a large scale, and, as he said gravely, he 'scarcely cared again at present to entertain the idea of foreign travel.'

Soon after this she heard that he had taken a small house in that neighbourhood for a time; but he was frequently in London, and seemed to think but little of the difficulties of the journey there and back.

At Hawthorndene he soon became intimate enough to perceive much that grieved and surprised him in Margaret's surroundings. Personally, he had no cause for complaint. Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne, after his first few visits, received him with marked cordiality; and Madam Hawthorne with a graciousness which astonished Margaret, who had been pained by her aunt's private criticisms on his uncouthness and want of 'taste.' For her part, she 'hated a milksop,' she said, 'who pretended to know better than his superiors, could not drink his bottle like other gentlemen, and made a parade of his virtues by refusing to gamble and use strong language.'

The fact was, that Madam Hawthorne, in the first place, bore a grudge against him for his upright testimony at the trial which had begun in the law courts; and, secondly, could not bear to see admiration and attention bestowed upon any one but herself! Self-interest, however, forbade her 'flouting' Sir Godfrey as she longed to do; so she had to content herself with abusing him behind his back; a course of action which was, perhaps, the best she could have adopted for exciting Margaret's respect and admiration for his many good qualities.

(To be continued.)

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

BY SELINA GAYE.

II.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

Most people, who have had any experience, will agree that secrets are disagreeable things, though like other disagreeable things they are sometimes necessary.

Dulcie's, if only she could have believed it, was not in the least necessary; but for all that it began at once to make itself most unpleasant, and quite spoilt the rest of her day. Indeed it would have been well for her if it had done nothing worse than spoil this one day.

Of course, it was exciting and delightful to have the grandson of a man who had known Monsieur Henri and been killed in La Vendée, sitting opposite you at dinner, and Dulcie felt it—deeply; but how could she properly enjoy it when she was listening so intently to the conversation on both sides of the table at once, dreading every moment that Plancöet would be mentioned by somebody, and that then the terrible truth would come out and Aunt Mary would know how her brother had wronged Mr. Beaumont, and—and—what would happen after that Dulcie could not imagine; but probably Aunt Mary, who really was very nice when you came to know her, would be dreadfully shocked and would refuse to sleep a single night under Uncle Russell's roof!

These table-d'hôte meals were generally a source of much amusement to Dulcie; it was all so new to her, and dinner was such a much more interesting affair when your *potage* might be followed by a slice of melon instead of the ordinary fish, flesh, or fowl, and haricot beans might turn up all by themselves, after the three courses of meat had been disposed of, and when you were just speculating on the pudding.

But Dulcie had no attention to spare for such trifles this evening, and she was heartily glad when dinner came to an end, and Mr. Beaumont walked off to the beach to smoke his cigar, instead of following them into the garden as he sometimes did.

She was still more relieved when, as she and Aunt Mary were on their way back to the hotel after an early dip the next morning, Uncle John met them, saying, 'Oh! Mr. Beaumont has been inquiring after you to say "good-bye." He has gone off all in a hurry to meet a friend at S. Malo, and does not expect to come back to Dinard, so he begged me to make his farewells and express his regrets and so on and

so on, quite like a Frenchman, I declare Well, Dulcie, your dip has given *you* a colour at all events, and if you are half as hungry as I am, you must wish it were nearer ten o'clock. Dinner at six and breakfast at ten, with nothing but a cup of coffee and a minute roll in between, is rather severe treatment to my thinking.'

And indeed, what with the having to wait so long before it and so long after it, breakfast was a serious matter to more people than Uncle John; and though Dulcie had begun by wondering how people could eat so much so early in the day, she had soon found it quite possible to begin with coffee and omelette and cold ham, and to go on to fish, stew, beef-steak, cheese, fruit, biscuits and cider, without any inconvenience. It was a lengthy affair certainly, but then, when it was over, you were free for several hours without any interruption for luncheon, so that the plan had its advantages.

Now-a-days, by all accounts, Dinard has turned into a fashionable watering-place, and the Hôtel de Dinard, even if it still stands on the cliff looking across the mouth of the river to the twin white towns of S. Malo and S. Servan, which look so bright and are so dirty, has no doubt become fashionable too, and altered its hours and got itself enlarged. But when Dulcie was there, very few English people had yet found it out, and it was a charmingly quiet little nook, with a fairy-like bay in which the blue-green water was transparent as crystal and so smooth, thanks to the outlying islands which fenced it off from the sea, that it was a perfect place for timid bathers. And it was not encumbered with clumsy bathing-machines! instead, there was a row of small stationary canvas cabins, from which, when the tide was low, there was quite a long run down to the water. But then there was no shingle to hurt your feet, and you might avoid stepping on the sharp-edged shells if you were careful, and if you did get a little sandy on your way back, there was a delicious warm foot-bath ready for you by the time you returned to your dressing-room, so that it did not matter at all.

Much of all this may be altered now, and Dinard may be able to boast of a parade and an *établissement*, and other modern 'improvements'; but however this may be, no doubt the rocks, and the islands, and the white houses and cathedral spire of S. Malo stand out just as sharply as ever against the deep blue sky, and no doubt amateur sketchers find it just as difficult to decide whether the water should be put in 'green or blue, or a little of both,' as Dulcie did. She was sorry to lose Mr. Beaumont's help in this matter; but then, on the other hand, it was a great relief to know that he was gone, and that his visit to Plancöet would probably be paid before she got there, as she believed they were to stay at Dinard another week.

So Dulcie's mind was tolerably at ease, and while Uncle John and Aunt Mary talked, she drew, and worked, and admired the various bathing-costumes, particularly those of some French children, who wore little cloaks to match, as they went to and from the water; and

she was much entertained by a large merry family party of children and grown-up people, who all held hands and danced round, singing, and every now and then, at a given signal, all bobbing their heads under the water together.

Later in the day Uncle John went over to S. Malo, and when they went down to the *calle* to meet him at the ferry, just before dinner, he had his hands full of letters and papers, and was looking rather put out; and his first words to Aunt Mary were, 'I told you so! One no sooner gets to a place than one has to leave it again. I did hope we might have had a quiet week here before we went on to Dinan, and now I am afraid we shall have to put your brother off. Just like Tom—never can stick to a plan! Here he writes to say that he is in Paris to-day and wants us to join him at once. Such weather as it is for Paris! but I must see him about that business, so I am afraid there is no help for it. I shall have to wait for the afternoon letters to-morrow, so we must drive to Plancöet after dinner, drop Dulcie, sleep at Dinan, and get on as early as we can next morning. I am very sorry——'

'Oh, it won't matter!' said Aunt Mary, cheerfully—a great deal too cheerfully, Dulcie thought; but then she did not know all that depended upon this visit to Dinan, and she could not be expected to understand how terrible it was to be 'dropped' in this way, at a strange place, as if you were a parcel.

For a time Dulcie's dread of being thrown among strangers almost made her forget her fear of meeting Mr. Beaumont. But Aunt Mary did 'understand' a good deal better than Dulcie supposed; and in the evening, while Uncle John was busy puzzling out routes in his foreign Bradshaw, she talked very kindly to her about it, as they strolled about in the twilight, listening to the soft plash of the river below, when it was not drowned by the singing which was going on in the public salon, though that was pleasant to listen to, too.

'Well, dear, I am very sorry for you,' said she. 'I should have liked to stay until you felt a little at home; but you will get on very well, I am sure, in a day or two, and Cousin Hester will be very kind, that I am certain; and you must remember that she is in my place, and go to her if you are in any trouble about anything. Not that I think you will be, for, indeed, I see no reason why you should get into any trouble at all, if you take a little care and don't dream just at the wrong time. I dare say you will have some nice picnics and boating on the river, and I hope you will be able to write me happy letters about it all; but, whatever you do, don't get left behind anywhere, and don't get shut up in the cathedral when you go to see Duguesclin's monument, for there will be no Mr. Beaumont to come to the rescue, and you might have a worse fright than you had yesterday!'

How many times Dulcie afterwards wished that she had had the courage to speak out then and there! But while she was hesitating,

the opportunity was lost; Uncle John came and joined them, and though they stayed out listening to the singing for some time longer, she did not have Aunt Mary to herself again that evening.

Just twenty-four hours later Dulcie was going through the process of being 'dropped' at Plancöet.

As the carriage lumbered up the drive and into the courtyard, a chorus of barking dogs and shrill French voices was heard, and two or three white-capped servants rushed out with glimmering lights, all chattering at once, and speedily followed by the whole family, including a couple of terriers. Which were servants and which cousins? It was hard to tell in the twilight, and the little flickering sparks glancing hither and thither gave no help worth speaking of. To Dulcie it seemed as if at least a dozen people had suddenly swarmed out upon her; but everybody knows that boys have a special talent for appearing in two or three places at once, and there were two of these terrible creatures in the party, who were presently captured and introduced as 'Jack and Alick.'

'We are so sorry that you are obliged to hurry off,' some one was saying; 'but you must stay as long as you can on your way back, and we will take care of Dulcie meantime. We are rather a noisy party; but I hope she will soon get accustomed to us.'

And then there was a chorus of 'good-byes'; Aunt Mary kissed her, the carriage lumbered off again, and Dulcie was left to make acquaintance with her new relations, feeling horribly shy and bewildered, and almost more forlorn than she had done on the quay of S. Malo.

But then Cousin Hester kissed her again, saying, 'We are so glad to have you, Dulcie,' in such a kind way, that it almost seemed as if she knew how miserable it was to be left in this sudden manner among strangers; and then, to Dulcie's immense relief, she added, 'I dare say you would rather come to your own room and go to bed at once, wouldn't you, dear? I am going to market with the donkey-cart to-morrow morning at half-past six, and anybody who wishes to come with me had better follow Dulcie's example. Fando, will you see that the drawing-room is left tolerably tidy, and then ring for Marie?'

'Well, Judy, and what do you think of your new cousin?' said Uncle Russell, while Judy hastily gathered her belongings together.

'I hope she won't look like that to-morrow, or I shall catch cold! Why her face is as long as a wet week, and I feel quite damp already!'

'She is only shy,' said Fando; 'I like her face, and I am sorry for her; it must be so uncomfortable to be very shy.'

'Well, I hope you will try to make her happy among you.'

'Fando,' said Judy suddenly, but with great gravity, as the two girls went up to their rooms, 'which do you like best, cherries or plums?'

'Oh, I don't know; what do you mean?'

'Well, I'm sure that's a very simple question; don't you know what cherries and plums are?'

'Why, of course, only you spoke in such a solemn way that I did not think you *meant* cherries and plums.'

'You ought always to think people mean what they say; *I* do, and I like cherries *much* better than plums. Do you know why?'

'Some ridiculous reason, I dare say?'

'You may "dare say" as much as you like, but it isn't ridiculous at all! Don't you know that—

'A cherry year is a merry year,
And a plum year is a glum year?

I believe Dulcie was born in a plum year, don't you?'

'Well, if she was, she couldn't help it, and I dare say she would have been born in a cherry year if she could, poor girl!'

'I never said she could help it; but she needn't *go on* saying "plum" all her life, need she?'

'Saying "*plum*," what do you mean?'

'Look in the glass and say "plum" yourself, and then you'll see! There! it makes you look just like Dulcie! I believe she has been saying "plum" ever since she could speak, and it is high time that she gave "cherries" a turn, and I shall tell her so!'

'I hope you won't, Judy, for it would be very rude and unkind.'

'It would make her look ever so much nicer, if you call that unkind. She ought to practise saying "brush" and "crust" and "cherry" every day; and, instead of that, I believe she keeps saying "broom" and "crumb" and "plum," as if she were quite afraid to leave her lips open for a moment for fear something should drop out.'

While this discussion was going on over her head, Dulcie had been taking a peep out of her window and thought she could distinguish the owls' tower; but everything looked dim and mysterious in the twilight—'delightfully mysterious,' she thought; and then she was proceeding to wonder whether the owls were there still, and a good many other things besides, when Aunt Mary's warning against 'getting into a dream just at the wrong time' happily came into her mind, and she turned away, thinking how delightful it would be to stay in such a 'real old château,' if only you did not know that the relations you were staying with had no right to be there. She was sure Cousin Hester could not know the truth any more than Aunt Mary did, or——

But for that matter, Dulcie herself did not know it, though she thought she did, which is often as good—or bad! Her undressing did not go on very rapidly, for she could not help making a voyage of discovery round her room, and she had to move cautiously, as the carpetless, polished floor was rather slippery.

To Dulcie's eyes it was more like a sitting-room than a bedroom,

for the bed stood in a recess and was completely invisible if the curtains were drawn, while wash-stand and bath were hidden away in a light closet, and the fire-place was half-concealed by hangings of dark green velvet, which, by candle-light, looked much too magnificent for anything but a drawing-room. Dulcie was beginning to wonder whether the green velvet were a relic of the old days, when her eyes fell on a straight-backed chair—that was old at all events, and, yes, there actually was 'Plancoët' carved upon it!

How *could* Uncle Russell be so wicked as to keep things which belonged to other people!—which actually had the name of other people upon them too, as if to let all the world know that they were stolen; and he could not only do it, but not seem in the least ashamed of doing it! Well—Dulcie was very nearly off in a dream again; but once more she recollected herself, and, by the time Cousin Hester returned, she was almost ready for bed.

'Do just as you like about coming to the market to-morrow morning,' said she, as she tucked her up. 'I won't wake you, but if you are awake and like to come, we should like to have you. Let me see, you have never seen Fando and Judy or the boys before, have you? I thought not. Fando and Jack and little Willie are your Aunt Ellen's children, and Judy and Alick belong to Uncle Tom. You will soon know them all, and I hope we are going to have a very happy holiday together. But I must not stay and keep you awake; good-night, dear, and mind you come to me if you want anything. I am next door and shall be sure to hear a tap. Good-night!'

And with another kiss Cousin Hester was gone.

There was something very nice about Cousin Hester's kisses, Dulcie thought to herself, sleepily; in fact, Cousin Hester was 'very nice' altogether, and if it were not for Uncle Russell and the five strange cousins, it would be delightful, for somehow it was almost impossible to feel shy with her. But how shocked she would be when she heard about Mr. Beaumont!

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXVI.

THE GRAND ALLIANCE.

1690–1697.

THE English Revolution was the first great shock that the power of France had received since the accession of the Bourbon dynasty—the first serious reverse to the ambition of Louis XIV., by changing the sovereign of England from a pensioned ally to a persevering enemy, and making the whole strength of the kingdom no longer unwillingly neutral, but hostile, with all the instincts of national animosity.

The war of the Palatinate, on the pretext of establishing the claims of Elisabeth, Duchess of Orleans, to the personal estate of her brother, against the male heir, the Duke of Neuburg, had already begun, and the other dispute on the election of Clement of Bavaria, or Prince Furstemburg, to the Electoral Bishopric of Cologne, was also in operation. As Prince of Orange, William had instigated Germany, Holland and Spain to form the League of Augsburg for resistance to French aggression, nevertheless, the capture of Philipsburg had been announced to Louis in church, on the very All Saints day on which William of Orange had embarked for England.

That had ended the winter campaign. The spring campaign began with a most horrible invasion of the Palatinate. Louvois gave strict orders to Marshal Duras that what he could not keep, he must destroy, and the devastation was worse than the previous one under Turenne. Three days' notice was given to the miserable peasants to remove, and then began utter ruin; burning of houses, rooting up gardens, cutting down vineyards, ploughing in young corn. 400,000 unhappy persons were driven from their homes, and the greater number perished from want and misery. Mannheim, Spiers, Worms, Bingen, ruthlessly burnt, even the noble Castle of Heidelberg blown up with gunpowder. The French Count de Tossé wrote to Louvois: 'I do not think my heart will be in its right place for a week to come. I take the liberty of writing to you naturally, but I did not think it would cost one so much to carry out in person the burning of a town as thickly peopled in proportion as Orleans. You may reckon that of the superb castle nothing is left. At noon yesterday, besides the castle, there were 432 houses burnt, the fire still raging. I only put aside the family pictures in the Palatine Mansion, Madame's father, mother, grandfathers and relations, with the intention, if you desire and

advise it, of complimenting her by sending them to her, when she is a little recovered from the desolation of her native country.'

Poor woman! she felt it deeply. She wrote: 'If I were to be put to death for it, it is impossible for me not to grieve and deplore being made the pretext for the ruin of my country. I cannot calmly see destroyed at a single blow in poor Mannheim all that cost my father so much care and pains. When I think of all that has been blown up, I am filled with such horror, that every night, as soon as I begin to fall asleep, I seem to be at Heidelberg or Mannheim, seeing the ravages committed there. I see it as it was in my time, and as they have made it now, and I cannot keep from burning tears. What pains me most is that the king waited to issue his orders till I had besought him for Heidelberg and Mannheim. And my grief gives offence!'

Nevertheless, Louvois was determined on finally destroying Trèves, one of the most ancient cities in Germany, an Archbishop's seat, an electorate, full of churches and precious monuments, including a complete course of portraits of the Emperors, from Augustus downwards. Madame de Maintenon had by this time made the king attend to the cry of misery from the Rhine provinces, and of horror and indignation from all Europe, and he absolutely refused his consent, showing sorrow for what he had already permitted. Nevertheless, a few days later, at the council, held as usual in Madame de Maintenon's room, Louvois told the King that he had been convinced that it was only a scruple that prevented consent to what was so necessary as the burning of Trèves, and therefore he had taken on himself to despatch a courier with orders for its destruction.

Louis was so thoroughly enraged that he actually caught up the tongs, and was flying at Louvois, when Madame de Maintenon threw herself between, crying, 'Ah, Sire, what are you doing?' and hung upon him, while the minister gained the door. The King, with flaming eyes, called after him: 'Instantly despatch a courier with counter orders; let him be in time, for your head shall answer for it if a single house is burnt.'

Louvois went off more dead than alive, but he had not really sent the order, though it was ready drawn up and sealed, and the courier was waiting, booted and spurred, till he should have thus obtained the king's acquiescence. His barbarous proceedings were absolutely useless, as was proved by the further course of the war, and the king's confidence in him had been destroyed.

Indeed France had incurred general enmity. The Diet of the Empire summoned all Europe to vengeance, and the Emperor Leopold denounced Louis as the enemy of Christendom. France was put under the ban of the empire, and all Frenchmen, even servants, were expelled. Yet Leopold was acting in a most inhuman manner himself in Hungary, Count Tekeli had quarrelled with the Turks, and great victories had been gained over these by the Duke

of Lorraine and Prince Eugene, with a gallant army, in which were many adventurers of all nations; men eager for active service, but in difficulties as to home politics and thus glad to fight against the common enemy of Christendom. Buda had been recaptured, and at Mohatz on the 18th of August, 1687, a splendid victory had been gained, 8000 Janissaries killed and 2000 drowned.

Leopold took the opportunity of making the crown of Hungary hereditary, and on the plea of detecting correspondence with Tekeli, erected a tribunal at Eperies, where one Caraffa, a sort of Italian Jeffreys, condemned to death every one likely to maintain the old constitution. No less than thirty executioners were employed at a spot still known as the Bloody Theatre of Eperies, where there was torture as well as death for the victims. When the chief nobles were thus crushed, pardon was offered the rest on condition of resigning their old free constitution and making the crown hereditary. But Hungary was devastated also by the Turkish Sultan Solyman, who was the only ally of France, being encouraged by Louis to maintain the war, in spite of tremendous losses, in order to draw off the Imperial forces from Germany. While the terrible havoc of the Palatinate was going on, the Turks had retaken Belgrade, and though defeated at Salankamen, did not lose much ground at the time, owing to the troubles of the empire on its western side, and to the lack of its best general, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who died after thirty hours of quinsy on the 18th of April, 1690.

The French Marshal Luxembourg, of a younger branch of the old Montmorenci family, who was ravaging Flanders, was a really able man, but was disliked by Louvois, and not properly supported, although he gained a great victory over the Prince of Waldeck at Fleurus, and sent home so many captured colours that the Parisians termed him 'Le Tapissier de Notre Dame,' on the 1st of July, 1690. Flanders, as the property of Spain, and coveted by France, was the central scene of war.

As William was absent from England on his Irish Campaign, the Count de Tourville, with seventy-eight vessels, devised a scheme for sailing up the Thames, surprising London, capturing Queen Mary, and rallying all the Jacobites. However, the scheme was betrayed, and the Dutch and English fleets met Tourville at Beachy Head, where Admiral Herbert, though he had been created Viscount Torrington, was so much inclined to return to James, that he left the brunt of the battle to the Dutch, and thus, though the French attempt was prevented, the victory was an inglorious one. In fact, James had been so good a Lord High Admiral that he was popular in the Navy, and the sailors never willingly fought against him. On the 22nd, a French squadron entered Torbay. They had picked up a fishing boat off Rye in Sussex. 'Are you for King James?' the fisherman was asked.

'A worthy gentleman, bless him!'

'Honest man,' said De Tourville. 'Then you will join with us!'

'What! go with the French to fight against the English! I could not do it to save my life!'

And no sooner were the French ships seen in Torbay, than all Devonshire was up in arms; 16,000 men had in twenty-four hours assembled, and Tourville, after burning Teignmouth, had to depart as soon as he could get out of Torbay. His vessels, like all the French fleet, were propelled by galley slaves, and as they sailed out, two men were seen to spring overboard; one was drowned, the other came safe to land and was eagerly welcomed and taken care of. He was a Turk, and was sent home.

Torrington was dismissed the service, and afterwards impeached, but party spirit saved him. This failure of Tourville, and the battle of the Boyne, and flight of James, had slackened the attack on the British Empire; William was able to leave his new dominions in January 1691, to be present at a great Congress at the Hague. It was a stormy passage, and the night on which he reached the coast was stormy, but he was so eager to be ashore that he embarked in an open boat, where, before he could land, he had to spend a night of extreme peril and hardship, in itself dangerous to so frail a constitution, but which he endured with his wonted silence and calmness.

At the Hague, he found assembled most of the German princes, such as the Electors of Bavaria and Brandenburg, the Landgraf of Hesse, the Dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburg, with twenty-five plenipotentiaries from the great and lesser powers of Europe, all of whom vied with one another in manifestations of respect.

He opened the Congress with a speech on the necessity of unity of opinion and promptitude of action, if the ambition of France was to be effectively curbed. The continental powers promised to raise an army of 220,000 men, to whom William added 20,000. The contingents of the Emperor and the King of Spain were the same, so that England at a single bound had recovered her level among the great powers.

In the midst came tidings that Mons, the capital of Hainault, was invested by the French. Louis himself was there with his brother, his son, and his nephew, the Duke of Chartres; there were 100,000 men in his army, and 20,000 prisoners were made to work in the trenches, the artillery and stores of all kinds were in perfect order, and the operations were conducted by the great master of fortification, Vauban. The trenches were opened as usual, but at the same time, the cruel custom introduced in the latter years of the Thirty Years' War was adopted, of shelling the town more than the fortications. Louis and his princes, encamped on the borders of the marshes of Mons, watched the unfortunate town burning in ten places at once, under a shower of bombs and red-hot shot. The citizens rose against the garrison, and the commandant had to

surrender at the end of a fortnight, before there was time to come to his relief.

After this capture, Louis returned to Paris, leaving Marshal de Luxembourg at the head of his army. William, who by this time had got together an army of 36,000 men of all nations, watched him, and the summer campaign consisted of 'a stately minuet' of marches and counter-marches, while Luxembourg's staff was amply supplied with 'the best fare in the world,' according to his brother officer Villars, 'comprising capons, Ghent veal and little English oysters.' What a contrast to the sufferings they inflicted!

Before the next campaign, Louis had lost Louvois, who, in power of combination and knowledge of all that was needed, had been an unrivalled minister at war in ability, though his ruthlessness made a deep blood-stain on his country's shield, and his self-will and jealousy were often hurtful.

Louis had never entirely forgiven his proceedings as to the City of Trèves, and Louvois apprehended disgrace. While driving out two ladies in a calèche, he began talking to himself, and they heard him say, 'Would he? Would they make him? No, no. However—he would not dare,'—while he was actually driving the horses into a sheet of water, and was only stopped by one of them grasping the reins just in time.

After a check received at Coni, in the war carried on with the Duke of Savoy, the King showed so much displeasure that Louvois threw down his papers and said he could bear with such temper no longer; but Madame de Maintenon pacified the King, and told the minister to come as usual the next morning. He did so, but nearly fainted, and only just reached home before he died suddenly. There were suspicions of poison, but there is much more reason to believe that the complaint was apoplexy. His third son, the Marquis de Barbesieux, who was only twenty-four, but had been six years working under him, succeeded to his office.

The spring of 1692 had begun, and Louis, now fifty-four years of age, prepared for the easier part of a fresh campaign. He had the great advantage over William that his troops were all his own subjects, whereas the Allied army had to be collected from many different quarters, and thus he was able to besiege and take Namur before it could be relieved, succour being further impeded by a rising of the river Méhaigne, which swept away all the bridges. This was enough for Louis, who returned to Versailles, leaving Luxembourg in command. Tourville's partial success the previous year encouraged the French fleet to make another attempt on England. He had sixty-three sail of the line, and expected thirty-five more to join him at Ushant; James himself repaired to Brittany to embark, with all Sarsfield's Irish regiments and 10,000 French, trusting that Admiral Russell, who had succeeded Torrington, would be equally unwilling to marshal the fleet against the King who had done so much for it.

The English and Dutch fleets together amounted to more than ninety, but by no means the whole number came in sight of the French fleet off the coast of the Cotentin, near Cape la Hogue, where James was encamped. Tourville had not yet been joined by the Toulon vessels; but reckoning on treachery on the other side, he gave battle on the 10th of May. The fight lasted from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., when a fog came on, and when it cleared all the French ships were seen in full retreat. Some made for the Race of Alderney, the narrow passage between that island and the Cotentin, a dangerous channel exposed to French batteries; and the Dutch and the Blue squadron of English did not venture on pursuing them thither. Five more nearly reached Cherbourg, but were stranded and burnt by Sir Ralph Delaval—one being *Le Soleil Royal* of 110 guns, the finest ship in the French navy. Eighteen more under Tourville himself reached the Bay of La Hogue, where he drew them up, aground indeed, but with their broadsides presented towards the entrance of the bay, and with a fort at each end, boats filled with infantry guarding them, and James, Berwick, Marshal Bellefonds, and all their intended army of invasion upon the heights above.

Nevertheless, they were there attacked by Sir George Rooke. The larger vessels could not come into the bay without being stranded; only the light frigates and open boats could be employed, with no definite orders to their officers except to do the best they could. On the brave sailors rowed in the teeth of the terrible fire from the line of French ships till they came close below, and then, drawing their cutlasses with a tremendous cheer, they dashed up the sides, and carried all before them. Six great ships were burnt that night, the others the next day. Poor James showed that he was an Englishman at heart, as he watched the fleet that had been his pride. 'Ha! have they got Pepys on board?' he once exclaimed; and as he saw the wonderful boarding of the French ships, he cried: 'Ha! my brave English! Ha! my brave sailors.'

The guns of the burning ships discharged themselves and killed one or two officers of the staff. James was forced to depart, and not long after his return to St. Germain, Mary Beatrice gave birth to a daughter, whose arrival was a confutation of the absurd rumours respecting her brother, and whom her father was wont to call *la consolatrice*, the one daughter who had never sinned against him. She was named Louise Marie, after the King of France, who returned from Flanders in time to stand godfather to her.

William had taken up his station near Jemappes, in the forests that border the hills of Waterloo, with some hope of surprising and recovering Mons, and of defending Brussels; but he found his plans were made known to the enemy, and after a time he detected that the traitor was the Elector of Bavaria's private secretary, a professor of music named Millevoix, whom Luxembourg had bribed. With a pistol to his head, the man was compelled to write to the

Marshal that he might be secure, since the English were only going to make a foraging expedition, whereas William really intended thus to surprise the French camp, then at the little village of Steinkirk, which was protected by a wood and thick hedges.

The first attack under General Mackay, on the morning of the 3rd, was successful, the outpost guard was routed, and all the guns taken, but the broken ground beyond was an obstruction, and Luxembourg had time to mount, and place himself at the head of the Guards, with what was called the Gilded troop, containing the Dukes of Chartres, Bourbon, Vendôme and Berwick; and there was desperate fighting; but even then the English might have held their own if Count Solms, William's Dutch favourite, had not held back his men from supporting them—apparently out of jealousy to Mackay.

'Let us see,' he said to his staff, 'what sport these English bull-dogs will make,' and he delayed, in spite of orders from William, till Mackay had been killed, and after the desperate resistance, proving that they had indeed the courage of bull-dogs, the remnant of English were forced back, with a loss of 2000 killed and 3000 wounded, but 7000 French had fallen.

The battle of Steinkirk was claimed as a victory by the French, but it accomplished William's object, for Luxembourg was prevented from attacking Brussels. One of the princes having hurried into the battle without tying his lace cravat, a fashion set in of wearing the ends flowing, and this was known as a Steinkirk. Just at this time a man named Grandval was secretly accused by two men separately of intending the assassination of William in his camp. He was arrested, tried by court-martial, and then declared that he had been instigated by the French minister at war, Barbesieux, and that King James had been aware of it, and promised that if the business succeeded he should never want. No denial was ever published, but James privately declared that he had never known anything of the scheme.

Louis as usual exalted his victory, and, to encourage his officers, created a new order of knighthood. That of the St. Esprit had been revived by Henri III., this of St. Louis was devised in 1693 by Louis XIV. The badge is a gold cross, with the portrait of St. Louis with the Crown of Thorns in one hand and a laurel wreath in the other. Unlike the English Orders, which are deemed honour enough without profit, the Grand Crosses brought pensions of 6000 livres, the commanders and knights received in proportion, all out of the taxes laid on the cruelly burthened population, who became more wretched every year.

Louis set off himself for the army in May, and joined it at Tournai, intending to take Brussels or Liège; but he found that William with his army was at the Abbey of Park, near Louvaine, and that Luxembourg could not attack either place without a pitched battle. William was eager for a conflict with his lifelong enemy, Luxembourg was

convinced that he should crush the English; but Louis, though he loved sieges, hated battles, and though Luxembourg implored him on both knees to complete his glory by a general engagement, which could not fail of success, he refused; and sending off the Dauphin, with half the army, to the Palatinate, he returned to Versailles, to the intense mortification of his troops, and even of his court, who laughed and jested on his aversion to anything but siege operations.

William himself knew the full danger he had been in while waiting in vain for his tardy allies, and said nothing short of a miracle could have saved him. In truth, though a fair strategist, he was not the equal of Luxembourg, and his merits as a captain lay rather in his dogged resolution and perseverance than in actual ability, for he was almost always defeated, though never absolutely routed. Louis's departure, and the reduction in the numbers of the French, enabled him to leave his perilous situation at Park, and form another entrenched camp at Neerwinden, between the two rivers called the Greater and Lesser Gheet; so strong a situation as he hoped would compensate for his inferiority in numbers, for still none of the promised forces of the allies reached him.

Luxembourg was resolved to fight before they came, and made a forced march with his cavalry, arriving on the 29th of July; but the infantry could not arrive till so late in the day that the attack had to be deferred till morning. Luxembourg was afraid that William would draw off in the night, as there were several bridges in the rear; but a night retreat might be the greater danger, and instead of doing so, he caused his entrenchments to be worked at, so that when Luxembourg rode out in the morning to begin the battle, he found that, in the night, ditches four feet wide had been cut, palisades erected, redoubts thrown up, and a hundred cannon placed in position, the right wing resting on the village of Landen, the left on that of Neerwinden.

Cannonading began at four o'clock on the long summer morning of the 29th of July, 1692, but the first attack was not made till nine. The village of Neerwinden was the point of conflict. Three times the French charged it, three times they were beaten back; on the defenders' side Count Solms was killed, on the other, the gallant Irishman, Sarsfield, fell, and Berwick was made prisoner by his uncle, General Edward Churchill. At last Luxembourg brought up the reserve of Guards, led by Philippe, Duke of Chartres, the heir of Orleans, a mere lad, but full of spirit, and their impetuosity won the village for a moment; but William drove them out again with his English regiments. Now, however, the inferiority of numbers told; the English were exhausted and terribly thinned, while the French still had fresh troops. Landen was carried by the Prince of Conti, the French cavalry crossed the river, Harcourt came up with reinforcements, and, after eight hours' fighting, the allies had been forced

back at all points, a flight began across the river, while William and General Talmash did their best to cover the retreat with the English regiments, who faced about continually to prevent the pursuit—the King and General being often in danger of being made prisoners; until, at four o'clock, Luxembourg ordered a recall to be sounded. William was nearly the last man to cross the river. 10,000 French and 12,000 allies were the slaughter of the Battle of Landen, or Neerwinden, for it is known by both names. The French justly claimed the victory; but it was of little value, for the army was in a shattered state, and, as was truly said, 'France was perishing to the tune of Te Deums.'

William rallied his army at Tirlemont, and in a few days was joined by the Duke of Wurtemburg, who would have turned the scale if he had brought up his forces in time; but it was not possible to prevent the siege and capture of Charleroi by the French.

The poor Palatinate was again ravaged, and the Savoy war went on. The French fleet had been repaired, but Louis forbade naval battles, and the chief work was harassing the merchant vessels of the English and Dutch, and insulting the Spanish coast. On the other hand, Lord Berkeley burnt the French ships in their harbour at Dieppe and Havre, and Admiral Benbow did the same at St. Malo. Sir Cloudesley Shovel battered down the fortifications of Calais; Russell made a similar attempt upon Brest, assisted by a land force under Talmash; but the French had been forewarned by the Jacobites, probably through a letter to Lady Tyrconnel from her sister, Lady Marlborough, and Vauban was in the place. The English were beaten off with the loss of the gallant Talmash.

In the course of the winter, France had a greater loss in Marshal Luxembourg, the pupil and friend of the great Condé, and by far the best general in the service of Louis. He died at Versailles of an attack on the lungs, on the 4th of January, 1695.

Louvois and Luxembourg were the last men of real genius concerned in the French wars. Barbesieux was young and pleasure-loving; Villeroi, the favourite general of Louis, was not of remarkable ability. He was a flattering courtier to the King, but arrogant to every one else. The great game at chess between him and William began again in Flanders, and his play soon showed itself to be inferior to that of his antagonist's. Their object was to retake Namur, and while the Elector of Bavaria directed the siege, William protected his operations.

His spirits rose in the battlefield. 'Look at my brave English,' he cried as he watched them led by Cutts, as much a salamander under French fire as at that of Whitehall.

But William had no toleration for foolhardiness in non-combatants. Mr. Godfrey of the Bank of England, had come over on business, and would thrust himself into danger out of curiosity. William reproved him. 'Sir,' he said, 'I run no more danger than your Majesty.'

'Not so,' said William; 'I am where duty calls me, and can trust my life to God without presumption, but——'

At that moment a cannon ball laid Godfrey dead at his feet.

Yet in spite of the warning, his servants were so curious that he is said to have several times had to horsewhip them out of range of the French guns.

The French army meant to force him to raise the siege, and Villeroi intended to give battle, and wrote to the King that all was prepared; but the wing which was to begin the attack was under the command of the Duke of Maine, who was lame and nervous, and kept on putting off and off till the occasion had passed by, and the allied army was where it could not be attacked.

Namur surrendered to the Allies, but Villeroi moved into West Flanders, took Deynse and Dixmude, and on pretext of revenging the English attacks on Dieppe and Calais, horribly shelled Brussels; from the 13th to the 15th of August, 3000 bombs and 1200 red-hot shot were fired into the city; 3820 houses were burnt, and an immense number of peaceable citizens perished. In return, the English and Dutch fleets shelled the French towns on the Channel coast, a miserable form of warfare, and all the seas were full of privateers, with letters of marque, authorising their crews to prey upon the merchant ships of the enemy. Jean Bart was the most celebrated of these licensed pirates on the French side; and, by both parties, the buccaneering of the Spanish main seemed to be transferred to European waters.

But exhaustion was leading to peace. The Duke of Savoy was first obliged to secede from the Grand Alliance, then Italy became neutral, and Louis, finding that his armies were almost wholly raw youths, while William was more and more able to trust to English valour, was willing to have a breathing time. It was plain too that difficulties would arise on the death of the poor, feeble King of Spain, in whom the Spanish branch of the House of Hapsburg would be extinct, and all were desirous that a treaty should be made before his death. The Emperor was told that, with or without him, England and Holland would conclude a peace with France, and the deputies met at Ryswick, a village near the Hague, where William had a country house. His Dutch friend Bentinck, Earl of Portland, represented him, and Marshal Boufflers met him on the part of France. The other powers were represented, and at midnight of the 20th of September, the Peace of Ryswick was signed.

Louis acknowledged William as King, and all the conquests on either side were restored except Alsace, which France retained. Clement of Bavaria remained Archbishop of Cologne, and slight outward effect remained from all the expenditure of life during these ten years of warfare, but they left France weaker and England stronger, and far more respected than at the end of the last war. Savoy was gratified by the little daughter of the Duke, Marie

Adelaide, being betrothed to the Dauphin's eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy, and sent to be brought up in France at eleven years old. She was a charming little creature, and was the sunshine of Versailles as long as she lived. She was ardently desirous of being good, though she had many faults, chiefly caused by her love of excitement and variety in the very dull court of Louis' old age.

The Spanish succession was the great difficulty. Charles II. of Spain had been a feeble, almost imbecile creature all his life, and at this very time was in daily danger of death. Since the reign of Charles V. all the kings of Spain had been only sons at their accession, so that the male line was failing in him. His only sister had been the wife of Louis XIV., so that by right of inheritance the Dauphin was the heir; and the junction of the crowns of Spain and France under one head was a terrible idea to all Europe. William was resolved to have some terms made while he still had arms in his hand and allies, and he therefore held France to the renunciation of claims which Marie Therese had made on her marriage with Louis. The aunt of both kings, Margarita, sister to Philip IV., had married the Emperor Leopold, and died leaving one daughter, Antonia, likewise dead, but who had married the Elector of Bavaria and left one son. Both Louis and Leopold themselves were sons of sisters of Philip III., Louis of the elder, Leopold of the younger, but to set against this the Austrians had a direct male descent from Ferdinand, brother to Charles V.

Hoping at any rate to stave off a war, William proposed that the Bavarian Prince should have Spain, the West Indian territories and the Netherlands; but the Dauphin all the Italian possessions except Tuscany, which might become an appanage for the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's second son. This was the First Partition treaty, to which, with great difficulty and long negociation, William obtained the consent of both France and Austria. The Earl of Portland was sent as ambassador to France, and for a short time the countries were on friendly terms.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

VIII.

The third century was especially the time of persecution. It seems as though after the two hundred years of growth under peril indeed, but seldom long or continuous stress of suffering, the Church was to pass through a fiery ordeal at once to test and purify her and to weld her strength in the furnace. The forces of Satan were combined against her in open and deadly assault; the persecutions lasted longer, and the intervals of rest were shorter; moreover the tortures and modes of death were increasingly horrible in the endeavour to daunt the fearlessness and overcome the constancy that enraged those who could neither endure nor understand such force of will.

Four persecutions are reckoned in the first two centuries, six between 202 and 313. Of the fifth by Severus, at Carthage and Alexandria, mention has already been made. The sixth by Maximin seems to have been chiefly the consequence of the hatred and contempt he felt for everything approved by the gentle Alexander Severus.

Maximin belonged to the tribe of Goths, one of the chief Teutonic tribes, who were always migrating in a westerly direction. At this time they had made a settlement on the borders of Thrace, as the northern part of Turkey was called, and their young men had begun to be hired into the Roman Army, both for the sake of the pay, and in order to learn the Roman discipline and manner of fighting, which they were quite able to appreciate.

One of these Goths, a young giant of twenty years of age, eight feet high but of perfect symmetry, attracted the notice of the Emperor Severus, at the games in honour of Geta's coming of age, by overcoming six gladiators in succession. Afterwards he ran by the side of the Emperor on his horse at full gallop, till Severus and his steed were both weary. Then being set to wrestle, he overcame seven of the strongest soldiers one after the other, and he was taken into the Emperor's service. Gaining promotion, he became a Roman citizen by the name of Caius Julius Verus Maximinus, and astonished all by his huge appetite and enormous feats of strength. He could draw a loaded waggon that two oxen could scarcely move,

tear up trees by the root, and smash a pebble with his fingers, nor had any danger or toil terrors for him.

He would not serve under Macrinus, as the murderer of Caracalla, and he was disgusted with Elagabalus. The strictness of Alexander seems to have roused his fierce passion, and the refinement of that youth and the submission to Mammœa to have excited the contempt of his savage nature; and what had begun as the mutiny of discontent, ended by raising this half-tamed savage to the headship of the empire.

His instinct was to destroy whatever Alexander had favoured, and he put to death all who had been on friendly terms with, or placed in high office by, that emperor. He continued the campaign in Germany with considerable success, sending orders to Rome that the Christian churches should be burnt and the persecuting edicts put in force.

Urban, the first pope of the name, was just dead; Pontianus, his successor, was banished to Sardinia, and there died, apparently of ill-usage; and Anterius was next elected, as Eusebius says, in consequence of a dove flying in and alighting on his head, upon which the Christians hailed him as bishop; but he was only spared for forty days. There are, however, no other martyrdoms ascribed by name to this persecution, and it did not last long; for the violences and barbarism of Maximin were intolerable; and a revolt broke out in the province of Africa, where the Proconsul Gordian was hailed as emperor, though he besought the people on his knees to suffer him to spend the rest of his life in peace, and to choose some one else to contend with the barbarian. He was, however, compelled to accept the purple, and was joyously welcomed at Carthage, whence he wrote to the Senate at Rome, telling them that he would at once resign if they were unwilling to accept him, together with his son, who had the same name.

He belonged to one of the oldest families in Rome, and was well known as a man of wisdom and benevolence. The Senate was delighted, and proclaimed him at once, denouncing Maximin and his son as enemies to the State. In almost every city the officers of the tyrant were put to death, and the people hurried to the temples to entreat the gods that the tyrant might not prevail.

But the courage of Maximin made him the favourite of the soldiery; and one of his officers, marching to Carthage, defeated and killed the younger Gordian in battle, upon which the father, in despair, strangled himself with his own girdle. There was a third Gordian, a grandson, at Rome, and though he was only twelve years old, the populace insisted on his election, though the Senate chose likewise two older persons fitter to contend with Maximin, and measures were taken to defend Italy against the savage whose ferocity seems to have been more dreaded than that of any former emperor. He marched to reinstate himself, breathing nothing but vengeance, and laid siege

to Aquileia, which defended itself desperately, the women, after the example of the ladies of Carthage of old, cutting off their hair to twist it into bow-strings. They were saved by a mutiny among the soldiers, who were angered by their emperor's severity, killed him and his son, and sent their heads to Rome. It must surely have been half in jest that the Senate complimented the heroines of Aquileia by dedicating a temple to Venus Calva, the Bald Venus!

Fresh mutinies left young Gordian sole emperor from 239 to 244, when he was murdered by the captain of the Prætorian guards, Philip the Arabian, during an expedition against the Parthians. All this time the Church was at peace from without, though not without disputes within; but these were obscure heresies, soon forgotten, offshoots of expiring Montanism or Gnosticism. Some in Africa were condemned in a synod held by Agrippinus, Bishop of Carthage, for denying water in Baptism, and others for using only water instead of water and wine at the Holy Eucharist, by which the canon of the synod declared the former were killing the fish of Christ by denying them water. Ichthys, a fish, had long been a term for a Christian, and the emblem is frequently carved in the catacombs, because the Greek letters *Iota* (I) and *Chi* (X) are the initials of our Blessed Lord's Name, and Θ (*Theta*) of *Theos*, God, and moreover the fish were held to be pure animals which survived the Flood.

Philip was an Idumean by birth, of the rock-hewn city of Bozra, and the emperors of Eastern extraction, being generally bred to the recognition of one Supreme God, and being devoid of hereditary reverence for classic traditions, were usually tolerant, if not favourable to the Christians. Indeed, his wife and son both avowed the faith, and it is thought by many that he was himself a Christian, at any rate in belief and predilection, but withheld from open profession by worldly interests. On his way back from Parthia he arrived at Antioch just before Easter, and he accompanied his wife and son to the building where the Christians now could openly worship, thinking that they would receive him with delight as the first Augustus who had thus honoured them.

It was Easter Eve, and in the dusk, all the faithful were watching, each with a lamp unlighted, when the whisper went round of the approach of the Imperial family. The Patriarch Babylas went forward, but not to conduct the visitor to the highest places—that could be only for the baptised in full communion, even if they were slaves. If Philip were to be present at all, it must be only as a catechumen and a penitent at the further end. And the Emperor actually submitted; he humbly confessed himself a sinner, and remained among the penitents, joining the prayer of the vigil, till at midnight the cry broke forth, 'Christ is risen!' and every lamp was lighted, the whole building full of joy.

Hopes must have been high of such an Emperor; but when he travelled on to Italy, he had not the firmness which could withstand

the influences of heathen Rome, with her ancient State religion, bound up with all ceremonies and all dignities, and of which, ever since Julius Cæsar's position had been assumed by Augustus, the Emperor had been *ex officio* the chief Pontiff. It was, according to the Romans' reckoning, one thousand years since the founding of their city—the era from which their time was dated. Secular games, as they were termed, from *Sæculum*, an age of the world, or century, were regularly celebrated, and these were grander than all, not only the most splendid, but the last.

Heralds invited the people of the neighbourhood to such a festival as no one living had ever seen, and no one ever would see a second time. The celebration was in the summer, and lasted three days and three nights, the Emperor, as supreme Pontiff, announcing the commencement of the solemnities. He began by offering three lambs upon three altars on the bank of the Tiber to the Three Fates, who were held to spin, draw out, and cut off the threads of man's life. The altars were sprinkled with the blood of the lambs, which were then burnt.

Sacrifices to the twelve greater gods followed, and hymns were sung in the Temple of Apollo by three times nine noble youths of great personal beauty, and each with both parents still living; they invoked prosperity to all cities and towns, and one was the famous 'Carmen Sæculare,' composed by Horace on the occasion of the secular games in the time of Augustus, two hundred years previously.

In the Colosseum, and in all the circuses, there were splendid shows and sports, including the destruction of a great number of strange wild beasts, captured by the army of Gordian on his march to Persia, with a view to the triumph that he did not live to enjoy.

Through all these pageants moved one silent, grave figure, Philip's only son, bearing the same name as himself. When we hear that this young man and his mother were certainly Christians, and that he was of so melancholy a disposition that he never could be made to smile, we realise how much he must have suffered, knowing what his father's inmost faith was, in seeing these idolatrous rites performed to please the populace—sacrifices to the blind fates, invented by the untaught heathens yearning to understand and propitiate the mysterious decrees of a Providence whose hand they could not trace; and now kept up as a mere delusion by one who had owned the true light. Such was the price of the Empire! It might well weigh down the young man's spirits to behold his father's virtual denial of the faith, and to look forward to the conflict that lay before himself if he were to reign as a Christian Emperor. Of all the figures merely shadowed out on the background of the great scene of history, scarcely any is more touching than that of this young Philip, in the helplessness of his imperial position.

His father did his best to reform the wickedness of Rome by good laws; but these, from a renegade at heart, could effect nothing.

Revolts began, and the elder Philip timidly entreated the Senate to depose him if he were unfit to rule. They refused, and one of them, named Decius, assured him that the revolt was not formidable. Decius was, in consequence, sent into Mœsia, the province on the Danube, to quell the revolt; but there the soldiery proclaimed him Emperor, threatening him with death if he refused the purple. He accepted it, and, it is said, wrote to Philip, promising to resign as soon as he reached Italy; but Philip, not believing this, marched against him, leaving the younger Emperor, with a division of the Prætorian Guards, at Rome.

A battle was fought, in which Decius was victorious, upon which the two Philips were both killed, the father at Verona, the son at Rome, in the year 249. The Senate grieved for these kindly and beneficent men, and decreed them divine honours; but accepted Decius the more willingly because he belonged to one of the few remaining old patrician families, and was a good captain and honourable soldier.

Unfortunately, however, an earnest man after the old 'high Roman pattern' was the worst enemy the Christian faith could have. From the time of Severus, ending in 211, with the single exception of Maximin's brief outburst, the Church had been unmolested now for thirty-eight years; and, during the ten years of Philip's reign, worship and preaching had been carried on fearlessly and openly, and the believers seem to have been under no disadvantage.

A great change was coming. According to some, the immediate cause was that Decius, on his return from an expedition to Syria, attempted to follow the example of Philip, and enter the church at Antioch, but was repulsed by the Patriarch Babylas; but this rests on insufficient authority. St. Chrysostom, two centuries later, preserved the story of the courage of St. Babylas, but he only speaks of 'the Emperor,' giving no name, and the acts of St. Babylas, written by one of his successors in 348, say the person repulsed was the governor Numerian, who afterwards was for a short time Emperor. St. Jerome attributes the attempt to Decius. As it is Eusebius who tells it of Philip, it is probable that the history of that Easter Eve is true; but that a second entrance of the church was attempted by Numerian, who revenged himself when Decius revived the edicts against the Christians, and commenced the seventh persecution in 250, the most universal and the most deadly that had yet raged. Babylas was one of the first victims. Numerian caused him to be arrested, together with three little orphan boys whom he had adopted, aged twelve, nine, and seven years, and tortured them so cruelly that all three died bravely under the torments, and the patriarch immediately after he had been carried back to prison, saying almost with his last breath, 'Behold me, oh Lord, and the children that Thou hast given me!'

The Pope Fabian was another of the foremost victims, and was

buried in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, where his name is still to be read. The history of the Alexandrian persecution is given in a letter from the Bishop Dionysius, which has been preserved by Eusebius. He says that the attacks on the Christians there began a whole year before the edict arrived; the populace, being inflamed by a heathen poet, rose against them, plundered their churches and houses, and began to maltreat them. Dionysius had at first resolved to brave the worst, but he considered himself to have a warning from Heaven to retire into the country, and he did so with a few companions. They were pursued and arrested, and brought to a village called Taposiris, where the people, fancying prisoners must be the robbers with whom they sympathised, made a forcible rescue. Other fugitives were entirely lost in the deserts, or made slaves by the wild Bedouin races, and were never heard of more.

One of these desert fugitives was a young man named Paul. He had been left an orphan with immense wealth at fifteen years old, and was a devout Christian, and eager student, making his home with his sister and her husband. He was twenty-three at the time of the persecution, and the whole family took refuge in a villa in the country. There the young man was warned that his brother-in-law was about to denounce him for the sake of obtaining his wealth. He had already been greatly disgusted by the vices of the society around him, and this treachery completed his hatred of the habits of this wicked world. He sought more for loneliness than for safety. His first refuge was in the Thebaid, the mountainous district that closes up the side of ancient Thebes and the river Nile, and which are full of the marvellous caverned sepulchres of Ancient Egypt, ready, in that dry climate, to afford shelter to the fugitive. Alone with God, apart from the licentious cities and the traitor at his own hearth, Paul rejoiced in his solitude; and when other Christians escaped to the caverns around, he went deeper into the wilderness among the hills. At last he found a cave, once the abode of some coiners of false money in the days of Cleopatra, with a spring of water and a date palm close to it. This was all he needed, his table in the wilderness, and here he remained in prayer and meditation and entire loneliness for full eighty years, when he was found by St. Antony at the point of death, and thus is looked upon as the first of those hermits who fled from the corruptions of the world to strive for their brethren in prayer, and avoid temptation.

At Alexandria itself, a pious old man named Metra, on refusing to blaspheme, was beaten with clubs, pricked with sharp points, and finally stoned. A woman named Quinta was scourged through the streets to the same spot and there likewise stoned. Apollonia, one of the consecrated virgins or deaconesses, had all her teeth broken by blows on the mouth, and then was told that she should be thrown into a great fire, which was kindled before her, unless she would repeat their blasphemies. She shrank for a moment, then sprang

into the flames. A man of the name of Serapion was beaten in his own house till his bones were broken, then thrown headlong from the upper storey.

All this was the work of popular malice let loose, unchecked by the authorities; and when the Imperial edict actually arrived the horrors increased, and were legalised. An old man named Julian, who, from gout, could neither walk nor stand, was, after refusing to sacrifice, placed on a camel's back, scourged through the city, and burnt with a friend who had assisted him on his trial. A soldier who tried to protect them from the insults of the mob was beheaded, together with another soldier, a Libyan by birth, for soldiers and Roman citizens still were spared the worst torments of cruel ingenuity. Scourges and iron scrapers were employed, and then followed burning in a great fire. Thus died two men and four women, one of them the mother of a large family, 'whom' says the Bishop, 'she loved well, but she loved the Lord better.'

Dioscuros, a boy of fifteen, was delivered up, and the judge, pitying his youth, first attempted to move him by persuasion, then by threats, then by tortures; but he was so wise and resolute that at last they were touched and dismissed him.

The magistrates often tried to induce the believers to apostatise, and after the forty years of peace, there were a number of Christians who had never counted the cost as those had done who had embraced the faith in earlier times when danger seemed more imminent. Each tribunal had beside it a little altar with a fire on it, also an image of one of the deities. The prisoner had his choice of sacrificing or of dying. Many failed altogether, and joined in the full heathen rite—these were called *Sacrificati;* others threw a handful of incense on the altar, and were termed *Thurificati;* and a third class obtained from the magistrates, often at a large price, a certificate, falsely declaring them to have conformed to the popular religion. These were the *Libellatici*, and like the others, were viewed by the brethren as lapsed, or fallen.

At Smyrna, the flock had the terrible trial of beholding the denial of the faith by their bishop Eudemon. It was on the feast of their great martyr, St. Polycarp, the angel of the Church who had been faithful unto death, that, as the Christians were celebrating the Holy Eucharist, the priest Pionius, who had been their leader since their bishop's lapse, together with two of his congregation, Asclepiades and Sabina, were arrested, and brought before the magistrate Polemo. The mob were not rabid against the faith as at Alexandria. Pionius, a man of ascetic life, with a pale devout countenance, was greatly esteemed, and Polemo made several efforts to induce the prisoners to save their own lives, and when his persuasions failed, he had them dragged to a temple, where they were shown their bishop, with a wreath upon his head, offering a sacrifice; but his trembling limbs and pale miserable countenance gave no encouragement in following

his example. The prisoners were sent back to their dungeon, and on the arrival of the Proconsul Quintilian, Pionius was condemned to be burnt. 'I hasten to die, Lord,' he said, 'that I may rise with Thee.'

He was nailed to the stake, and the fire was kindled. So still was he that he was thought to be dead, till he opened his eyes, said calmly, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and expired. The fate of his two companions is not known.

Origen, the great writer and commentator, was another victim of the seventh persecution, though he was not actually executed, but died at Tyre in consequence of the tortures that he had undergone.

Another martyr and writer, said to have been a friend of Origen, was Hippolytus, said to have been Bishop of Portus Romanus, the present Ostia, but there is great doubt and uncertainty about his works; only one, 'A Refutation of Heresies,' is extant, and scholars are greatly divided as to whether this is genuine. Otherwise nothing is known of his writings except a few fragments, and references to them. The most notable point is that in his refutation he shows that he did not think Pope Calixtus incapable of error; but everything regarding him is so incapable of proof that there is nothing to build upon.

A Decian martyr found among the Black Letter Saints in our Prayer-book is the maiden Agatha of Catania, in Sicily, a beautiful girl, whose flesh was torn with iron shears before she was burnt. Her acts are on no good authority, and her name was probably retained because hers was a popular festival.

A very strange myth has likewise attached itself to this Decian persecution, namely, the tale of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. They were said to be seven Christian youths, brothers, who, after refusing to adore the idols, withdrew to a cavern in Mount Celion, where, after finishing their provisions, they fell asleep. When they awoke, Malchus, the eldest, ventured into the city to buy some more bread, and was amazed to hear the Holy Name spoken as if there were no danger.

He went to a baker's shop, bought some bread, and offered a coin, at which the baker looked suspiciously, and asked whether he had found a treasure. He was taken to the governor and examined; he mentioned his parent's name and abode, but no one had ever heard of them. He asked where was the persecuting emperor Decius, whose coin he had presented. Dead long ago. The reigning sovereign was Theodosius, the Empire was Christian. Malchus led the governor and the bishop to the cave, where the other brothers sat, believing themselves to have fallen asleep only the day before, instead of more than two centuries ago.

The story was current in the East in the fifth century, and a version of it was introduced into the Koran. To this persecution belongs the beautiful and fairly authenticated anecdote of little

Tarcisius, a boy who was employed to carry the Sacred Elements to prisoners whom the clergy were unable to visit in person, whereas children had free access to them.

He was only seven years old, but when beset in the street by rough lads who demanded why he walked along in silence, with his hands crossed over his breast, he answered not a word to their abuse and violence, and died at last, struck down by a stone just as a Christian was coming to his rescue.

But though there is much fable and legend connected with this persecution, there is also much authentic information through the letters of the great Bishop of Carthage, Thascius Cyprianus. This noted Father of the Church was born about the year 200, of a wealthy family, belonging to the old Punic or Phœnician race, and as Dr. Cave quaintly expresses it, received an 'ingenuous education,' and was trained as a rhetorician, as was the case with many of the distinguished speakers and writers of the early Church. It was the profession open to peaceful men of rank, and though the days were over when the Senate and people were swayed, and State measures decided by eloquence, still there was scope for public speaking in law courts, civil and secular, and advocates were employed almost as at present; besides which, it was with Rome as with America at present, there was no man who might not be raised to the highest position. Eloquent men were constantly training pupils, and such was the occupation of Cyprian till he was far past early youth. He was in his own words, 'floating on a stormy sea, a stranger to the light, and uncertain where to place his foot. I thought,' he continues, 'that what I was then told of the new life was hard and impracticable—that a man should be born again, and casting off his former self, while his bodily nature remained the same, become in soul and disposition another man. How,' said I, 'can such a change be possible?'

He was, however, convinced by a priest named Cæcilian, in honour of whom, at his baptism, he placed the name of Cæcilius between the two original ones. Then he continues, 'When after the stains of my former life had been washed away in the laver of regeneration, light from on high was shed broad on a heart now free from guilt, made clean and pure. When I breathed the breath of Heaven, and was changed into a new man by the second birth, then did that which before appeared so doubtful become most evident. That lay open which before had been darkness, that became easy which was impracticable, so that I could understand how it was that, being born in the flesh, I had lived subject to sin, leading a worldly life, whereas the life I now began to live, was the commencement of a life proceeding from God and quickened by the Holy Spirit.'

The first thing he did was to sell his property and distribute the price to the poor; but there is reason to think that his friends purchased his beautiful garden and restored it to him.

His biographer, Pontius, describes him as at once after his baptism showing himself 'a perfect Christian.' His friend Cœcilian dying shortly after, left him the care of his wife and children, and such was his reputation, that in 247, the flock called for his ordination as a priest, and the next year insisted on his becoming their bishop, the Christian population thronging round his house to prevent his eluding an appointment which was scarcely regular, since both this and his priesthood transgressed St. Paul's word, 'not a novice' or neophyte.

The irregularity, however, led to great troubles. Five priests of the leading Churches at Carthage refused submission to him, and one of them, named Novatus, actually ordained a deacon without reference to the bishop, an unexampled act of schism.

Indeed Cyprian was too uncompromising a ruler to be popular. The prosperity of the Church had allowed worldliness to prevail in a city where the old trading spirit of the Phœnician had never become extinct. Even bishops not only speculated in merchandise, but made voyages for profit, and the ladies were vain and luxurious, painting their cheeks and dyeing their hair. Secularity was the bane of the Church, and Cyprian, therefore, censured strongly the appointment of any of the clergy to be executors or guardians of children as 'drawing priests away from the altar.'

Altogether things were in a lax state, which Cyprian was zealously trying to reform, when the Edict against the Christians appeared. The magistrates sat at the Byrsa, the old citadel, and these worldly Christians came in large numbers to apostatize, while others bought certificates of having sacrificed, as a half measure. The resolute were imprisoned, and generally dealt with secretly, by torture or death, since the public executions were found to excite admiration for the constancy of the martyrs.

Bishops were however specially aimed at, and Cyprian was unpopular, so that there was a cry of 'Cyprian to the lions.' Knowing that his life and talent for administration were valuable to the Church, he held himself bound to accept the permission or injunction of his Master, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.' He went into retirement in the country, but without relinquishing the supervision of his flock, writing frequent letters to them, many of which are preserved, and form a most valuable record of the distresses and perplexities of the time.

His favourite author was Tertullian, whom he often consulted. 'Bring me the master,' he used to say when he wanted to refer to that great man's works. A bishop named Caldonius, less known, and therefore in less peril, watched over the Christians of Carthage in his absence, and corresponded with him.

One great difficulty was respecting such of the lapsed as had repented immediately, or had been surprised into acts of idolatry without fully understanding what they were doing. The rule of the Church was that they should not be received back again to full

communion until after long penance, but there were exceptional cases on which Caldonius consulted Cyprian. One was Bona, a woman who was dragged to the heathen altar by her husband, who held her hands and thus forced her to throw incense, while she cried out, 'It was you, not I, who did it.' She was sent into banishment, and the two bishops rightly thought should be at once restored to the full privileges of a Christian. Cyprian gives in a treatise remarkable accounts of the lapsed which he says came under his own knowledge. One man was struck dumb while pronouncing his apostasy, and a woman was seized with frenzy and died in convulsions. Both these might be physical effects of their horror and anguish of mind, and so might have been the agonies of a little girl who, presenting herself to receive the Holy Eucharist as usual, fell down in misery, and confessed that she had crept into an idol temple and tasted of the sacrifice. A little baby, who had been left at nurse while its parents fled, was brought to the magistrate and fed with wine from an offering. Afterwards when reclaimed by its mother, it turned its face away, and would not partake of the Holy Communion. More wonderful was the story of the lapsed communicant who found the Holy Elements turn to cinders in his hands.

Each case required consideration by itself; but the perplexity was increased by the imprisoned Christians, for whom there was a great enthusiasm, and who were entreated by their lapsed friends not only to pray for their pardon, but to intercede for their absolution. This began innocently, but became a great abuse, for the captives presumptuously issued so-called 'Letters of Peace,' comprising whole families, couched in such terms as these, 'Let such an one, with his friends, be restored to communion.' Some of these letters were thought to be purchased by money.

A man named Lucian, pious but uninstructed, issued a great many of these letters of peace in the name of Paulus, who had died after torture in prison, and of Aurelian, a brave confessor who could not write. He presumed at last to dictate to the bishops as to their reception, treating the sufferings of the martyrs in the light of vicarious endurance, giving them a right to free their brethren. A poet named Commodian had to remind them that their pain was not expiatory.

The persecution slackened enough in 251 for Cyprian to think of returning to Carthage for Easter, sending before him two bishops and two priests as deputies to hold a sort of visitation, and arrange for the relief of the many who had lost everything in the troubles, an allowance to the aged and sick from the Church chest, and tools for workmen. A list was also to be drawn up of all the poor chargeable to the Church, and inquiry made as to their behaviour.

On this Novatus, and his deacon Felicissimus, announced that alms should be given at their church freely and without previous inquiry,

and they also admitted the lapsed to communion on very easy terms. Parties ran so high, and the congregations were in such a tumultuous state, that Cyprian deferred his return till near Pentecost, when he was able to meet a synod of sixty African bishops, by whom a series of decrees for the treatment of the lapsed was drawn up. The circumstances of the fall were to be investigated, and the probation to be longer or shorter accordingly, but a brave confession of faith would cancel the former denial, and in sickness likely to be fatal Communion was to be granted. The synod further, after careful inquiry, excommunicated Felicissimus, who went off to Numidia, and there persuaded five ignorant bishops to consecrate a rival Bishop of Carthage.

Novatus, it is said, afraid of an inquiry into charges against him for deserting his father and his wife, fled to Rome, and there took an entirely fresh line, denying that the Church had any power to absolve any person who had committed an act of idolatry, making friends with a priest of a name most inconveniently like his own, Novatian. This man had been a Stoic, stern and hard, and in the struggle of conversion had gone through such a crisis, that the Christians declared that he had been rent by a demon which was only expelled by baptism when he was apparently dying. He recovered, but had never been confirmed, when in admiration for his ascetic life and zeal in teaching, Pope Fabian had ordained him priest, contrary to the opinion of the other Roman clergy. The Pope who succeeded on Fabian's martyrdom, Cornelius, seems to have had a strong dislike to him, and there were violent and intemperate accusations on either side, when Novatian sternly refused Communion for ever with any who had lapsed.

The Pope himself was declared by the Novatian party to be a libellatic, and though this was false in the ancient sense of the word, it was only too true in the modern one, for he called Novatian an artful and malicious beast—a fool and a perjurer. Novatus most improperly persuaded three bishops from a remote part of Italy to consecrate Novatian a bishop, on which Cornelius declared that they had been intoxicated, and thus had flung into the Church of Rome 'a full-fledged bishop, projected as from a catapult.' Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, argued with this strict party, and his letter tells a touching story of a poor old man named Serapion, who had lapsed, and afterwards deeply repented, but had not been absolved when he was seized with mortal sickness, and was for four days speechless and insensible. On a slight improvement he sent in haste for a priest; but the priest himself was in bed, too ill to come, and therefore sent the Holy Eucharist by the hands of a child. The old man recovered his speech enough to give thanks, received, and expired in peace.

Cornelius also assembled a synod at Rome, where there was a large attendance in spite of the danger, and Novatus and Novatian were

again condemned. The former went off to Africa, and the priests whom he had led away reconciled themselves to the Pope in these words: 'We recognise that Cornelius is a bishop of the very Holy Catholic Church by the choice of Almighty God and of Jesus Christ our Lord. We have been imposed upon by captious speeches; and though outwardly we were in communion with a schismatic and heretic, our hearts clave ever sincerely to the Church.'

Novatus, or the whirlwind, as Cyprian called him, would not yield, and Felicissimus joined him at Rome. Theirs was a schism rather than a heresy, and it led away a certain number of persons inclined to severity in several portions of the Empire.

It called forth from Cyprian a treatise on the One-ness of the Church, speaking of it as a tree with many branches, a fountain of many streams. He also quotes that text in 1 John v. 7, on the Holy Trinity, doubly familiar to us as being in the Epistle for Low Sunday, but not found in the most ancient authorities.

There was a split now between Novatus and Novatian, or rather between the original party of the former, and that which he had later embraced. Felicissimus maintained the over-tolerant practice, Novatian the denial of absolution. The first died out in a few years, the second lasted longer.

The slackening of persecution was owing to the Emperor Decius being summoned to the Danubian provinces. He gained one battle, and then refused the terms of peace they offered him, pursuing them towards the Danube till they turned to bay and fought with desperation. When his eldest son fell, pierced by an arrow, he cried out like a Roman of old, 'Fellow-soldiers, we have lost but one man; let not so small a loss discourage you.' He then rushed into the thickest of the fight, and was soon surrounded and slain, after which his disheartened army was utterly routed.

This was in the year 251, and Gallus was chosen in his place by the army. But the persecution did not wholly cease at Rome, whence Cornelius was banished to Centumcellæ, otherwise Civita Vecchia, where he died, whether by a violent death or not is uncertain. He was buried in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, and when the rage for relics of the saints set in, several portions of his body were bestowed on Churches in Holland and Flanders, thus accounting for the great popularity of his name in those countries.

The Empire was in great suffering during several years. Famine and drought and a frightful pestilence prevailed almost everywhere, apparently a virulent fever, nearly like the plague. Alexandria lost half her population, and at Carthage the panic was excessive, bringing out the contrast between Paganism and Christianity, for many of the heathens either left their friends to perish unattended in the houses, while they themselves fled, or threw the unhappy sufferers out to perish in the streets, so that multitudes of corpses choked the ways, and spread the infection.

The Christians on the other hand came forward to minister to the sick and bury the dead with their own hands, led by their Bishop, who set the example and exhorted them, as well as organising the system of relief for the sick, and burial of the dead, calling on his flock to show that they were indeed the children of the Great Father by imitating His mercifulness. The heathen declared that these visitations were judgments of the gods for the renunciation of their worship; upon which Cyprian put forth a treatise called 'On the Mortality,' in which he quoted the prophecies and warnings of the Almighty that such sufferings were the penalties of vice, cruelty and idolatry; and he also argued—certainly rather prematurely—that the famine and drought were the consequence of the decay and old age of the world itself, where everything in nature was worn out and exhausted, and likewise in human nature. 'The husbandman languishes in the fields, the soldier in the camp, the sailor at sea; honesty sinks in the mart, justice from the tribunal, love from friendship, skill from the arts, and discipline from conduct.'

It was only too true of the Roman Empire; but the great Bishop little foreboded the new life and renovation that was to come through those nations who were then looked upon as the scourges and destroyers of all that was good and civilised. The clay feet of the mighty image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream were crumbling, as the stone smote against them, but it was already growing into the mountain of the Lord's House.

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH AND HIS TIMES.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

II.

THE PROPHETIC OFFICE.

WHAT then were these prophets whose work had so unique an effect upon the history of their country?

The answer is not so simple as it might seem. Many persons, if suddenly asked what is meant by the teaching of the prophets, would at once answer, 'That which is contained in their writings;' and, being further demanded what distinguishes these writings from others not prophetic, would reply that they contained predictions of events which had not yet taken place. Both these ideas are so widely spread, and at the same time so inadequate, that it is perhaps worth while to devote a little space to a better explanation.

Our word *prophet* has undergone so much degradation that the papers speak of a racing prophet, meaning a person who foretells which horse is likely to win the Derby; but both the Greek word from which it is derived, and the original Hebrew and Aramaic words which represent it in the languages spoken by the Jews, have not the meaning of prediction, except secondarily used, from the fact that it often occurred that the prophets *did* predict events which had not yet taken place. But this was not the point of their mission. They were messengers of Jehovah, called to speak His words and deliver His message; and the original idea of a prophet was therefore one who gives utterance to the message with which he has been possessed by God, and that primarily in words, not in writing.

It would be impossible to say that the prophetic office has been confined to the race of Israel, nor should we expect it to be so, considering that the promise especially appropriated by St. Peter on the day of Pentecost was that of a general outpouring upon the Church of the prophetic spirit. Historically, St. Chrysostom, Savonarola, and Catherine of Siena, are all persons who sustain the prophetic office much in the same way as the Hebrew prophets, and others might be added to their number. But at the same time the Jewish race seems to have been specially fitted to produce the typical prophet—the man capable of losing himself in God so that his personal hopes, desires, and wishes are practically annihilated, and yet of keeping control over his own personality.

It is obvious that a man conscious of this mission must stand on a giddy height above the ordinary joys, sorrows, and occupations of the world, which naturally keep men sane and humble, and practically we find a gulf on either side which those who have not fulfilled these two conditions have often fallen into. On the one hand is fanaticism and self-deceit, such as is pourtrayed in George Eliot's clever study of the personage she calls Savonarola, though not justified by the history of the prophet himself; on the other is insanity, temporary or permanent, such as we find in the whirling dervishes, who are a sort of parody of the original prophet, as Mormonism is a parody of Christianity.

Still, this capacity of utter abnegation of self before the Divine impulse is, as we said before, an ideal by no means unknown in the Christian Church, nor in any country or time which has professed itself Christian. Perhaps what characterised the Jewish prophet more especially was that it was less his individual relation to God, or his love for the world generally, that occupied a large place in his mind, than the destiny of his nation with which he identified himself. So much is this the case that in the Psalms it is often difficult to say where the prophet speaks in his own person and where in that of the nation, and where, in speaking of the suffering Servant of God, the original meaning referred to himself, to the nation, or to that dimly-seen Saviour to whose coming all the development of their history pointed.

For there seems to be no fact of Israelite history more obvious than this: that, with their unique monotheism, they had also a unique belief in a national deliverer to come in the future. Whether they saw him under the aspect of a conquering king, or of a beneficent ruler, or of a kindly shepherd, or of the suffering Servant of God whose sufferings were to be the means of the redemption of others, the Messianic hope is always gleaming before the eyes of the Jewish prophets, sometimes faintly, sometimes vividly, but always there. Sometimes he was only the Saviour of the nation, sometimes, with a larger hope, 'in His Name shall the Gentiles trust;' but there was always the future before them associated with a personal deliverer, and it is worthy of notice in reading the prophets how the thought of this personal deliverer seems to be latent where he is not expressly mentioned, and often to come out in side-thoughts rather than direct predictions. Here and there, no doubt, a mistranslation has given a Messianic prophecy where none exists, as in the beautiful mis-reading, 'The desire of all nations shall come'; but this is rarely the case, and few people reading the prophets carefully can avoid confessing that they *did* expect a personal deliverer as an article of everyday faith, and that this, in their deepest depression, and when their national outlook was darkest, did give them 'a future and a hope.'

With this identification with their nation, it was natural that the prophets should be what we should now call ardent politicians. We

find Isaiah straining every nerve to prevent Hezekiah from falling back on the Egyptian alliance in the time of Sennacherib, and as some commentators think, writing on a stone tablet a scornful placard to be read in Jerusalem for ever, that the proper name of Egypt was 'Rahab that sitteth still,' for she would promise help and never perform it—much as the French royalist party in France might have spoken of England in 1793—and in the time of our special period we find an Egyptian and Chaldean party fighting tooth and nail for the mastery of the national destiny, and the internal politics of the kingdom varying with the external ones. But the consciousness of the Divine mission which they bore in their souls lifted the prophets up beyond the vulgarising and time-serving tendency of party politics. As the great Asiatic empires developed, and the neighbouring states either became vassals or were swept out of existence, the question came again and again whether the kingdom of Judah was to choose nominal vassalage, or a hopeless struggle for independence with the fitful assistance of Egypt. As the Assyrian records inform us, the border kingdoms which were vassals to the great empire were constantly plotting revolts, with the assistance of Egypt, of Lydia, of the earlier Chaldean kingdom under Merodach Baladan and his successors. The same picture is drawn for us in Jeremiah's time, and we see that the traditionary policy of the earlier prophets was continued by him. 'Be faithful to Jehovah, and He will protect you; keep your vows of allegiance, and do not be led away into a fatal contest by aspiring to apparent national independence; but aim at something far higher—the destiny of spiritual royalty which God has promised you.' In this position, which study of the history of the surrounding nations now makes it evident that the prophets took, we see an exact parallel to that which, centuries afterwards, the Jews deliberately refused when they rejected our Lord and courted a breach with Rome.

The prophets of the later kingdom, and, indeed, all along the Bible history as far as we can trace them, were ardent patriots; and as on the one side they merged their own will into the Divine will, whose mouthpiece they represented, so on the other they identified themselves with their nation, suffering with it, rejoicing with it, looking forward to its revival after their own death. It may even be said that they repented with their nation of sins in which personally thay had had no share, as the Deliverer of whom they prophesied did of those of the race; and that this wider life and wider sympathy than that of average men brought with it a wider knowledge and a more accurate foresight than mere statesmanship could have given. They saw not only the sickness, but the remedy, and they did not shrink from the remedy, with all its accompanying pain. As early as the time of Hezekiah, Isaiah had seen that the corruption of the nation was so deep-rooted that nothing would save it but some great cataclysm, out of which a 'remnant should return' to shoot out new

boughs from the old stock; and Jeremiah and Ezekiel, living when the catastrophe actually took place, recognised this catastrophe as the only means by which the nation could be purified and worked up into an instrument suitable for the fulfilment of this God-given destiny. Where others would have seen utter destruction, they saw the travail-pangs of the birth of a new and purified Israel.

Whether the accuracy of minor details can be guaranteed or not, is not a question of much importance when such far greater matters were clearly seen; as for example, whether the captivity lasted exactly seventy years or not. Modern research makes the time of actual exile about fifty-six years, unless we count a certain deportation in Jehoiakim's reign; and it seems as if the exiles themselves reckoned from the destruction to the re-building of the Temple. But the true greatness of a prophet is not shown in the accuracy of his foresight of details, but in his insight into principles; and nowhere is this more clearly brought out than in a close study of our present subject, the Prophet Jeremiah.

A GUIDING PRINCIPLE IN ART.

EVERYBODY is probably agreed that in the various artistic pursuits, no degree of excellence can be attained without true feeling and earnestness of purpose; but in painting, in all its branches, these, which may be called 'guiding principles of art,' seem to be absolutely essential to any measure of success, because, owing to the instinctive sympathy between the brain and hand of the artist, and the work produced by their means, any want of interest or of earnestness is immediately felt and shown in his work, and hence it follows that that which was created coldly and without one spark of enthusiasm, can kindle no lively feeling of pleasure in those who view the production. We all know this well, but it may not be useless to consider the subject for a few minutes, and also some of the ways by which dull, commonplace, unmeaning drawings—which can never be called work of a high order—may be avoided.

But first it should be said that the remarks that follow apply chiefly to those who have mastered the technical difficulties of drawing and painting sufficiently to be able to represent, with more or less facility, objects of Nature of any kind that they see, for young beginners must of course master the language by which they will afterwards express themselves.

Let us suppose, then, that the student can draw anything that he sees fairly well—*then* comes in the importance of some guiding principle, of some distinct aim, if he is ever to rise to any high level. What should that guiding principle be? The answer is very short. 'Paint only what you feel, and feel strongly. Paint such subjects only as you care for and that take hold of your imagination, and paint from Nature.' Nature's moods are ever varying; there is no sameness—no lifelessness—no monotony. In Nature are to be seen combinations of colour and of tone—effects and gradations of light and of shadow, that cannot be imagined, but of which something may, in a happy moment, be caught, and then the drawing which effects this—even if only a slight and sketchy one, appeals to those who see it as being a living impression from Nature. The individual caste of mind seems to point out and determine the line the artist will take, and take with the greatest success. In landscape painting some have a great feeling for the beauty of the sky—they delight in painting it under every aspect—to them the return of light in the morning gives exquisite pleasure; the pageant of sunset is a sight they are careful never to miss—not always trying to paint it, but watching and studying the subtle changes, till the glory is gone and

twilight creeps over the sky; the level grey skies of autumn and of early spring are full of beauty to their eyes, while to others the blue unclouded depth of the summer sky, full of light and brightness, presents a charm beyond description. To some, again, the sea has an irresistible attraction, as, for example, to Henry Moore (to mention painters of the present day); or calm water and shipping subjects bathed in intense light, as to Clara Montalba. Or the busy heart of London has its fascination, as to Herbert Marshall; or once more, the peaceful scenes of village life present an endless charm, as to Mrs. Allingham, whose brush speaks so eloquently of the sweet green lanes in springtime and happy cottage homes, nestling in flowery gardens. You feel at once when a picture has been painted with this sort of sympathy, you are conscious of something of the charm that the artist felt and has attempted, however imperfectly, to convey; you see something of what he saw, 'for after all, it all comes to this,' said a great French painter, 'a man must be touched himself in order to touch others; and all that is done from theory alone, however clever, can never attain this end, for it is impossible that it should have the breath of life.' Never paint any subject you do not much care about, because you think it will sell. I strongly believe *that* consideration to be fatal to true art. This is a practical question of course, and one which cannot be ignored, since it is in too many cases a very serious matter; but still it is better, wherever it is possible, to supply the want of money by some honest work—not artistic—rather than do uncongenial and bad pictures in order to meet it. A young English artist, whom we knew in Italy, did house painting and decorating until he had earned money enough to give himself up to the line he cared for. As soon as he had done this he went to Venice, and it was there that we saw his first important picture, the subject of which was a Venetian Fish Market. It was sent to England, was well placed in the Academy, and was sold for £100. Since then he has gone on steadily advancing; but at the beginning of his career, want of means cramped him terribly, and many were the ingenious devices which he had to resort to at that time. But without having thus to take to the extreme measure of house decoration, there are many other ways in which lucrative employment may be had, and I merely mention this case as an instance.

There need be no commonplace drawings—there *ought* not to be such. Everyday subjects, if you will, but treated in a feeling manner. A white dusty road, bordered by poplars, with a cloudless blue sky overhead, with just a figure passing along—I have seen this painted so that one felt absolutely the heat, the glare, the burden of noontide, and something also of the luxury of intense light and warmth—so that what most of us might have thought a most unpromising subject, was painted with such strong and living feeling, that the memory of the scene represented has fixed itself in the

recollection with all the vividness of actual experience. The same thing applies to figure painting. No face is altogether plain. If you want to paint a head, and your sitter, somehow, seems to you devoid of attraction, do not attempt to begin, it would only be a poor portrait or study, for you cannot convey more than you yourself see. Change the position, or the light, try to talk on some subject to awaken interest, and sooner or later you are almost sure to see some look, some little trait of character—some characteristic movement or attitude, which, if you can successfully seize it, painting the whole in broadly, and keeping the masses unbroken, in true relation one to the other, will probably lead to a very lifelike and suggestive portrait. There ought to be some sort of sympathy between you and your sitter, some sort of liking or interest, or it will be very hard, indeed, almost impossible, for you to give a fine representation of him. And one word on the common error of being satisfied with a portrait, if the mere shape of the features and the colouring are accurately portrayed. A portrait should be *much* more than that. A photograph, if at all a good one, shows the mere outside form; but a portrait should give some impression of the character, some transitory expression of the countenance, some momentary look in the eyes. If you have got this, you have got something beyond the mere outside appearance of the face; for example, the face, lighted up by fine or kindly thought, and full of suggestions of mental power, or of goodness, or sweetness of character.

Such portraits are, of course, rare, but those who paint portraits should aim at nothing lower; and if artists worked more in this spirit there would be fewer of those depressing representations where the eye is caught and detained by the strongly accentuated details of millinery or dress, so that the head is almost the last thing to be looked at, and where, when finally you do arrive at it, too often the face expresses absolutely nothing whatever. There was a portrait, only last year, by a well-known artist, of a gentleman dressed in a grey check, or plaid suit; the pattern of the check was done in a most painstaking manner—it was very difficult to see anything else, the face I have forgotten, but that suit of clothes—never! What a contrast this, to Rembrandt's well-known portrait of a Jewish Rabbi in the National Gallery! There is an inexhaustible charm and living interest about that picture, with its pale thoughtful face that looks at one half-sadly, with dreamy eyes, from beneath the shadow of the sombre cap. There is the mellow tone of time over this wonderful painting; but it is the expression of the face, above all else, that arrests the attention and makes one think and marvel and return over and over again to it, as if spell-bound. In portrait painting the head should always be of chief importance; never over-finish details. 'Keep this kind of work to the last,' is the advice of an American artist of note; 'your friends will certainly remind you of it; the want of a button or an eyelash never goes unnoticed.'

Everybody who has painted much and under strong feeling knows how much excitement there is when trying to express something which has taken powerful hold of the imagination. In general, work done under this strong feeling is the best. Many of us will remember a splendid portrait by Mr. W. Richmond, of Holman Hunt—exhibited some years ago at (I think) the Grosvenor—it was painted in eight hours. As a rule the best work is quickly done; but there are, no doubt, exceptions, caused by differences of temperament, still the true artistic spirit is the same in all; when roused it is like a flame, it burns brightly, it is impatient of interruption, it spends itself, dwindles down, and goes out.

If we adopt as our own the guiding principle of painting solely what we feel, our work can never be spoken of as meaningless, for it will try to express, however imperfectly, *something*, some leading artistic thought, some strong sympathy with that view of Nature, whatever it may be, that we represent. This, then, is the chief cure and preventive of soulless pictures; but there is another thing that is a great help, and that is to keep the mind well stored, by reading the fine thoughts of others, and studying as much as possible the works of great masters—noting how they treated this or that subject. The American artist, Mr. Hunt, whom I have before quoted, used to insist strongly on this with his pupils. To one who was drawing a mass of drapery, he remarked, in his own original way of saying things, 'You can't do a fine thing without having seen fine examples. I should like to see Adam draw that drapery, he'd slip up, you know he would!' And the cultivation and storing of the mind is quite as important. Samuel Palmer, whose etchings, though few in number, rank very highly, was in the habit of carrying always about with him a small copy of Milton—a poet he delighted in—and he also constantly studied his favourite Latin classical authors. His own work is embued with poetry. Hamerton says, in speaking of him, that his thoughts are pure poetry, and come to him from that rich realm of the imagination which the poets only can find at all, and which *they* find everywhere. It is told of Samuel Palmer, that he used to wander all through the summer nights from sunset to dawn, and the result of that intimate knowledge and insight into the mysteries of Nature is seen in his beautiful etchings, 'The Early Ploughman,' 'The Morning of Life,' 'Sunrise,' 'The Full Moon.' They are full of the most beautiful thoughts.

Millet, too, the French painter, whose simplicity of life and devotion to what he felt most deeply, has given to the world pictures that must always raise and ennoble, refreshed himself in his spare moments with Virgil's poems, which, from the time when he first came across them as a boy, exercised a great fascination over him. So very much is to be learnt from Millet's life, and it so exactly sums up the subject under consideration, that I hope a few words about him, and the principles which guided him as an artist, and the manner

in which he looked on Nature, will not be out of place as an illustration of what has been said.

Millet was a wonderfully gifted man, and appears to have been as true a poet as he was painter, though he expressed his thoughts, not by words, but by his paint brush; and in this way spoke eloquently to the hearts of all, as those who have seen his pictures can testify. He came of a race of peasants, but they were men of no common order. His father was of a refined, thoughtful, and very musical temperament; his grandmother, who lived with them and who loved little Millet as if he were her own child, was a woman full of deep religious feeling, and there must have been unconscious poetry in her nature also. She used to rouse the boy in the morning by saying to him, 'Wake up, my little François, you don't know how long the birds have been singing the glory of God'—words which would strike one as most unusual in the mouths of our good Hampshire village grandmothers, whose mode of awakening would more likely be, 'Out with you, you young lazy lie-a-bed.' With Millet's grandmother religion was mixed with the love of Nature, and everything that was beautiful in Nature or terrible or difficult to understand, she looked on reverently as the work of the Creator, to Whose will she bowed. Millet learnt Latin from the Curé of the little village where they lived, and we are told that when first he read Virgil's words, 'It is the hour when the great shadows descend into the plain,' the poet's nature in the child was deeply moved, and he could not put down the book. He used to talk to the good Curé of the thoughts that the sky and sea awoke in him, who would answer: 'Ah! poor child, you have a heart that will give you trouble one of these days, you don't know how much you will have to suffer.' There is no need to dwell upon Millet's life in detail; but suddenly, when about eighteen, he began to draw, though he had hitherto lived the life of a peasant, working daily in the fields. His father took two of his drawings to an artist at Cherbourg to know if his son had talent enough to earn his living 'by the business,' as he expressed it, and the artist could with difficulty be brought to believe that the lad had done them unaided; but when finally convinced, Millet's future career was settled. Sensier, who wrote Millet's life, says that he knows one of those same drawings well, and that it is like a sketch by an old master. The subject was a remarkable one to have been chosen for the first drawing of a young peasant, and yet it is what we might expect from a nature like Millet's. It represented the parable from St. Luke's Gospel, where a man is seen coming out of a house and giving bread to another, who accepts it eagerly; overhead is the starry night sky, and underneath Millet had written in Latin the words from St. Luke: 'Though he will not rise and give to him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.' During the time that Millet lived in Paris, and, in order not to

starve, had to paint subjects that the Parisian world would buy, his greatest powers were not shown. In vain he tried pictures of the subjects he loved; nobody would buy them, and he had to paint classical subjects and nude figures, though these he transformed by the touch of his genius and his pure mind. At last the turning-point of his life and artistic career came, when he had to leave Paris during the Revolution of 1849. At Barbizon, near the forest of Fontainebleau, where he went for a few weeks and stayed all the rest of his life, he found his real dream lying before him, and his true greatness began. From that time he spoke a language hitherto unheard in art.

The echo of country life, its toil, its anxiety, its misery, its peace, all this he knew how to express, he knew how the trivial can be made to serve the sublime, and how something noble can be evolved from the commonest acts of life. Hear what he writes at this time to his friend Sensier: 'If you could but see how beautiful the forest is. I rush there at the end of the day, after my work, and come back every time crushed—it is so calm, there is such a terrible grandeur that I feel myself really awed.' In another place: 'If I had to paint a forest, I would not want to remind people of emeralds or of a box of jewels, but to make them feel the green depths and the gloom which have such power over the heart of man.' One more extract from a letter in which Millet speaks of a shepherd in the fold at night, as it shows how intensely he felt and longed to make others feel through his pictures the wonderful beauty of Nature. He says: 'Oh! how I wish I could make those who see my work feel the splendours and the terrors of the night—one ought to be able to make people hear the songs and the silence and the murmurings of the air. They should feel the infinite. Is there not something terrible in these lights that rise and disappear century after century?' In his well-known picture, called 'The Angelus,' he tried to give the impression of music—he wanted the sounds of the country and even of the church-bells to be heard, and his pleasure was great, when on showing the just completed picture to his friend Sensier, and asking him what he thought of it, and what he imagined the subject to be, Sensier replied at once, 'It is the Angelus, I hear the bells.' This picture, and the 'Sower,' are perhaps among the first or, at any rate, the best known of all Millet's most beautiful and imaginative works, yet how seldom is a painter of great originality understood or appreciated at first; his talent was far from being taken at its true value until quite the latter part of his life. He had great difficulty in finding purchasers for his finest works, and endured great poverty in consequence.* One of his most important pictures, 'Death and the Woodcutter,' was refused a place by the committee of the

* Since these words were written, a sale has taken place in Paris, at which the picture of the Angelus was bought by the authorities of the Musée de France, for the sum of £22,120.

Salon; but this injustice seems to have roused his pride. He said to Sensier, 'They want to force me into their drawing-room art—to break my spirit. No, I was born a peasant, a peasant I will die. *I will say what I feel.*' It is all summed up in those words. He said the most beautiful things in his pictures, and the world is all the richer for the silent yet eloquent thought that he has left behind him.

Reflections on the life of Millet has led me, I fear, too far astray; but I think we must all recognise the fact that, if we want a corrective to the temptation of painting pretty drawing-room sort of pictures, it lies here in his example, and in his painting. Let us remember his words: 'All art is a language, and a language is made to express thoughts,' so that some governing thought or artistic idea must underlie any great work in painting. But as it is unfortunately not given to all of us to view the world, as Millet did, with the eyes of a poet, how can we produce what is good in its own more humble degree? The answer is, By getting your inspiration, of whatever kind it is, direct from Nature. For instance, suppose you want to do a simple little sketch of a sunny landscape with the sea in the distance, take time, first of all, to consider well wherein lies what seems to you the charm of the scene, and then, when you have made up your mind on that point, try and render it broadly and strongly. The chief features would probably be the sunlit, smiling look of the landscape, with the sea shining like silver in the far distance, and clouds all light and broken, as if at play, as Shelley has expressed it—

'The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay.
It seemed as if the hour were one,
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.'

See how those lines seem to put one in sympathy with such a scene! Well, you would be careful to preserve the broad charm of light, by not breaking it up too much, through elaborating all the objects you see, indicating rather than making much of all the details of trees, etc., in the middle distance, and leaving out some things, for one has to learn how to leave out and select. Then, next, you would be watchful to note down anything calculated to help the poetical effect of the scene, such as the passing shadows from the clouds overhead; and it is a golden rule to try and do a thing right at once, not trusting for your effect to re-touchings or washings: there is a force and vitality in a first sketch from Nature which after work rarely has. If you render a landscape from Nature in this way, you are almost sure to find that you have got something of the charm of the real scene, even if it be but a 'small something.' If you are going

to try the view from memory, look well at it in the way that has been described, and go and paint it in while the impression is still fresh in your mind. It is good to draw from memory, as has been observed: 'The value of memory lies in the fact that so much is forgotten'—meaning that the broad features are in this way preserved, while little details, which would spoil the effect, are unconsciously left out. The same advice applies equally to figure painting. Settle what are the leading characteristics, or where the strongest light and shadow falls on your model, or where are the masses of light and shade in the group you are going to paint, and then do your work as quickly and simply as you can before you lose the force of the impression.

'It's the way you look at a thing makes the picture, not the paint or the way the paint is put on.' Never paint from anybody who, as a great favour, will kindly condescend to give you a few sittings. It is hard enough at any time with a willing model; but avoid a 'persuaded sitter.' Mr. Hunt says that he never could paint even a cat, if the cat had any scruples—religious superstitions or otherwise—and I am sure he is right.

Some artists see the funny side of everything, and the curious ways and habits of animals delight them. Let such paint them by all means. It is the old principle again: 'Do what you feel, and like, and understand.' We knew an artist in Florence who painted chiefly animals, and in a delightful manner. His wife told us many interesting things of the odd power he had over all animals, making them obey him and do what he wished with ease, when others managed them with difficulty. I remember a picture of buffaloes on the Campagna, another of beautiful white oxen thrashing out the corn in a little village on the hills near Rome, a shepherd boy with his flute, keeping a flock of goats on the mountain side, and playing, as he lay under the light flickering shade of an olive tree; and also a very striking picture of a group of wild Campagna ponies, crowding together during a storm on the bare plain. In all these pictures the expression of the animals was wonderful; one felt the thorough understanding the artist had had with their very natures. He had not only represented their outward appearance, but their individual characters; and he managed somehow to awaken one's own sympathy with the slow, patient oxen, and with the wild, untamed spirit of these horses that lead a half wild existence on the Campagna. It is a splendid thing to do whatever one undertakes very well, whatever the sort of work may be. And how can we do this unless we follow the line Nature intended for us! Look at the old masters; for example, Fra Angelico, whose spirit never tired of painting the beauty of holiness, the companies of the blessed, the saints and angels. He painted what he loved, and therefore his work is beautiful. His powers seem to have reached their highest point in his well-known picture of Paradise. It is a beautiful vision of joy and brightness, where, in a garden, glowing angels, crowned with

flowers, welcome and embrace the newly-arrived spirits, where friends long parted meet again, where all is splendour, brightness, and love.

It is a great example of the power of spirit and imagination. No one who looks at that picture, I imagine, ever thinks of criticising the drawing of the figures which in Fra Angelico's work is sometimes weak and faulty; the power of the vision he shows us quite dazzles us, and silences any thoughts but those of wonder and admiration. On the other hand, his pendant to the 'Paradise,' 'The Last Judgment,' is far below it in power, and naturally so, for the mind of Fra Angelico was not one to conjure up scenes of gloom and horror. It would have been a most distasteful and painful subject for his mind to dwell upon, and the painting, compared with the 'Paradise,' is so inferior, that Sir Charles Eastlake did not consider it to be entirely by his hand.

Again, the Dutch artists would seem to have enjoyed the rustic dances and the domestic and drinking scenes which they painted so well; and, coming down to our own days, could anything be more opposite in character than Burne Jones or Rossetti's pictures and those by Frith? Yet each has followed the instinct and natural bent of his mind; and Frith, in that autobiography of his, which we have probably all read, disarms criticism when he honestly says that he knows he could never have been a *great* painter, in the full sense of the word. He strikes one as being a very sensible man, for (recognising his own limitations) he has made himself a name in the particular class of pictures which he felt he could paint successfully, such as 'The Derby Day,' 'The Railway Station,' etc., paintings which have been enormously popular with the majority of the picture-seeing public.

The examples one might name are endless. If more were needed to enforce the truth of what has been said, viz., that true greatness in anything can be attained only by following the line intended for us by Nature, and by expressing only what we *feel*, and *understand*, and *love;* but enough has been said. There is no royal road to success in painting; but there is a right road to be taken, and along that straight road of earnest feeling we ought each one of us to travel.

It leads to success; but though we may not all attain to that bright end, from various difficulties in our lives or characters, at least we shall be full of enjoyment all the way. Beautiful thoughts, like flowers, grow on either side of the path, and refresh us. The noble achievements of those greater than ourselves, who have gone along that road before us, throw, like trees, their grateful shade around us; and the path, though steep, we know to be the right one, for it springs from sympathy, and in the end it leads to sympathy; and who shall say that that is not 'success?'

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

II.

WHEN a warning or lesson has to be conveyed, even in our own day, it is more prudent to do so indirectly than with brutal frankness. Much more was this the case in early times, when the hint had to be given by an inferior. The reproof could not safely be addressed to a monarch, but it might be conveyed through one given to a lion.

Born in the East, the fable soon passed into the West, and the Latins taught that it had been invented by Mercury, and by him revealed to Æsop. The Middle Ages delighted in fable and allegory, and very soon we find it quite at home in France, where the 'Ysopet' (little Æsop) became the recognised name for a collection of such tales. The most remarkable of the 'Ysopets' is by Marie de France, and she tells us that it was written 'for the love of Count William'—probably William Longsword. Marie lived in England during the reign of Henry III., and though called 'de France,' seems to have been born in Flanders. Most of her 'lais' are taken from Breton sources; her 'Bisclaveret,' a terrible werwolf tale, and several others, have been translated of late years. These lais are a link between the earlier fabliaux and the famous beast-epic of 'Reynard the Fox'—a very piquant and cynical allegory, not meant for real foxes—

'Pour renard qui gelines (hens) tue,
Qui a la peau rousse vêtue,
Qui a grand' queue et quatre pieds,
N'est pas ce livre commencé.
Mais pour celui qui a deux mains,
Dont ils sont dans ce siècle mains (many),
Qui ont la chappe Faux Semblant
Vêtue, et por ce vont emblant (getting)
Et les honneurs et les châteaux.'

'Reynard' is the protest of intelligence against brute force—the epic which celebrated the triumph of the weak over the strong—a satire of all the ruling classes at a time when the mighty and high-born had things all their own way, and as such it was hailed with enthusiasm by all who were not lucky enough to belong to the upper ten thousand. No one knows the exact origin of this poem, or its date; but Fauriel supports with his great authority the theory that it belongs to France rather than Flanders or Germany. Certainly nearly all the names used, even in the very early Latin version, are

French: we have Chante-clair the cock, Thibert the cat (the origin of all the Tibs), Belin the sheep, Roussel the squirrel, Verdeau the paroquet; and it was well-known to the French people at least as early as the 12th century, for, in A.D. 1113, when Laon revolted against its bishop, the crowd shouted out, 'Isengrin, Isengrin!' designating him by the name of the wolf in 'Reynard.' Fauriel even thinks that the first copies of the poem were written in Rustic Latin as early as the eleventh century, but there is no manuscript remaining of this date.

The leading characters in 'Reynard' are the Fox and the Wolf, and the poem begins by an account of their creation—

'Lorsque Dieu eut de paradis
Adam et Ève dehors mis,
Pour ce qu'ils avaient trépassé
Ce qu'il leur avait commandé,
Pitié le prit et leur donna
Une baguette, et leur montra,
Lorsque de rien (something) besoin auraient,
De la verge en mer frapperaient.
Adam prit la verge en sa main,
En mer frappa devant Evain.
Sitôt que la mer eut féri,
Une brebis lors en jaillit.
Lors, dit Adam, Dame, prenez
Cette brebis, et la gardez. . . .
Evain en son cœur pourpensait
Que s'elle encore une en avait,
Plus belle serait la compagnie.
Elle a la baguette saisie:
En la mer frappa rudement.
Un loup en saute, la brebis prend. . . .
Quand Ève vit qu'elle a perdue
Sa brebis s'elle n'est seccourue,
Elle cria fortement, Ha! ha!
Adam la verge repris a.
Frappe en la mer en murmurant—
Un chien en saut hâtivement.'

The dog recovers the sheep, but Eve will not profit by the lesson, though every time she uses the rod, a harmful animal hops out, and thus the fox was born. Already woman ceases to be honoured in French literature, while in Teutonic, more and more respect is paid to her. Presently we find the Fox cited before Noble, the Lion, to answer for a fearful catalogue of misdeeds, which he is far too wise to deny, seeing that the evidence is overpowering. Instead, he volunteers a general confession, much on the lines which he takes later when seeking absolution from his nephew and confessor the Badger, who observes that it strikes him Reynard is confessing the sins of other people, whereas he has plenty of his own and much more to the purpose, to relate. His rapine and greed, indeed, he owns, had been the more unpardonable that he was vastly wealthy. On that, Noble eagerly asks where he has this treasure? 'I stole it,' the Fox replies; 'but had I not done this, your life would have been

in danger.' This time it is the Lioness who interrupts, imploring him to tell everything, and say whether he had averted any conspiracy. Reynard has already made an important step; he is no longer a mere common criminal, with the gallows waiting for him, but the accuser of others, and wealthy! He has become a personage of mark. Now he proceeds to denounce Brun the bear and Isengrin the wolf, as plotting to depose the king; tells how day and night he watches to detect and defeat their treason; how he finally lit upon and hid the treasure which they used for their evil purposes; yet now 'the Lord Isengrin and the traitor Brun are the king's privy councillors, and poor Reynard must shortly die!' On the contrary, he is made chief butler to the king, and obtains leave to atone for his sins by going on pilgrimage, with shoes made out of the skin of the wolf and bear.

'Here is a pilgrim,' says Noble to his chaplain, Belin the ram; 'read a prayer over him, and give him his wallet and staff.' 'Sire, I dare not; Reynard has owned that he is under the Pope's ban.' But seeing the king's anger rising, the complaisant chaplain hastens to add, 'In ecclesiastical matters I never reason as to whether a thing be right or wrong; only guarantee me from blame from the bishop and dean.' 'I have not asked anything from you these six months,' retorts the king, 'and rather than beg again, I would see you hung!' Then Belin trembled, and made haste to prepare the altar, and read and sang all which seemed fit to him for the occasion.

The audacious tone of this epic with regard to ecclesiastical matters is most remarkable. Elsewhere we find Reynard eating his confessor, who is a kite (other versions give him the badger), and in a very early manuscript we have the excommunication of the Fox by Archbishop Timers (and mark that Timers is an ancient nickname corresponding to Neddy, or Cuddy, for an ass):—

'S'est de ses habits revêtis;
Avec lui eut deux de ses fils.
Cloches, cierges et bénetier
Ils avaient pour excommunier
Renard avec sa compagnie.
Timers bien haut l'excommunie.
Pendant ce temps cloches sonnaient,
Et jusque-là cierges brûlaient.
Alors fit les cierges éteindre:
C'était pour mieux Renard contraindre,
Et, pour qu'il en fût en pire état,
Chanta *Amen, fiat, fiat!*
Cela fait, retourne en arrière,
Car il ne sait autre assaut faire.
Et Renard en moquant s'écrie:
Que ferai-je? On m'excommunie;
Manger ne pourrai-je plus de pain
Si je n'ai appetit ou faim;
Et mon pot bouillir ne pourra
Tant que le feu ne sentira.'

What insolent mockery! Rabelais could hardly equal, certainly not outdo it. Again, what a daring tirade against the nobles, when Thibert the cat, hunted by gentlemen, harangues them from a tree while they pelt him: 'Ye all live but by spoil, yet think ye are made of finer clay than other men. But not among you did God choose apostles; it was low-born churls that He took to be with Him on earth. Rightly doth Scripture call ye falcons,' and so on, with passionate declamation, until the diatribe ends with, 'Ye mock the labourer, and rob him at your will; but after death the angels will bear him before the King of kings, who will give him honourable greeting. As for you, you will go into hell fire!'

As for mediæval miracles, we have Copée, the pious hen, who died a martyr, slain by Reynard; and Isengrin, lying on her tomb, is cured of ear-ache. This and other miracles are sworn to by Rogue the dog, who volunteers to bite any who question them. Reynard, to expiate his crime, offers again to go on pilgrimage, but King Noble hastily declines, saying—

'Quand reviendrait, il serait pire.
Car beaucoup cet usage tiennent
Qui boue y vont, mal en reviennent.'

According to one version, the renown of Reynard becomes so great that the Templars and Knights Hospitallers dispute violently which shall have him as their general. The quarrel is carried before the Pope, who bethinks him of the judgment of Solomon, and suggests dividing Reynard between them. Reynard is equal to the occasion, and amends the proposal by offering to belong to both orders, wearing a robe which on one side shall be that of the Templars, on the other that of the Knights Hospitallers; on one side his beard shall grow, on the other be shaven. 'Thus,' says he, 'I shall govern both orders well.' So was it done; and thus did Maître Reynard become both Knight Templar and Knight of St. John, and ever since he has ruled them well, and much wealth has come to them. The irony is too patent to need comment. 'Reynard the Fox' is in fact a great mediæval satire of feudal society. No one is spared: nobles, vassals, clergy, even the Pope himself, ordeal by battle, sieges, pilgrimages, love—all are mocked at and derided; and Reynard, after all his scandalous adventures, dies peacefully and greatly honoured in his fortress of Maupertuis. There is a Flemish branch of the epic; but we may safely conclude that this audacious satire, which not only lashes what was amiss, but belittles all that was most respectable, could only have been born in France. The satire, however, is for all times; and so capable is its crafty hero, so courageous and assured of himself, that, in spite of all his catalogue of crimes, he extorts a kind of admiration from us, though he is guilty of every kind of misdeed. Indeed, he occasionally carries us away so far as to sympathise with him. No doubt Isengrin and Brun were big, brutal Front-de-Bœufs,

who cried out a great deal louder about what they suffered at his hands than did all their victims put together; and then, though he did certainly kill and eat his guest, Lampe the hare, the temptation was really too strong.

'Lampe tried me too much; he jumped hither and thither
Right under mine eyes, and his plump person pleased me.
I forgot how I loved him!'

And so should we, no doubt! There is something terribly demoralising in 'Reynard.'

We know this epic best nowadays through the version which Goethe made of it, when he wanted to turn away his thoughts from the uproar of public events which followed the execution of Louis XVI. His poem is full of wit, and keeps a great deal of the character of the original, though necessarily omitting some parts, and softening down its coarseness. Edifying reading it can never be, but as a picture of old times, from a cynic's point of view, it is invaluable.

There are numerous collections of fabliaux belonging to the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, gay and often graceful, rarely pious. They do not by any means suggest the idea that the middle ages were ages of faith, any more than 'Reynard' does, though we must not take their style of dealing with holy things as an absolute proof of either incredulity or irreverence. These stories were, we must repeat, intended to be told, not read, and the narrator's first business was to amuse; if he did not amuse, no one would listen. No irreverence is intended in the fabliau which relates how a certain pious woman daily recommended her cow to the keeping of a saint—

'Disant: "Sire Saint Nicolas,
Que ma vache ne tombe aux las (snares).
Du loup, d'autre mauvaise beste.
Veuillez lui aider, Saint Sylvestre,
Saint Dominique, Saint François!"
Tous les jours le disait ensçois (thus).
Quand la vache hors était menée,
Un saint donnait la destinée,
Et quand chaque jour revenait
Saine et sauve, grant joie menait
La bonne femme et son mari.'

But one morning the cow was sent out recommended to all the saints, and it came to pass that, as each saint trusted to another, 'de maux loups fut-elle étranglée.' The saints are only brought in because in the middle ages they were the companions and neighbours of every one, the familiar friends of every family—perhaps once more we find familiarity breeding a spice of contempt—watching at night while the household sleep, helping the husband at his toil, the wife as she spins. But to get this personal assistance from them, each person must necessarily have his special patron, as the old fable says—

'La prière plus singulière
Est plus entrant et plus plenière.'

The story of St. Peter and the Jongleur is grotesque, and to modern feeling highly irreverent; but those who heard it only felt that St. Peter had admirably outwitted Lucifer, and that the conclusion was entirely satisfactory. 'Minds at that time were coarse and ignorant,' observes Saint-Mare Giradin, in his excellent lectures on Lafontaine and the Fabulists; 'they could not have a very elevated notion of the marvellous, and accordingly their idea of God and the saints was coarse and low. Only they gave the saints the upper hand in everything, even in those most contrary to our idea of saintliness. Their saints fought, but they always were the stronger; they drank, but only good wine, changing, if need were, what was bad into what was excellent; and what was more, they could drink deep without getting drunk. They gambled, indeed, but they always won. The middle ages treated the saints as ancient times treated their heroes, not giving them the qualities which in our eyes are the attributes of a hero, but those which that time valued most, and which won glory and power; a hero was one who did astonishingly well what others did middlingly. Heroism meant superiority. It was the same with the saints in the middle ages, and this is why, when St. Peter played and diced with the Jongleur, he necessarily won the game.'

Some of the fabliaux are delightfully graceful and witty. 'The Wolf keeping Lent,' suggests Lafontaine's sly piquancy. 'A wolf, desiring to do penance for his sins, vowed to eat no flesh from Septuagesima to Easter. Some days later, seeing a fat sheep browsing on the edge of a forest, "Oh, how willingly would I eat that sheep," he said, "if my vow did not oblige me to fast! And he is alone! If I do not look to him, some passer-by will carry him off. It would be more right for me to eat mutton than salmon; a salmon is more delicate food, and would sell dearer in Lent." Thereupon he took the sheep and ate him, having ingeniously proved that in point of fact this was an economical and self-denying action.' In another fabliau we find Isengrin making the same kind of vow; but, meeting a sheep, he exclaims, 'Salmon, heaven keep you!' The sheep protests that he is the son of a sheep, and cannot swim, to which the wolf returns, 'That does not concern me. By St. Siquart, you seem to be a salmon, and as salmon I shall eat you' (*et dont entier devorerai*).

Clément Marot is one of the latest fabulists, and his version of the Lion and the Rat is much more picturesque than the same story in Lafontaine. The Rat, set free by the Lion—

> 'Met à terre un genouil gentement,
> Et en ostant son bonnet de la teste,
> A mercyé mille fois la grant' beste,
> Jurant le dieu des souris et des rats
> Qu'il luy rendrait . . . .'

And he keeps his word, setting to work to gnaw the meshes of the net in which, by-and-by, he finds the Lion entangled.

'Secouru m'as fort lyonneusement;
Or, secouru seras rateusement,'

two delightful words which seem to have been created expressly for the circumstances by Marot. We grow quite attached to his lion when we find him amid all his danger thinking for the rat, and saying, 'Va te cacher, que le chat ne te voye!' and how terse is the moral:

'Nul plaisyr, en effet,
Ne se perd point, quelque part il soit faict.'

Plaisyr here means 'service.'

The contrast between this early French literature and that of other nations at the same time is very remarkable. There seems no link between the 'Roman du Renart' and the 'Chansons de Gestes,' and the 'Niebelungen,' or the Romancers of Spain, and still more remote is such fiction as we then had in England. There is nothing of the gloom of Germany, the fierce energy of England, the picturesqueness of Spain; and when the fabliaux pass into prose romance, to our great surprise, we get long-winded tediousness. Towards the end of the 12th century, allegory became very popular, indeed, it must have been an actual craze, both in France and England, when Stephen Langton could begin a sermon by quoting as the text—

'Belle Aliz matin leva,
Son corps vêtit et para,
En un verger elle entra,
Cinq fleurettes y trouva,
Un chapelet fait en a
De roses fleuries.
Pour Dieu! sortez-vous de là,
Vous qui n'aimez mie——'

and find in the little love-song an elaborate allegory applying to the Virgin Mary.

The typical allegorical romance of the middle ages is the 'Roman de la Rose,' a terribly long versified story in over twenty-two thousand verses, telling how the hero dreamed of a rose in an orchard, into which he enters, admitted by Dame Oiseuse, who leads him to the Palace De'duit (pleasure), where he finds Love, Courtesy, Youth, etc., dancing and singing. Dangier, who is not Danger, but rather Guardian, drives him away; however, Bel Acceuil leads him back, and he is permitted to see and kiss the rose. After this, we find Shame and Jealousy interposing, and he is driven out again. This part of the poem is written by Guillaume de Loris, who was a contemporary of St. Louis, and was evidently saturated with Provençale poetry. The allegory is dull enough, but the descriptions are lovely. Jean de Meung continued the 'Roman de la Rose' in quite another style; his contemporaries said that he had de-flowered the rose which he handled. Instead of the troubadour spirit, we have free-thinking invectives, satire, erudition, immorality and tedious-

ness. At the best, the 'Roman de la Rose' is wanting in poetry, at the worst it is insufferably dull and coarse. Its influence however was so great and lasting that Gerson, one of the many claimants set up by later times for the honour of having written the 'Imitation of Christ,' composed a treatise against it in the 15th century, characteristically however admiring the learning heaped pell-mell into it by Meung. However dull and unpleasing the romance may be in our eyes, we may fairly conclude that both it and 'Reynard' offered something which was in harmony with their own time, and reflect the moral tone of their age, as in no other way can we explain their enormous popularity and long survival. With them we see French literature, properly so-called, beginning to take shape. The feudal stories about Charlemagne and Roland and Alexander, and the Arthurian legends had something large—European, so to say—in them, but now we begin to get narrower limits, a tone of free-thought, of opposition, *l'esprit frondeur*, in short, witty and prosaic, with little love of nature, little belief in woman, clear and ingenious rather than lofty and ideal, easily appreciated and eminently practical. If Provençe and Languedoc had had fair play, they might have leavened this *terre-à-terre* spirit, while it might have given their literature just the backbone which it wanted; but in their palmy time, the troubadours fell asleep on the flowers of their sweet clime, intoxicated with their own sweet harmony; they talked and sang a great deal and acted very little; and, finally, religious persecution crushed the South, and the *Langue d'oui* reigned triumphant.

We must not forget that among these Provençal poets was Cœur de Lion, and that of their school was Thibault of Champagne, whose lais and virelais were written to celebrate both the Blessed Virgin and Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis—it is not at all easy to know whether he meant them for one or both—that Blanche, whom Shakespeare praises so magnificently in *King John*, and whom Thibault calls *La Blanche couronnée*. A third was the ferocious Bertrand de Born, the friend and evil counsellor of the eldest son of Henry II.; in fact, the family dissensions which broke the heart of that monarch were greatly his work. He is only too characteristic of his time, a mixture of the strangest opposites—grossness and tenderness, treachery and fidelity, cruelty and mercy; and it is equally characteristic that he died a monk renowned for sanctity. This does not however save him from the terrible judgment of Dante, who meet him carrying his head *lantern-wise*, and the phantom lips speak to say that he is Bertrand de Born—

> 'Who gave King John
> The counsel mischievous. Father and son
> I set at mutual war.'

The lady whom he first celebrates is Elinor Plantangenet, sister of

Cœur de Lion, who seems to have been very proud of the homage thus rendered to her.

Among the illustrious captives of Agincourt we find a royal poet, whom we must not omit in any sketch of early French literature—Charles d'Orléans. For twenty-five years he remained a captive, and his return to France was followed by new misfortunes. Withdrawing into private life, he wrote poetry and befriended men of letters, giving a great impulse to literary activity. Yet his poetry was entirely forgotten until the Abbé Saliers, keeper of the royal manuscripts, chanced to light on a copy, and found that the prosaic fifteenth century had had one poet. Of course allegorical personages infest his verses; 'Ennuy' especially appears in them—and no wonder, in a captivity of a quarter of a century! But there is a singular, indefinable charm in his writings; here is a specimen—

'To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought:
The tapers were of burning sighs
That light and odours gave:
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved, "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."
No more, no more, my heart doth faint
When I her life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all:
That in herself was so complete
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His Paradise,
And with His saints to reign,
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom while on earth each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.'

FRENCH LITERATURE.—II.

Questions for August.

9. Explain the popularity of 'Reynard.'
10. What are the different branches of this epic?
11. Give some account of Marie de France.
12. Contrast Provençal poetry with the Northern School.
13. Give a short account of the 'Roman de la Rose.'

BOOKS REQUIRED.

Demogeot, 'Histoire de la Littérature Française.' Sainsbury's Primer of French Literature.' 'Early French Poetry' (Besant).

Recommended.—'Loves of the Poets' (Jameson). Sainsbury's 'History of French Literature.' Goethe 'Reinoke Fuchs' (third Universal Bibliothek). 'Reynard the Fox,' edited by Wolf, or else Roscoe's, if procurable.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

May Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	100	Snapdragon	86
Bee, Greta	99	Cornflower	85
Patty, A. C. Shipton	97	Kleine Katze	84
Irene	89	M. E. Ackerley, Eugenie	79
Cordelia, A. I. P.	88	J. M. Douglas	78
		Dick	74

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

CHALCEDON AND THE EUTYCHIANS.

Questions for August.

29. Describe the scene in the Council, at the reading of the Acts of the *Latrocinium.*

30. Give (without any remarks) the decision of the Council, α, as to the Faith, β, as to Dioscorus.

31. Give briefly: α, the history of Canon 28 of Chalcedon; β, the true meaning of the word anathema; γ, the theoretical and actual Presidents in this Council.

32. Who were St. Epiphanius, St. Ephrem of Edessa, St. Vincent of Lerins? (average of twelve lines each).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by September 1st.

May Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Water Wagtail	38	Verena	34	Erica, Violets, Frideswide, Veritas, Καθολικος, Vivia	30
Charissa	37	Papaver, Miss Muffet, Countess	33		
Speranza, Fidelia	36	Ierne, Hegesippus	32		
Cocksmoor, Kentigern	34	Bluebell	31		

Second Class.

Box, Cox	29	Millstone	26	Cecilia, Evelyn	24
Budgerigar	28	Snapdragon, Portia, Trudle	25	*Polypodium, Mervarid	23
Vorwärts, Hispania	27			*Decima	22

Third Class.

Elk	18	Theodosius	17	*White Fox	13

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

17. *Speranza* and *Charissa* have best collected St. Ambrose's marks on the services of the Church. *Cocksmoor, Kentigern*, etc.: All should have mentioned that St. Ambrose introduced Plain-Song. Bog-Oak is not musical, but a learned friend tells her that 'The four "authentic"

tones, I., III., V., and VII., are attributed to St. Ambrose. St. Gregory added to each of these its "plagal" tone, viz., II., IV., VI., VIII.' No one has suggested the alternate view of 'antiphonal' singing, viz., that instead of half the choir and congregation singing one verse, and the other half the next, antiphons were employed thus. Before each Psalm the Precentor gave out the antiphon for that Psalm on that day. Then the choir singing the verses or half verses, the congregation constantly responded with the antiphon, enabling those who could not read to respond. Ps. cxxxvi. is the only Bible example we have of this use; but Dr. Neale assures us it was much practised. Now, antiphons are only said before and after the Psalm or set of Psalms. Thus, when Ps. lxxix. is sung in the Ambrosian use at Christmas, the antiphon is, 'I will make Him My First-born, higher than the kings of the earth.'

Polypodium, *Frideswide*, and *White Fox* omit the Ambrosian Liturgy.

The following hymns in Hymns A. and M. are commonly attributed to St. Ambrose (those marked (?) doubtfully so): 1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 12 (?), 14(?), 15, 16, 47, 55, 85 (?), 87 (?), 113 (?), 126, 128, 144, 152, 430, 442, 444, 455 (?). Though optional in our services, most form an integral part of the Divine Office of the Western Church. If *Charissa* means the hymn in Hymns A. and M., for St. John ante Port. Lat., that is not his, but from the Paris Breviary. The Roman has no proper hymn for that Festival.

Decima: Hymn 75 is by Cœlius Sedulius.

Regarding the *Te Deum*, Bog-Oak diffidently gives it, merely as her opinion, subject to correction, that it is not the composition of one author or one age. Part of it existed very early. Its persistent connection with so great a hymnologist as St. Ambrose, suggests that he brought this part, beginning 'day by day,' into use at Milan, and possibly added more; but its present form may be due to Lerins, under St. Hilary of Arles.

18. The Confessions of St. Augustine are very well done by *Kentigern*, *Water Wagtail*, *Charissa*, *Verena*, *Violets*, *Hegesippus*, *Fidelia*, *Καθολικος*, *Snapdragon*, and *Elk*. An honest confession of using a book comes from *Hispania*. Bog-Oak is very sorry, but books must not be referred to while answering a question. Otherwise her answer would deserve full marks.

19. Bog-Oak is rather pleased to observe that the more difficult subject of the African Church and Pelagianism is taken by 22—*Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Countess* being best. Pelagianism in Britain by 14, of whom *Frideswide* and *Box* are best. All papers should have contained a dozen words or so, on what the heresy of Pelagius was, *e.g.* 'We need no inward grace, for we have no inborn sin,' or a statement that Pelagius denied the Catholic doctrine of original sin, and of the necessity of Divine grace for human per-

fection. Though there never was a formal body of separatists professing this heresy, it and semi-Pelagianism have influenced modern theology more than appears. Articles IX. and X. (in the thirty-nine Articles) are directed against it, the first part of X. especially against semi-Pelagianism. There are many persons who, believing fully in God's preventing and general or co-operating grace, unconsciously do not believe in His special or continual preserving grace.

Violets and others: The Alleluia Victory should have been mentioned in connection with St. Germanus' Mission; also his Mission in 447. *Frideswide:* Pelagius is Greek, not Roman, from πέλαγος, the sea.

Veritas: The best part of the battle, St. Augustin's numerous letters and treatises, should have been noticed. *Theodosius:* It is not the custom for deacons to preside at the condemnation of heretics; Paulinus was the *accuser* of Cœlestius.

20. Most excellent lives of St. Jerome by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, and *Water Wagtail*. *Bluebell* should have distinctly described the greatest work of St. Jerome, or indeed of any one man,—that translation of the whole Bible from the original tongues known as the Vulgate. *Budgerigar:* Dates vary, but St. Jerome was not one hundred years at his death; 420 is usually assigned as the date.

Evelyn: Five foolscap pages are the rule; but it is better to use a *little* more, than to squeeze. Bog-Oak begs all members to write *on*, not *between* the lines. *Decima* and *Ierne* must mind their spelling.

Bog-Oak being asked what books give best the fifth and sixth General Councils and the November and December subjects, thinks for the former Smith's *Student's Ecclesiastical History* is as good as any, supplemented for those who have access to them by Mahan's *Seven Centuries*, or Landon's *Manual of Councils*, and Gibbon, Chapter 47, gives, *more suo*, an account of these Councils fair in fact, unfair in spirit. For November and December, Dr. Maclear's *Celts*, and *English*, in *The Conversion of the West* Series, S. P. C. K., price 2*s*. each, are best; and let those who can, study Bright's *Chapters on Early English Church History*, Clarendon Press, price 12*s*.

Subscriptions acknowledged from *White Fox* and *Heliodora*.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Are charity and keen insight compatible?

A great many papers have been sent in on this interesting subject, all answering the question affirmatively. The right nail seems, to Chelsea China, to have been struck in the general view that the insight must be *deep* enough to see the excuses as well as the failings, to know what is resisted as well as what is done. The papers appear to Chelsea China very equal, but she selects *Cotton Grass's* as on the whole the most satisfactory. *Double Daisy's* equally good one is crowded out. Chelsea China agrees with her correspondents, but she thinks it is rather a case of the 'dwarfs on giants' shoulders seeing farther than the giants;' for many of the advisers of the last generation certainly recommended what amounted to a blinding of the eyes to natural insight, not a looking deeper and more patiently for the other side.

But there is a great deal involved in the deep insight which leads to universal charity, to the sort of comprehension of which one correspondent quotes Shakespeare as an example. It involves the knowledge of good and evil, and such a moderation of expectation as is hardly compatible with the rose-coloured spectacles of youth. We do find jewels, but the mine in which we dig for them is dark and deep.

Good papers received from *Semibreve, Ein Mädchen, Philometer, Emerald, W. L., Olive, Blackbird, A Sussex Rabbit, Molly, A Bournemouth Beetle, Elaine, Joiner* (very good paper), *Blind Bat, April, Felicitas,* and a quotation about the lashes softening the keen eyes of Charity, unfortunately lost by Chelsea China.

Gray Squirrel's paper is given as showing the difficulties of the question, which, however, has been well treated by all. A quotation from Miss Thackeray occurs to Chelsea China, though she cannot vouch for the exact words.

'To fight the devil and all his works is one thing, to know who is the devil and which are his works is quite another.' Chelsea China heartily welcomes so many new correspondents.

I think that charity and keen insight are compatible for the following reasons—

First, as regards ordinary matters. Charity in its truest sense is unselfish love, and the more we possess of that, the less likely we are to pass harsh judgments.

I do not mean that false charity which, even in the face of fact and probability, imputes good motives to a person, for that only tends to cause a feeling of contempt.

True charity must be founded on truth.

A person with keen insight into human character and motives is less likely to pass a harsh judgment on an offender than one who cannot see so far. He can enter into the difficulties on both sides of the question, he can understand the temptations to pursue a certain course, he can perceive the palliative circumstances which one of a denser perception could not. He sees the faults and failings of all around him better than others, it is true; but he also sees the sparks of good behind; and if he is a good sort of man, the knowledge that we are none of us perfect, and some of us far from being so, will awaken in his mind a tenderness, a disinclination to judge harshly, which is part of the essential qualities of true love. The greatest Hero which the world has ever known, Who had the keenest insight into human nature is the One Who insists the most strongly that we must not pass hasty or hard judgments.

Secondly, as regards religious matters, the keen-sighted man will be able to see the germs of truth and longing for goodness in every form of worship, and while maintaining his own opinions, will not judge harshly any who differ from him, but will be ready to take his stand on the ground common to all. We must not forget, however, that as every good quality is apt to degenerate if carried too far; for instance, firmness may become obstinacy, so keen insight may lead the possessor of it, if she is not guarded by a large-minded charity, into a state of distrust and suspicion of all men. Charity acts as a corrective, a sort of drag to prevent the degradation of keen insight.

Again, keen insight will be increased and sharpened by love. Love will make us try to find out the good points in another, to see what their troubles are in order to be able to help them. Love is generally quick in perception, it perceives how matters stand by a subtle chord of sympathy, so that love may be said to develop keen insight in some cases. Of course I do not refer to that love, falsely so-called, that blinds the eye to the faults of the loved one.

Thirdly, with regard to charity in the sense that the word is used in ordinary conversation, namely, almsgiving, a keen insight is a benefit. We must bear in mind that almsgiving is really the practical outcome of charity in its sense of love, and so the same considerations will apply to it. A man with a keen insight will be able to recognise what is true and what is false, to get at the truth of a story, to decide what claims are the most important. This keen insight will prevent the person who has it from being imposed upon

by bad characters, and so enable him to send the relief to the right quarter.

For these reasons I think that charity and keen insight are compatible with each other, that they are each necessary to the perfection of the other. COTTON GRASS.

'Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner!' Is that the wisest, or the wickedest thing that ever was said? But I do feel as one grows older that sometimes one longs for the clear-cut, absolute convictions of youth, right was right, and wrong, wrong, and one had moral leave (from oneself) to hate the wrong and to fight it without all the misgivings that come in after life, and how one loved the right without the sad knowledge that must come that such *goodness* as we have here is not always accompanied by the wise judgment, and that *mistakes* even with good intentions may be as fatal as sins to the happiness and well-being of others before one even knew the words heredity, insanity, race, sex, and many others. The days when one could lift up one's voice with joy in defence of a principle and not have a secret feeling that one was making it (and oneself) ridiculous, or that after all it does not very much matter.

But how *cruel* are the judgments of the young. How one shudders to look back and see what our mental verdicts were on some that, now knowing more, we revere as saints almost, because they were old-fashioned, or dowdy, or querulous, or had various little fads and fancies, and then (most likely when the grave has closed) we come to know of lives of self-renunciation, of communion with God, of happiness willingly renounced for the sake of right, that make us long for the day to come when we may say, 'Forgive us for our want of imagination, our narrow-heartedness,' but that we *know* they will forgive.

And our heroes, happy those who can remain true to the dreams of their youth, who can say with Brutus in his last hour, 'It is a joy to me that all my life I met no man but he was true to me,' or to what I believed of him (or her).

The hardest thing in life is that we must continually *act* as if we *judged*, and often from the smallest indications. Then when judgment is matured, when the passions have mellowed, when personal ambitions have passed away, the summons comes, and we find that our elders are gone with all their ripened wisdom, and we who would fain help those younger are as powerless as we *now* know those before us were in our own cases to impart wisdom or share experience.

Still it has this comfort, this wealth of experience cannot be lost, it is only garnered; we cannot see here what good fruits our very mistakes are bearing somewhere. 'It is quite impossible you should know what I feel,' said a boy of twenty, deeply in love, to a grey-

haired woman.' 'Not at all,' she answered. 'Remember you can't be fifty unless you have been twenty first.'

GRAY SQUIRREL.

EMOTION AND EXCITEMENT.

This subject has not excited so general an interest as Chelsea China expected. Very few papers have been sent in upon it. That of *Spermologos* seems to put the matter in a thoroughly practical point of view, and would be a safe guide for those who have to consider methods of appeal to others.

X. Y. Z. last month drew a clear distinction between surface excitement, and that deeper rousing of the emotions which appeals to a nobler part of the nature. *Blackbird* sends a paper in which she puts forward the view, that excitement is good as a sort of last resort, if habit, or intellectual conviction fail to rouse people to moral effort. *Sussex Rabbit* deprecates any appeal to excitement. Chelsea China does not feel capable of saying the last word on this difficult subject, but she does not consider that it has been already said.

There is a difference between the desirability of emotion itself, and the wisdom of an attempt to rouse it. Again, *general* appeals which the unprepared may pass by are one thing, *individual* ones, especially to the young and impressionable, quite another.

Anything that rouses the *consciousness* of human love must rouse emotion; novelty, danger, separation, anything that breaks the habit which is as the air we breathe. Sometimes we become conscious of the depth and reality of our love, sometimes we find out that it is a thing of custom and not heart-love at all. Such self-knowledge may be obtained in matters of religion also, by the stirring of the emotions.

All correspondents, except *X. Y. Z.*, have treated Emotion as a means to an end, a sort of dangerous medicine to be used in the last resort; but surely something which it is difficult to distinguish from Emotion, which does involve excitement of feeling, is of the very essence of the highest form of Divine as of human love; is no means to an end, but the end itself.

That there are so many inferior imitations of this high experience, may well make appeals to it dangerous, and it may perhaps be doubted whether the true thing can be roused in any sphere by external appeals. But, on the other hand, a great good can hardly be obtained without some risk in the process.

'It is all excitement' used to be a sufficient reason for distrust. Nothing was more regarded with confidence than 'soberness in religion,' and there was a great dread of all aberrations and experi-

ments. It cannot be doubted that to many this sobriety means a steadfast, calm stream of devotion, reflecting the heavens as in a mirror, firm as crystal, yet flowing onwards in an even, irresistible course. But to others, such sober calmness is simply stagnation, with all the repulsion of dulness. There is no going forwards, no reflecting the heavens. For these there can be nothing done till the waters are stirred.

Splashing and dashing, the drops seem pure and alive with light, as if there were no foulness below, all seems well and hopeful. The question is, how long the stirring will remain effectual, or whether it will soon subside into the same stagnation as before, each fresh attempt being less effective than the last, and doubtful means at last being used in a sort of despair.

The truth seems to be that sluggish waters must be stirred. Where there is indifference and ignorance the impulse must be given. Excitement alone can reach the dull foul depths and begin the clearance; but to *depend* upon after-excitement is a danger. Some of those thus moved will go on from their first beginning; others will fall back and cause bitter disappointments. But it is an equal mistake to deprecate all excitement, such as may quicken the active or waken the passive, and to trust entirely to its effect.

SPERMOLOGOS.

Blackbird's Sunday-school paper shall be kept for a chance of space next month.

Paper from *Primrose League* on the Golden Mean; but that subject cannot be reopened.

QUESTION FOR AUGUST.

Does the imitation of our social 'betters' lead to good or evil?

It is hoped that all classes of society will be considered in the answers to this question.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, by September 1st.

Notices to Correspondents.

DEAR EDITOR,

The interesting article by Miss Twining on the 'Losses and Gains of Fifty Years,' seems to call for a few remarks from another middle-aged woman who takes a more hopeful view of the present generation, and who, while allowing that many of the manners and customs which Miss Twining mentions are pernicious, sees no reason for such a pessimist outlook. Miss Twining is entirely in favour of the old way of bringing up children in seclusion. May one who was brought up in the old way mention a few points on the other side?

I was a sensitive little child with an admirable nurse, to whose care I was left on my mother's death, at between two and three years old. She was a most conscientious person, and kept strict discipline in the nursery; but she also kept me and my little brother in the house for a whole winter, because it was her opinion that children caught cold if they went out. She was much fonder of little Jack than of me, and, though I am sure she tried to be perfectly just to me, she frequently made remarks about my inferiority to him which made me believe that his superior goodness—he was less nervous and more sweet-tempered than I—was as much a matter of constitution as his flaxen curls and my straight brown hair. When I was cross, she tied me into my chair with sarcastic remarks, which did not improve my temper; and, as she was to teach me to sew, she provided me with continual patchwork, whose deadly uniformity made me feel quite sick. By this time I had a step-mother, thoroughly kindhearted and conscientious, but imbued with the notion that children should be brought up in extreme seclusion, and with no excitement. We were not allowed to go to any children's parties, or to have children to play with us; we were fed on mutton day after day, till the very smell of it made me ill. Our lessons were given over to the governess, who taught us well the substance of all elementary lesson-books, including Latin grammar, but never gave us the slightest pleasure in our work; the dry bread of our education was entirely free from jam of any kind, and the hours we studied would make the doctors of the present day exclaim with horror. I have suffered all my life from that overwork, which entirely took away from me, except in the height of summer, all disposition to play when playtime came. I can recollect feeling, throughout my childhood, a sense that no happiness was possible till one was grown up and lessons were done with, except in the holidays. My life bored me intensely; and yet it was paradise compared to that of some cousins of mine, who, without the slightest taste for music, were compelled to practise four or five hours a day, who went to bed at nine and rose at six, with no sustenance between a bread-and-

butter tea at six in the afternoon and the family breakfast at nine, and who had a French governess for the holidays who worked them quite as hard as the English one in schooltime. It appears to me that, if some of the mothers of the present generation who were brought up in this way err in giving too much change to their children, it is a pardonable weakness.

The fact is, that a judicious parent now feels that her children are the better for a certain amount of change and excitement. I think that during my grown-up life I have done a good deal of hard work; but I have always found myself far better able to work for a day's pleasuring now and then, and I have no doubt that my childhood would have been a much happier one if I had had a little more. Of course, some pleasures are wholesome, and some unwholesome; and nothing to me ever came up to a country walk on a sunny day for bluebells, or cowslips, or blackberries; but lessons were too inexorable for us ever to have impromptu holidays, and these only occurred on a propitious Saturday afternoon. I quite think that 'Spartan training' may have done no harm to sturdy, healthy children with a love for routine and no nerves; but I am sure that many children like myself suffered very severely under it, and that it produced a sense of perpetual discontent, and even actual bodily ailments—oh, the winter chilblains, and six months' colds in the head! —which might have been easily avoided with care and consideration.

Learning has given me so much enjoyment since my childhood, that it seems somewhat of a loss that it should have been entirely dissociated from pleasure during so many years, when it was the business of my life; but perhaps the worst result of this treatment was that I wholly lost from sight the possibility of finding pleasure in daily duties till after I had grown up, when one day it dawned upon me that I found them rather enjoyable than otherwise. But by this time my childhood was gone never to return.

Miss Twining appears to think that girls of the present generation are forced into growing up too soon. My experience is exactly the reverse. I think the mothers of the present generation are often so glad to keep them innocent children that they avoid showing them that they are responsible for people's comfort, etc., in a way that would be very good for them to feel. One such case is before my mind as I write. A hard-working doctor had three pretty little girls, whose mother liked to 'keep them children.' They were like wild little ponies, rushed away from visitors, and at sixteen or seventeen were like ordinary children at twelve. The mother died, and the girls—the two eldest, seventeen and eighteen—were to keep house for their father. The want of the sense of responsibility, which had never been cultivated in them, was not called out by the situation; they took no trouble, but remained simply pleasure-seeking children, let the housekeeping take care of itself, and, when their father remarried in self-defence, did not even see that their delinquencies had driven him to do so.

But still I am disposed to think of many of my girl and child friends, that the next generation will be very happy to have such women among its members. I allow that they grow up later than we did, that they ask questions on many problems of life on which we were afraid of being snubbed; but in conscientiousness, in generosity, in largeness of mind, in spontaneity, in affectionateness,

in sense of justice, and in desire of service to mankind, I am sure they are all that can be desired. The perplexities which touch them are often not the same that touched us—each generation has its own dragons to fight; but I am sure that any middle-aged woman who will enter into their atmosphere and win their confidence is well repaid, and is able to help them where often they need help. It is true that this is a period in which the old symbols of obedience have been given up, and the virtue is perhaps harder for the young to practise than it was in our day; but I deny emphatically that either modesty or reverence has been lost, and assert that all that is changed is that both are now based more upon conviction, and less upon convention.

NEARLY FIFTY.

FARM LADS.

SIR,

I think it may interest your readers to hear of the success of an attempt to civilise this very neglected class. Three years ago I found the 'farm lads' of this parish were constantly in mischief, or had the credit of it; and on inquiry, found that they were all turned out of the farm kitchens after their suppers, and not expected to return till bed-time, having then three hours or so to spend in cold and darkness, many of them adjourning to the stables to warm themselves against the horses.

I engaged a motherly woman to look after a room adjoining her cottage, to keep up a good fire and lights, and announced that it would be open every weekday evening from seven till nine. Newspapers, books, and games are provided; pens, ink, and paper; also needles and thread for the sewing on of buttons, etc.

This experiment has been tried three winters with the greatest success; and instead of these boys being the plague of the village, they are now quiet and orderly. They were often hanging about waiting for the door to be opened, so now they may come in as early as they can, and at their own particular request, the room is now open on Sundays also. The kind matron has been a real friend to many of them, and they have all expressed their gratitude to her before leaving their places.

In reply to a question in your June number, may I say that the lines—

> 'A God, a God their severance ruled
> And bade betwixt their shores to be
> The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea,'

are from Matthew Arnold's Lyric Poems, 'Switzerland, No. 5, to Marguerite.' And that these—

> 'Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all,'

are from Longfellow's 'Poetic Aphorisms,' from the 'Sinngedichte' of Friedrich von Logau, and are headed 'Retribution.'

With regard to these last, a learned friend tells me that they are somehow a reminiscence of a Greek line which runs somewhat like this—

> Ὀψ' ἁλέουσ' ἄλευρα θεοὶ, ἁλέουσι δὲ λεπτὰ,

'Gods grind corn late, but grind it fine;' but neither he nor I can find the line in any Greek poet.

MILES ATKINSON.

A. M. D.—The lines she asks for—

> 'The night is come, like to the day,
> Depart not Thou, great God, away,'

are from Sir Thomas Browne's beautiful 'Colloquy with God.' She will find them in his curious 'Religio Medici.' Or I shall have pleasure in copying the lines for her, if she will send her address to F., Ash Croft, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MONTHLY PACKET.'

Some months ago the author of 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' was asked for in the 'Monthly Packet,' and as only one answer has been given, although late, I venture to send another.

The whole hymn beginning 'Heirusalem, my happy Home!' a song by F. B. P., will be found in 'Hymns on the Joys and Glories of Paradise,' edited by Dr. Neale. In the first edition he says: 'The following hymn, so well known in its abbreviated and corrupted form, "Jerusalem, my happy home" (so evidently that abbreviated and corrupted form was *not* abbreviated and corrupted by Dr. Neale), is found in a thin quarto in the British Museum, lettered on the back Queen Elizabeth, 15,225 . . . it contains several other pieces of poetry . . . one headed "Here followeth the song of the death of Mr. Thewlis." Now Mr. Thewlis was a priest, barbarously executed at Manchester, March 18th, 1617. It is probable, therefore, that "F. B. P." was another sufferer (in all likelihood a priest) in the persecution either of Elizabeth or James I. It was most impudently appropriated to himself and mixed up with a quantity of his own rubbish by one Dickson, a Covenanter. Dr. Bonar has published the latter performance in his elegant book, "The New Jerusalem," accompanying it with the original (which he fairly indicates to F. B. P.) several other versions and some notes.'

In the second edition of 'The Joys and Glories of Paradise,' Dr. Neale says, 'Thus I had written in the first edition, but I have since been informed by Mr. Sedgewick . . . that the initials stand for Francis Baker Porter, a secular priest, for some time imprisoned in the Tower. . . . This seemed perfectly satisfactory till I was informed by a correspondent (with whom from his not giving me his address I have been unable to communicate) that there is in the British Museum a translation, *not* by Father Porter, of the "City of God," in which the verses stand as part of the versions. The question deserves further investigation; and I purpose not to rest until the real authorship is decided.' Dr. Neale died three months after the publication of this second edition, and I believe the question has never been decided. In the new edition of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' there is a question mark put to the author.

Theodora speaks of a version beginning, 'O mother dear, Jerusalem.' I should be much obliged if she would tell me where it is to be found.

WINIFRED.

We find that the letter, but not the poem, was sent to *Les Verges*. We still have the poem, and must ask her again for the address, apologising for the omission.

D. B. asks the authors of these hymns: 'Holy offerings rich and rare,' 'Calm lay the City,' 'Evensong is hushed in silence.'

In answer to *A. M. D.'s* question in the 'Monthly Packet' for July, the hymn beginning—

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away,

comes from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (Part ii., § xii.), and it is apparently by Sir T. B. himself. He says of the hymn, 'This is the Dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.'

Gardiner, in his note in Pickering's edition (1845), says, 'Compare this with the beautiful and well-known "Evening Hymn" of Bishop Ken; and these again with several of the Hymni Ecclesiae, especially that beginning "Salvator Mundi, Domine," with which Ken and Browne, both Wyckhamists, must have been familiar. See Bowles's "Life of Ken."'

Dr. Greenhill (in the edition of *Religio Medici* in the Golden Treasury Series) quotes a Latin translation by the late Rev. Dr. Kynaston, which appeared in the *Guardian*, Jan. 31, 1877.

A version in Latin Alcaics appears in the various editions of the Latin translation of *Religio Medici*, beginning—

Adsunt tenebrae; dissimiles nihil
Luci tenebrae; tu modo ne Deus
Longe recedas.

The translator has misunderstood the meaning of the two first lines, which would be clearer if they were punctuated thus (as in Pickering's edition)—

The night is come; like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.

A similar misunderstanding accounts for a conjectural emendation proposed by an anonymous scholiast in the margin of a copy of the 1659 edition in my possession, *unlike* for *like to*.

The French translator does not venture upon a version, and simply omits it. H. B. S.

Missions Picture Association.

Members wanted for this Society, the object of which is to supply missionaries with copies of good Scripture pictures, in black and white. Part of the process of copying can be done by any one with no knowledge of drawing, if willing to be careful and accurate. The finishing affords scope for artistic powers, and the work is interesting and easy. One membership can be taken by two sisters or friends. Subscription, 1*s.* per annum. Full particulars and rules from the Secretary, Miss E. Deedes, Blindley Heath Vicarage, Godstone Station. Any one willing to lend a set of New Testament pictures, published by Hering and Remington, 1849, would do a great service to this undertaking.

The Monthly Packet.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

FORLORN HOPE.

One sunny morning in that same March, when the reluctant northern spring was beginning to touch the bushes with a more cheerful hue, and when hundreds of hardy, brave, little birds were welcoming the blue skies and brighter atmosphere with all their strength, Cheriton Lester was standing in the little Vicarage garden at Elderthwaite, with a letter in his hand, and a look of eagerness on his face that brightened it as much, as the coming of the song and the colour brightened the scene around him.

He had had indeed a hard winter; his brother's words, that work with his heart out of it would be a very different thing from work with his heart in it, had proved only too true. His duties had required so strenuous an effort, that it had been touch-and-go with the physical strength that was always too easily overstrained.

The old Vicar, who had never known a day's illness in his life, had been laid by, more or less, all the winter with rheumatic gout: which had added to Cheriton's labours, tied him close at home, and caused him real anxiety. Still, though the bad cold, the report of which had caused Maisie so much distress, had been shaken off with difficulty, and he had looked ill enough to cause Jack to spend most of his Christmas visit in growling at him, he had pulled through without a complete breakdown, and now held in his hand an invitation from Mr. Ingleston, to visit him at the South Warrendon Mills, and settle the point of Frank Maxwell's future. Cheriton's chief misery had been that he had felt all the winter as if he were giving up the game, both as regarded Lucas Ingleston's rivalry, and as regarded the hopes of clearing up the mist, in which the image of Maisie dwelt.

His various efforts at finding out something of the matter indirectly

had all failed, and though various forms of direct action occurred to him, there seemed to be something against them all.

Neither Jack, nor Gipsy would stir a finger to help him; indeed, Jack's attitude in the matter had been an additional trial. He had no possible reason for approaching Maisie, except as her suitor, and her suitor, as things were, he could not be. His thoughts of her varied constantly; but they never ceased. There was no place in Elderthwaite where he did not picture her, no character in which he did not think of how she would appear.

It had once been said of Cheriton that he had 'a genius for loving;' and he loved his neighbours and his kindred, his home and his friends, so much, that he had only lately found out the need that was in him, to love something more closely still. These life-long loves were so faithful that he could not have sacrificed an old dog to any newer claim, however imperative, and if Maisie were really shallow-souled and insincere, false of heart as well as of tongue, he knew life quite well enough to know that, if he took her to his heart, she would force him to drive all the rest out. If she were so—but how he might be wronging her every hour! What might she not be suffering while he was powerless to help.

But he held to his purpose. Though Marcia Maxwell's gossip made his heart sink within him, though Jack played devil's advocate and, by looks if not by words, reinforced all his doubts, he did not give his hope of Maisie up, and, though these doubts alternated with passionate and heart-sick longings to seek her and win her, be she what she would, he held himself back and waited. No way was clear to him. The many claims of life, the many sides of his nature, all battled with each other, and only the resolution, born of years of self-discipline, could have held the balance steady. Cheriton remained master of himself, and possessed his soul, if not in patience, at least in power. The homely duties were done, though Jack could hardly have accused him now, as once he had, of a too easy content in them. And those, of whom Humfrey Bevan was by no means the only one, who sought his advice and sympathy, had never found in him before a response so keen and so kind. But the cost was severe, and told in days of languor and weariness, when work was not only distasteful but impossible to him, as well as in the loss of the elastic spirits that had carried him over so many hard places in life. Solitary suspense was very hard to so sympathetic a person, and of the kernel of his trouble it was of course impossible to speak, while the one who could have understood without speech held aloof, for the first time, from him.

'Cherry, I think you are unhappy,' the eldest brother said to him one day, when the strain was pressing hardest, with characteristic directness and simplicity.

'Impatient,' said Cherry, with a smile.

Alvar looked at him, and asked no questions.

'That troubles me too,' he said; and poor Cherry was comforted by the faithful kindness that had never criticised, and never failed him in times of weakness, and took a little more courage.

But, though he had no sense of self-conquest, though nerves and energies were so sorely tried, Cheriton had not lived through so many resolute years in vain; had not in vain bent his eager spirit to accept life's disappointments. They had been years of increasing insight into the deep places of his own soul, and of the souls of others, of ever strengthening faith in the unseen—faith, that in his ardent tender nature had brightened more and more into personal trust and love. That that love did not fail him was all that he could say for himself, after, what seemed to him, that winter of failure. But it was something, perhaps it was even enough reward, for one who aimed at, if in his own eyes he never attained, the 'patience of the saints.' And now the door was opened to him, the power of action gave him fresh hope. Now he could go and see for himself, get the double doubt settled, and then come back and take the disappointment which was sent to him. Or—or——he lifted up his head, and the hope that would spring up, and the longing so long suppressed, cast such a look upon his face, full in the spring sunshine, that the old Vicar, walking up and down the warm garden-path, stopped, looked at him, and said, with a world of meaning in his shrewd old face—

'Cherry, what is it?'

'What is what, Vicar?' said Cheriton, starting, and taking his arm, as he walked on beside him.

'What's in your mind, my lad? It's one of two things——'

'What things?' said Cheriton.

'It's not my gout, nor your own cough, nor wondering how your brother's going to act when Tom Hubbard and young Wilson both stand for the Hazelby district.' He stopped and looked jealously into his curate's face. 'You've thought, on and off, that you'd a call to do better work than you've got here. Someone's offered you a living.'

'No, no, parson,' said Cheriton, recurring to the familiar appellation, dropped when his old neighbour had become his superior officer. 'I shall never hear a call to leave Elderthwaite.'

'Not for a wider sphere?' said Parson Seyton, manifestly quoting.

'No; I'm part of the old place. You might as well stick Elderthwaite church down in the suburbs!'

'So you said "No" to the Bishop of London, when he offered you a south-country living.'

'I never meant you to hear a word about it!'

'Ay, but Gipsy wasn't so discreet. I knew you refused it last autumn.'

'But you don't suppose it's that; you don't think I've been regretting it all the winter? I couldn't have done the work of it, and—no, parson, you'll not get rid of me in that way.'

'Then, my lad,' said Parson Seyton, coming to his real point, 'there's only one other thing. It's a woman!'

'Yes,' said Cheriton, after a moment's silence. 'Yes, it is.'

'Then, Cherry, I hope she's a good one,' said the old man.

'You're right,' said Cherry, evading this remark. 'I met her last summer. I shall go now and see her again. When I come back I will either tell you all about it—and her, or make up my mind to follow your example and find a wife in my parish.'

'Ha!' said Mr. Seyton, 'women are a bad lot—or used to be. I had my turn once—not that she meant to marry a younger son, head and ears in debt, driven into the Church to keep a roof over his head, and a crust of bread in his mouth. But she told me a lie, Cherry, she told me she was considering my proposal, and all the while it was a blind—to hide her meetings with another man. It was a lie; and the only time I ever got drunk after I took orders was when I found it out. I've been afraid of 'em ever since, Cherry, ever since in that capacity.'

Cheriton looked round, though certain bitter recollections of his own had made him turn pale, and steady his voice with difficulty. He smiled, and patted the parson's rough old hand tenderly.

'She had a father not good, I fear, for over much,' he said, 'and she loved him with all her heart. I don't think she loves me; but you'll let me go now? And I shall come back—contented. Hargrave of Oakby will come over for the services, and look after things a bit, I know.'

'Ay,' said the parson. 'That young fellow is always mightily afraid I shan't know my business. As if I hadn't conducted the Church service before he was born! However, go, my lad—go; and if she don't know her own good luck, she'll be the worst fool that ever wore petticoats.'

'I'm going to stay with Mr. Ingleston, to settle young Maxwell's affairs,' said Cheriton, ignoring this last observation.

'Oh, are you? Gone to look after your ward, eh? Well, I'm glad you've told me so. Now I'll stick to the same story.'

Cheriton laughed and blushed.

'It's all they'll know at Oakby,' he said, 'so keep my counsel.'

'Like your father confessor,' said the old gentleman; but he heaved a sigh as Cheriton turned away from him.

'Women are fools,' he muttered to himself, 'and there's no knowing the end of it. But there, his brothers are married and have their homes, and he is the first thought to no one but an old fool like me. He'll never harden his tender heart not to need a deal of loving. And neighbours and cattle, and dogs even, aren't just the same as a wife. They're less risky, though, by a long way.'

As Cheriton, in a few days' time, was speeding on his long, cold journey southward, he felt, more than ever, how intense the strain of suspense upon him had been, and how much of his strength had gone

to meet it. He experienced the nervous feeling of dread and depression, that accompanies a return to a field of interest, from which we have been long shut out, and when he reached the inevitable junction that united Quixeter and the two Warrendons—where he had more than an hour to wait—he was hardly pleased to find himself face to face with Humfrey Bevan, looking rather thin and careworn, as if he too was finding hope hard work.

He exclaimed, with surprise and pleasure—

'I did not know you were coming. Your brother never mentioned it.'

'He doesn't know,' said Cheriton, colouring. 'I am not coming to Quixeter, but to Mr. Ingleston's—about Frank Maxwell.'

'Ah!' said Humfrey, with a long, envious sigh. 'But are you better? Gipsy said you had had a bad winter; and, indeed, you don't look well.'

'I am tired just now. I am much better,' said Cheriton, wondering what Humfrey would think, if he asked him to keep his appearance there secret.

'I have seen Maisie Despard once,' said Humfrey.

Cheriton looked up eagerly, their eyes met, and he fairly laughed at his friend's look of blank amazement.

'You see,' he said, 'I *have* had a hard winter.'

'You too?' exclaimed Humfrey.

'Yes. It is all in the clouds. Don't tell Jack and Gipsy that you met me; if I can, I will come to Quixeter on Friday; but all is uncertain. Do you know anything about her?' he added, with the sort of fierce abruptness that had once before surprised Humfrey. 'Is she engaged to Lucas Ingleston?'

'It has been rumoured; Gipsy certainly thinks so.'

Cheriton felt that to face the Inglestons, in this belief, was almost more than he could bear. He turned so white that Humfrey was frightened, and pulled him into the waiting-room, making him sit down, and feeling for the flask in his pocket.

'Don't,' said Cherry; 'there's nothing the matter. There's time—to rest a bit—and—and think what to do.'

He leant over the table, resting his head on his hands; but presently looked up at Humfrey's anxious face with a curious, half pathetic smile.

'I'm sorry I frightened you,' he said; 'but I've had such a long day.'

'Let me get some coffee for you,' said Humfrey, going in search of it; and when he came back with it, Cheriton had removed some of his wraps, and was sitting by the fire, looking quite himself again.

'Ah! thank you; how kind you are! I am afraid I don't keep my own counsel well; but now I will tell you what I intend to do. There is no real reason for pretences, and, if necessary, I will ask Lucas Ingleston to tell me the state of the case as regards himself.

If—if it is so, there is nothing for me to do for her; but, before anything else, I shall go to Gwendolen Despard and ask her to tell me if the mystery, that separates her from you, should also divide her sister from me. The clue to that puzzle would be the clue to a deeper perplexity. It cannot matter if she knows my feelings, and their result can only be between myself and her. I shall assume the right to find this secret out if I can. That is what I have long decided on; but I could not trust to letters, and it was not possible, for many reasons, to come here with no colourable excuse.'

'Yes,' said Humfrey, hesitating; 'but I have almost come to think that there is no secret; but Gwendolen's disinclination to my offer, and—and the gradual coming on of her sister's engagement to Ingleston.'

'Then,' said Cheriton, 'he will, I am sure, respect any confidence I may make him. Nothing shall be lost, for either of us, for want of plain speaking.'

'I have come to think,' said Humfrey, 'that it was all perhaps quite natural. She could not make up her mind to me when it came to the point. Her nerves were shaken with trouble, and with pity for me. I am almost ready to give up; but I can't go on at Quixeter. My doings don't matter particularly to any one. I must throw it all up and go abroad—take to painting again. I've got a fellowship, you know. I should be worth nothing here.'

The depression that had been falling on Humfrey's gallant hopes, through the long winter, found voice in the presence of his old adviser. He was a person who wanted help and support, and, as Cheriton looked at him, he felt that it *would* be difficult for him to be good for much without Gwendolen.

'That won't quite do,' he said thoughtfully, 'for either of us.'

'For you, no!' said Humfrey. 'You can help and support others. Such thoughts, such a nature as yours is a secret of strength. But I was a poor creature before I knew her, and should be again—without her. No, I don't want to give up hope. Tell me how to bear the suspense. Tell me what to do if—when all's over.'

The appeal would have sounded strange to a by-stander, considering how much shaken Cheriton had just shown himself to be; but Humfrey Bevan stood up, leaning back against the mantelpiece, and looking down at him, with a curious confidence, as he spoke, in a low, hurried voice, conscious that they were more or less in public.

Cheriton had often before met eyes that sought his own for counsel and comfort. What could he find to say now?

He looked at Humfrey with the great clear 'ethereal eyes' that gave his face its peculiar power.

'"If it be possible, let this cup pass," he said. The only answer I know of is to finish that sentence.'

'If you can,' said Humfrey; 'it doesn't seem to make it much easier.'

'I suppose not,' said Cheriton; 'since He Who first said it, found it so hard.'

It was a very simple thing to say, and Cheriton said it very simply, as one feeling the difficulty himself; but something in word, tone, or look, flashed the reality of the scene referred to on Humfrey's imagination, and the answer was no longer, the conventional thing that Cheriton might have been expected to say, but a reality—if not an answer, at least a truth.

Before he could speak, before he knew what to say, the clang of the bell sounded, and Cheriton stood up—

'That's my train,' he said. 'I'll tell you what happens. Just now, you know, we have to be hopeful—and look after the luggage.'

Humfrey tried to help him to collect his various possessions, but he was confused and agitated, wanting to speak and not knowing what to say.

As they walked along the platform, and stood for a moment by the carriage door, in the cold clear light of the March evening, two ladies passed them hurriedly, unnoticed by either.

But all the Lesters were, in the language of their own country, kenspeckle folk—and Cheriton's tall figure, in his long fur-lined coat, caught the elder lady's eye. It was Mrs. Manville, returning from a day of spring shopping.

'Maisie,' she exclaimed, 'I do believe that that was Mr. Lester's brother.'

Maisie Despard turned her head, and just caught sight of Cheriton's pale face and long fair beard, as he got into the carriage, and she had to jump into her own.

'Yes,' she said breathlessly; and then Mrs. Manville knew, what she had more or less guessed before—she knew to whom Maisie had told a lie.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VERBAL TRUTH.

When Maisie, still dazed and scared, and cold with her drive from South Warrendon station, came into the little sitting-room at the Home, the supper was on the table, and Gwendolen was sitting by the fire, doing, as was too often the case, absolutely nothing.

Maisie, fearful of betraying herself, began to chatter fast, about her visit and Katie's prospective home, and getting no response, said—

'How have you been getting on?'

'Not at all,' said Gwendolen. 'In fact, Maisie, I may as well tell you at once that I don't mean to go on here.'

'What—what on earth is the matter?'

'This is the matter,' said Gwendolen, standing up. 'This horrible fate, that has come upon me, has taken all my real self away from

me. The very things I could do best have become impossible to me. These false pretences have killed my very soul within me. I shall go abroad as I proposed at first. I'll never willingly see any one again that knew me—as I used to be.'

'But has anything happened?'

'This has happened. The girls defy me, and badger me till I don't know how to bear it, and seem to do nothing but make a fool of myself to everyone. You can stay here if you choose. I suppose there are plenty of poor ladies who would come and live with you.'

'But what *has* happened?' said Maisie impatiently.

Gwendolen here recounted the girls' escapade, and her own midnight expedition, ending with—

'I have failed—if you had heard Mr. Ingleston!'

Maisie, with her overstrained spirits, went off into a fit of almost hysterical laughing, as her quick wit pictured the correct and responsible Gwendolen, escorted home through the fog by Mr. Ingleston and Lucas, and imagined the comments of the girls on the proceeding.

'I hope Mr. Ingleston didn't bring on his rheumatism,' she said.

'It's very easy for you to laugh, Maisie.'

'I beg your pardon, Gwen dear; I'm not unfeeling, really. But to upset all our lives, because Maud and Ada were silly, is a little too much. You're tired, dear, and worried to death. You must have a change somehow—you have had so many headaches lately, and the fog is always worse for you than for me. Come and have supper and go to bed, and to-morrow we'll talk about it. Why, *I* should ruin the finances of the Home with buying goodies for the girls. I should find Lucas looking at me in sorrow, if not in anger, when he saw the bills!'

Maisie, since her great loss, and the still greater softening of her love, had been more affectionate to Gwendolen than had been her wont, and now attempted to kiss her, and draw her towards the table; but Gwen was cold and irresponsive, and Maisie, catching sight of a note on the chimney-piece, to pass off the awkwardness, said—

'What's that?'

'That,' said Gwendolen, 'is a note from Mrs. Ingleston, asking me to lunch to-morrow to meet Cheriton Lester. He has come about Frank Maxwell. You must go instead.'

'Oh,' said Maisie, 'I saw him at the junction—he did not see me—he looked so ill!'

'Did he?' said Gwendolen, indifferently. 'Well, you'll see him again to-morrow; nothing would induce me to go there.'

'We'll see about that when to-morrow comes. Now I must go and look after the girls.'

Maisie was livelier than usual to-night, after her characteristic fashion when anything weighed upon her mind. She made Gwendolen play dance music while she danced with the girls till it was

ten o'clock, and the household dispersed to bed. Gwen went to bed, and apparently to sleep; she was one of the people who always go to sleep at once, and on whom care avenges itself by waking them up in the small hours of the morning. Maisie lay awake, watching the yellow glimmer of the gaslight in the factory court, which was kept alight all night, and thinking what she could do—what she ought to do—about meeting Cheriton Lester to-morrow.

How she longed to see him! How she craved for one look from his kind blue eyes—one touch of his hand! How she wanted to hear if he had got rid of that bad cold Marcia had told her of—if he really looked as much changed as she had fancied! How she would have liked to ask his advice about the various cases in which the girls had come to her for counsel, and how, most of all, she wearied to see from his face and manner whether that falsehood still stood between herself and him!

Poor Maisie! her dilemma stood thus. If she met Cheriton at Mill House, and had any private talk, she felt as if something *must* turn up, as it had done before, with regard to Hal's trustworthiness; for evidently the same question was still on hand, and if he appealed to her, as he might perhaps do, she felt that it would kill her to repeat that lie, or to say anything to him that was not thoroughly true and open. And yet, if she did not, she would be breaking her promise to her father. No; there was nothing for it but to avoid him, however hard it might be. She must make Gwen go up to Mill House—Gwen, who would not care a bit about seeing him, who would not even notice how he looked—and she herself must sternly keep away. Poor Maisie shed many tears on her pillow that night, and did not feel at all heroic over it. Cheriton would think she did not want to see him, he would think she avoided him on purpose, he would think it was Lucas Ingleston who stood in the way.

'He'll never know that it is because I want to be good, and really worthy of him! Really true, and not just an outside sham! But I do—I do—and please God I will!'

Gwendolen said next morning that she had dreamed that she saw Maisie standing by the window with the lamplight shining through the short fluff of her hair like a halo. It was so real that she had awoke and looked; the lamplight was there, but Maisie was not, and just then she heard the clock strike two. Maisie did not say that she had been kneeling by the window, where one misty star shone upon her through the darkness, until hearing Gwen stir she had withdrawn into the shadow, and had waited to hear her regular breathing before getting back noiselessly into bed.

In the morning Maisie said—

'You *must* go to Mill House to-day, Gwen. I have been away enough, and if the girls have got at all disaffected, perhaps I shall be able to find it out better if I sit at your table at dinner, and you are not there.'

This was so reasonable that Gwen could not deny it, and Maisie, with that impulse to strengthen a cause with a second excuse when the first is quite sufficient, which marks an under-motive to the keen observer, added, 'Besides, it is such a lovely day, one of the first spring days we have had, and it will be high tide early in the afternoon. I shall go for a good walk on the sea-wall after dinner; if I can I shall get as far as Friary Church.'

Gwen was too much self-absorbed to be a keen observer, the dread of the girls came uppermost, and Maisie took her own way. At one o'clock Gwen mechanically arrayed herself in her best gown and Sunday hat, and walked up to the Mill House, where she found assembled the Manvilles and Cheriton Lester, together with Mrs. Maxwell, Marcia, and Hal Ingleston and his wife, all of whom had come over for the day, and purposed to drive back at night.

Gwendolen arrived late, and quite unconscious of how keen a disappointment the sight of her, without her sister, inflicted on Cheriton, spoke to him coldly enough. They went into lunch immediately, and she sat opposite to him, and by Hal Ingleston. Hal would have liked to have had Frank Maxwell in the bank. A responsible person, representing Walter Despard, would be very inconvenient, and as the conversation became loud and general, he began to urge Gwendolen, in an undertone, to try to persuade the guardian cousin how much better for the boy it would be.

'The Lesters are all your friends—he would think something of your opinion. Can't you tell him how well I should look after the boy, and what a good opening it is?'

'Have you been talking to him yourself?' asked Gwen.

'I tried, going over the mills this morning, but I couldn't get much out of him. An airified sort of fellow I should say, and sure to cut up rough, if he caught a hint of anything wrong. I hope Aunt Laura won't confide her affairs to him. You *must* try to say a word for me, Gwendolen.'

Gwendolen looked across at Cheriton. It struck her that he was very silent and stern, unlike her recollection of him at Quixeter. Had his suspicions been roused already? She made Hal no answer, but his words added to the forces that were driving her on.

'I am no better than a slave,' she thought, as the luncheon dragged on, lengthened and aggravated by fruit and coffee. Hal talked a good deal, rather as if he wanted to show himself, at home and in favour, at his father's table. Mr. Manville talked to Cheriton across the table on a contemporary ecclesiastical law-suit, anxious to hear the views of so good a specimen of the younger clergy. Cheriton listened and tried to answer, but, as Mr. Manville afterwards remarked, seemed to have no views of any kind; while the Vicar's wife, to whom he was an object of interest for quite other reasons, saw that he gave his attention with difficulty. Gwendolen was aware that he looked at her, and felt the situation more intolerable every moment. He disappeared,

when a move was at last made, and, as soon as she decently could, she evaded Hal, got the start of the Manvilles, and set off to walk home through the garden by herself.

Gwendolen was wound up to the highest pitch. The Mill House gardens were warm and sheltered, and spring flowers were peeping up in all the borders, redeeming the stiffness of the long, straight walk which Gwendolen was pursuing, but she never noticed them. Sitting on a bench under the wall at the end of the path, she saw, with a sense of fate closing in on her, Cheriton Lester.

He got up hastily and came towards her.

'I am glad not to have missed you,' he said, nervously. 'My head aches so much I came out for some air. But I wanted to ask you a question—if—if you will forgive what I want to say.'

Poor Cheriton found plain speaking so tremendous an effort, that he paused for a moment, and Gwendolen struck in—

'I'll not stand it any longer, I'll tell you before you guess. Nothing but harm and misery has come of it all. You always said that you knew there was a secret.'

'I am going to ask you whether that secret concerned your sister as well as yourself?'

'It has been all my sister's doing from beginning to end,' said Gwen bitterly. 'It was she who began it all, and she has never felt as I have done—the bitter, bitter shame of it.'

'Will you—speak more plainly?' said Cheriton, while walls, path, and sky danced before his dizzy eyes.

'Yes, I will,' said Gwen. She sat down on the bench, looking out straight before her, with her hands clasped on her lap, while he stood behind her, leaning against the wall.

'My father and Hal Ingleston spent Mrs. Maxwell's money. Maisie promised to replace it and conceal it. We are replacing it; but it can't be concealed. I always told them that I would never tell a lie about it. But I have—many, many—besides destroying my life. There was nothing for her to give up, and she didn't mind about the truth, in comparison with papa. But the deceit has killed me.'

That part of the story which weighed most on Gwendolen's mind came out first; and perhaps the impression she had formerly received, that Cheriton was a kind and helpful counsellor, made her dwell on the point of conscience; but no counsel came.

'It was her father—she promised him?'

'Yes, when he was dying. I suppose she could not help it. But oh, we ought not to have kept the promise. It was wrong, it was cruel! Oh, it has been the dead hand on our lives indeed!'

The sobs, which Gwendolen had been keeping back with difficulty, here overpowered her, while Cheriton began to realise that the shock he was experiencing, was the relief of his fears, and not their confirmation. He moved and sat down by her side, gaining breath to speak and sense to know what to say.

'I am afraid you have been in a great strait and difficulty. I am sure that it will be right for you to tell me the rest now. Can you bear it? Don't mind if you cry; that doesn't matter a bit.'

'Yes, I'll tell you. When one has told a thing one has done all one can to make up for it. I have borne enough, for a villain like Hal.'

She faced round upon him, her eyes fierce even through their tears, and told him with the most perfect accuracy, and so clearly that he had no difficulty in understanding the exact state of the case, everything that had passed. She neither spared herself, nor any one else. Her few words sketched their father's faulty character clearly enough; and she told him all the arrangements she had made with Hal, and her impatience with Maisie's enthusiasm for their father's fair fame. She fully admitted her attachment to Humfrey, saying with bitter passion: 'I thought I could keep myself true through it all, and, when I could not, I thought a lie was no worse than the whole deceit. But after I told all those lies to *him*, and to Gipsy, I was never myself again. There was no good in being good any more. The lie polluted me!'

'Can you tell me,' said Cheriton, 'why, with these feelings, you consented to the concealment at all?'

'I thought at first that Maisie's promise bound me. It was so shocking to break it—and oh, so terrible that the thing should be told. I did not do it for Hal Ingleston's sake, he deserves to be ruined.'

'But she—she felt differently?'

'Maisie? She and my father just worshipped each other. They never cared for me. She thought she was making up for his sins, and suffering for his sake. That is nothing but a superstition, of course. And she was sorry for Hal, because she could always remember him. There was no one for *her* to tell. And she never had much conscience; she said, "I would rather have the guilt of fifty lies than injure daddy."'

Cheriton's eyes filled with tears.

'Oh, my poor child!' he murmured, but Gwen did not hear.

'She had no reason to care so much as I did,' she continued. '*She* was quite happy and cheerful at Quixeter. Her character doesn't go deep enough to suffer much any way.'

'I think you are not at all fair to her,' said Cheriton, turning upon her with a look in his eyes from which she shrank, and an indescribable kind of suppressed indignation in his voice. But his thoughts and words must be controlled a little longer, and, after a pause, he spoke again in a more natural tone. 'Was it her doing that you came here?' he said.

'Oh, no,' said Gwendolen, for the first time softening a little. 'It was because I could not bear to go so far away. She did not want to come. You know Lucas used rather to persecute her.'

'But—this secret divided them?'

'Oh, dear no, she never thought of him. But she has got on somehow with the girls, and I, who could have done it all once—I have failed because there's nothing left of me to do it with. But now I have told it all.'

'Miss Despard,' said Cheriton, 'why have you told me all this now? Have you come to think it right?'

'No,' said Gwendolen; 'I have come not to care about right. I told you because I won't bear it any longer; and if—if Humfrey Bevan and I are to be parted, it shall be by a truth, and not by a falsehood. What do you think we ought to do?' she added, as he did not speak at once. 'You have not promised. Oughtn't it to be told?'

'I cannot tell what it is right to do till I have been able to think about it. And it is your sister's secret too. Did she know that you meant to tell me?'

'I did not mean to tell you. I told you on the spur of the moment. I don't know if you think me very wicked for telling or for hiding it.'

'Indeed, no,' said Cheriton. 'It must have been hard to act rightly, and cruelly hard to *feel* so.'

He spoke very gently; but something in the look he gave her, struck a new idea into Gwendolen's mind.

'Most likely I have felt wrongly,' she said, 'and I think Maisie has. But if you want to talk to her about it she is out on the sea-wall—you would find her. Turn to the right when you get out of the house—that is the way. Of course I shall tell her at once that I have broken free.'

Cheriton started up, unable to bear it any longer.

'I must go,' he said; 'you will forgive me. In any case, I will do all I can to help you.'

He was gone before Gwendolen had time to look round; but she was too much confused and agitated to wonder at him. She stood up, feeling weak and tired, and walked slowly homewards. The chains were broken, but they still dragged. Cheriton had given her no absolution. She had spoken truth at last; did he think it was at the expense of honour?

CHAPTER XXIV.

FREE.

It was with really heroic determination that Maisie, as soon as the girls were gone back to the mills for their afternoon work, started off on her walk along the sea-wall, feeling that every step took her further and further from Cheriton. It was, however, as she had truly said, a lovely spring day; and by the time she had walked a mile from the mills, the kindly influences of nature, and the kindlier calm which steals into the souls of those who dare to cut off the hand or pluck out the eye for the sake of Right, had already begun to do

their work of healing upon her sore heart. Two miles and a half from South Warrendon there was a curious little village church, called Warrendon Friary, with a small straggling village about half a mile off at the edge of the marsh, which Maisie had always liked going to, though through the winter her walking powers had not been put into requisition to reach it. The Friary church stood on a steep green knoll, quite at the edge of the river, with a sharp descent to the sea-wall which skirted it; and Maisie always found it fascinating to sit at the edge of the churchyard, easily climbed from the sea-wall, and watch the river and the ships, and the soft grey hills on the opposite side. Everything was brilliant in the lambent, not burning sunshine of early spring: the water shone, the ships shone—the hills, the sky, the vivid green blades of grass, everything was so bright that Maisie could even see some children playing in a steep green field on the opposite coast. She watched them, and thought, sorrowfully enough, that she and Cheriton were like the two sides of the river, with the impassable stream between them—

> 'Two are walking apart for ever,
> And wave their hands in a mute farewell.'

And yet—so came a sweeter and more comforting thought—what united them was really a far greater thing than what separated them. The sun, and the sweet air, and the lapping waves were common to both; and so, if they were both trying to be brave, true, and loving—Maisie was sure enough of him; it was herself she doubted—the divine sunshine and wind of the deepest heaven would play upon both, and unite them somehow, some way, beyond this weary separation of space and time.

So she sat there, while the sun dropped down slowly through the luminous sky, and a strange, sweet peace entered into her soul. It was half-past four o'clock before it struck her that she ought to be going home, and that Gwen would be wondering what kept her. She stood up, lowered herself down the bank upon the sea-wall, and then stood there for a minute or two to take a last look at the scene which had done her spirit so much good, and then, reluctantly, she turned her face homewards. The sun was in the west and dazzled her eyes; she was aware that some one was coming along the sea-wall towards her—a man, some workman on his way to Warrendon Friary from the mills, perhaps. Maisie was not in the mood to pay much attention to any casual passenger, but she was struck, when he came nearer, by seeing that this was not a working-man, but a tall parson with a long fair beard. A sudden wild hope sprang into her heart, beaten down by a resolute conviction of its impossibility; she stood perfectly still. Yes, it was Cheriton Lester! And when she saw his eyes, she perceived that it was in search of her he had come. One moment and they were holding each others' hands, breathlessly; and then Cheriton said, 'I know.'

'Oh, *do* you?' said Maisie, and burst into tears.

'At last! at last!' he said, as he drew her close.

And that, as far as either of them could ever remember, was the form of words in which he offered himself to her, and she accepted him.

Both Maisie and Cheriton felt as if the rest of that walk home had been music, not actual existence. Maisie did not try to explain anything, nor did he ask her to explain anything. In fact, there were no explanations wanted now: they had got into a relation, for the time, beyond words. She did not even ask him how he knew; it seemed to her at first as if he must have known by intuition. And he, on his part, felt that when she came to know that Gwen had told the secret, it could not fail to bring a discordant tone in for the first time. But as they turned away from the shining river and sky, towards the mills, Maisie whispered—

'You know, I did tell you a lie.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I knew that always. Now I know why; and I know, too, that I was an utter fool, and deserve all I have suffered, for misunderstanding you, a thousand times over. Never, never shall I forgive myself; only if you have mercy on my folly——'

'*Your* folly?' faltered Maisie, perfectly breathless with amazement at this fiery outburst from the hero, who had dwelt in her imagination in a sort of ideal calm, above and beyond her little sphere.

'Yes, indeed! But there, let us forget it now. Forget it all, what does it matter? I think that old dyke leads straight to Paradise.'

'The dyke!' exclaimed Maisie, her excited spirits finding vent in a laugh. 'Do you think we have been walking on a dyke?'

'Why, a dyke keeps out the sea, doesn't it?'

'A dyke is a great ditch in these parts,' said Maisie, 'a ditch full of water.'

'Ah—"February fill dyke"—now I understand the proverb.'

That laugh did them both good, and brought them back to earth again.

'What will your sister think?' said Cheriton. 'Will you like to tell her by yourself first? Ah, there she is!'

They were coming up the lane that led to the garden entrance of the Home, and Gwendolen, who had come out again in her restless impatience, stopped short, and stared, her attention caught at last, by the transfigured radiance of Cheriton's face.

'Gwendolen,' he said, coming up to her, 'you did not know what you were doing for me. Now, I shall have a brother's right to help you.'

Gwendolen was utterly speechless, and her surprise made him smile, as he glanced at Maisie, with that instinct of sharing in her amusement at Gwen's surprise, which was not a new experience on his part. But there was no amusement in Maisie's face. All the colour had left her cheeks, and he saw that she was struggling with a new and painful idea.

'Did Gwen tell you?' she said in a low, distressed voice.

'Gwen told me. You don't mind my knowing, you can trust me with any secret that touches you,' he said tenderly.

'Oh, it isn't that. I should be only too thankful if you knew any other way. But Gwen promised, and now I feel as if I had broken my promise too—if—if—you couldn't have given me this without——'

Maisie's voice was almost inaudible, but her incoherent words were plain enough to Cheriton.

'No, no, my darling, you have broken no promise! It is all for the best that I should know, though I see plainly that you could not have told me as things were. I will help you to set the wrong right. But, just now, I cannot think there is any wrong in the world. Let me leave you now. What on earth will the Inglestons think of me? I will come back soon—I may, mayn't I? And,' turning to Gwen, 'you will make her rest? She has walked so far and I have startled her so much.'

He went off with no more than another look at Maisie, who ran into the house, while Gwendolen followed her perfectly speechless with surprise.

'Oh, Gwen!' cried Maisie, turning round on her. 'How could you tell him? That he should know is the most *awful* relief. But you promised.'

'I did not mean to tell him. Hal badgered and drove me all lunch-time, and he was sitting opposite to me, and I felt, somehow, as if he was dragging me. He looked at me, and I could hardly help saying, "What do you want?" I felt sure he would speak to me afterwards; but he wasn't there. And, when I came down the garden, he was sitting on the bench under the wall. He said something about you, and I told him; I couldn't help it.'

'That was why I went away,' said Maisie. 'Did he say you were right to tell?'

'He hardly said anything; but his eyes just blazed at me. I can't think how any one can say it is easy to confide in him. It—it was like the Day of Judgment?'

'But, you see, he cared so much,' said Maisie, with the first delightful sense of possession and comprehension flashing upon her.

'But, do you mean that you are engaged to him? When did it begin? I never had a notion.'

'It began at Quixeter Station, when he found the luggage,' said Maisie demurely. 'Dear Gwen, don't look so miserable. He will help us now. He is coming back. Oh, Gwen! don't you think we might give him some tea?'

Poor Gwendolen—her whole soul wrenched and strained with the effort of her confession, ashamed, she hardly knew of what, except that the family disgrace was no longer a secret—felt it hard that Maisie should have apparently forgotten the distress and burden

altogether. She sat still while Maisie worked off her excitement by running about after the tea; and, in a very short time, Cheriton came back, having, indeed, only left them out of consideration for the sister's feelings.

He had some little spring daffodils in his hand, which he put into Maisie's, with an air half courtly, half shy.

'I think they are pretty, will you wear them?' he said, as if it would be the most wonderful favour.

'They always mean spring,' said Maisie, and Gwendolen heard her happy little laugh with impatient envy.

'Will you have some tea?' she said, rather stiffly, but with an effort to be cordial. 'I think you said you had a headache just now.'

'Had I? I had forgotten it,' said Cheriton. 'The sea-wall cured it, I suppose; but I should like some tea, thank you, for I must go back to dinner very soon now, and we must settle one point first. We will always speak quite openly about this trouble, shall we? That will make it easier to settle what to do.'

'Yes,' said Maisie.

'I can't think it out in detail now, and I am afraid I shall have to ask you a great many more questions. But the essential point of your promise, as I understand it, was to save Henry Ingleston from disgrace. That was the spirit of it?'

'Yes,' said Maisie.

'That was the sting of it,' said Gwendolen.

'And, of course, to do justice to Mrs. Maxwell?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Gwendolen; 'that matter's far the worst. Till that money is repaid to her, we have no right to anything. It *is* wronging her to pay it so slowly. It is a disgrace we ought to allow no one to share.'

Cheriton made no direct answer; but, as the firelight shone on his face, there was that in it to Maisie's watching eyes, which for the first time showed her the force of Gwen's point of view.

'That being the case,' he continued, 'I don't think your father whose one thought was to make amends, would tie you down to technical points of secrecy. It is his wish we must follow, his best wish. Isn't that so, dear?'

Maisie put her hand in his; she was trembling, and he held the little fingers tenderly, while he went on, as quietly as if every nerve was not still throbbing with excitement—

'How to do this we will think to-morrow. But, as I can't come here, nor meddle in your affairs without a reason, I think you must let me tell your cousins at once of our engagement. I believe I keep my own counsel very badly,' he added, smiling, 'and I'm sure they would find me out. You will forgive me for such hurry. I know I ought to let you tell them yourself.'

Maisie only answered by the pressure of her hand, and he turned to Gwen—

'You will forgive me too, for I hardly know on what ground I am treading. I saw Mr. Bevan yesterday; he was as anxious as I was. I must tell him—what? To wait patiently a little longer?'

'You can tell him all,' said Gwendolen. 'He can judge of it as he will. Tell him, and your brother, and Gipsy too.'

'I shall not tell my brother,' said Cheriton, hurriedly. 'Nor shall I tell Bevan—that is not for me to do; but I *must* go, it is so late. To-morrow we will talk of it again. Forgive me, Gwendolen, for all I said, or did not say, to you. You see, I hardly knew what I was doing.'

Gwendolen took his offered hand; but the whole scene had been torture to her, and she hurried away as much to find solitude for herself, as to leave the lovers to part alone. Then Maisie stood up and faced him, with the resolute look that this soft-eyed, soft-faced girl could wear; the next moment she had hidden her face in her hands.

'Oh, it *is* disgrace,' she sobbed; 'and you feel it. It is true, I did not mind enough. It is, oh! it is so different from *you!* Oh, I mustn't let you do it!'

But Cheriton drew her into his arms and tried vainly to look into her face.

'Yes, Maisie,' he said; 'yes, it is a disgrace, and I do feel it; but it is as nothing, compared to the honour of your love.'

'But I, too; I did not care enough. But I did keep away for fear I should have to tell you a lie again—to-day, when I so longed to see you!'

'I could never have done that!' said Cheriton, with such spontaneous emphasis that Maisie laughed through her tears, and let him kiss them away. 'You are the very soul of honour,' he said; 'and, my dearest, you will have plenty to put up with. It will be a dull life for you at Elderthwaite, and I'm afraid you will sometimes be anxious about me; though, indeed, there is very little need for it now.'

'I was anxious enough when I heard of your bad cold,' said Maisie.

'Oh! but that got well so quickly that it only proved that I am quite strong now,' he said, with an eagerness, the pathos of which, happily, she scarcely knew enough of his past history to understand.

The strength he spoke of had been tried of late to its utmost limit; though this of course he would not let Maisie guess. But the trial was over now, and, with whatever drawbacks, such joy had been granted to him as he had never hoped to know.

'Thy will be done!' might have seemed to him a hard saying, since he well knew what the honest saying of it meant; but the 'Thank God!' with which he claimed Maisie for his own, came from boundless depths of love and gratitude.

(To be continued.)

'LOST IN THE FINDING.'

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER VIII.

'THERE, Cousin Margaret, that's the hill. We shall be able to see splendidly from there. How slow you are! Can't you run?'

'Not up hill, please, Ambrose. But you may run on if you will promise to wait for me at the top.'

Ambrose needed no second bidding, but was speedily scampering up the somewhat steep ascent; shouting as he went, and creating quite a panic among its usual inhabitants—the rabbits.

His cousin followed more leisurely. However lovely a spring day may be, it is not usually invigorating; and somehow Margaret felt even more languid and unequal to exertion than she had done when, now just a year ago, she had spent her first May in England.

For this was 'May-day,' and she and Ambrose were on their way to a place from whence, though still within Mr. Hawthorne's grounds, they could obtain a bird's-eye view of the merry-making going on in the village.

Nurse Trotter was ill; late in the winter she had sprained her ankle, rheumatism had taken possession of the injured joint; and now that it was no longer possible to keep Master Ambrose always in sight herself, she was not sorry sometimes to avail herself of his willingness to join his cousin in her walks, as being a less evil than his running wild alone; or playing in the stables, as he had more than once been found guilty of doing lately.

For Ambrose's love for his Cousin Margaret had perhaps been rather strengthened by opposition! And she, on her part, had learnt to be thankful for any crumbs of affection which came in her way, and of any companionship to cheer the solitude in which she practically lived.

It must be confessed, however, that Master Ambrose not unfrequently proved a troublesome handful! and it was not without some apprehension that she had taken charge of him on this occasion.

For Ambrose had set his heart upon going down into the village to join in the 'sports,' and Nurse Trotter had declared it should not be. 'She wasn't going to trust him as she could not go herself.' The war

of words had waxed high; and, finally, Ambrose had dashed out of the nursery where she was now a prisoner, banging the door behind him, and exclaiming at the top of his voice—

'I don't care for you, you old witch! I'll go where I like!'

So blind was he with passion that he rushed straight into the arms of his father, who, after demanding an explanation of such an outbreak, promptly reduced him to submission—if not penitence!—and left him with a stern injunction never again to 'call any honest woman by so foul a name.'

This had happened the day before; and possibly Ambrose thought that his sin had lain in his mode of giving vent to his desires, rather than in the desires themselves; and, indeed, the pain of the first punishment he had ever undergone at his father's hands, was more than counterbalanced by the pleasure of overhearing the latter say to his mother, later in the day—

'I see I must take measures with that boy; he is getting too old to be left to the sole care of women.'

It was this which gave him courage to appeal to Mr. Hawthorne after breakfast the next morning, in hopes of hearing old nurse's decision reversed.

'Might he not go with one of the men? Wat, the coachman, was going, and——'

But he was doomed to disappointment. 'Certainly not,' was the answer; 'he was on no account to go beyond the gates that day.'

Margaret felt sorry for the child, whose disappointment was evidently keen; and their present expedition was her suggestion, rather reluctantly acquiesced in by her uncle, whose objections she did not quite comprehend.

Two hundred years before, this rabbit warren on the side of the hill, up which she was toiling, had been esteemed the most valuable part of her ancestor's property; when the 'black conies,' for which it was famous, fetched twopence halfpenny a piece for their carcases, and sixpence for their skins. No small sum in those days!

It was not Margaret's first visit to the place; therefore she was no longer surprised when, on reaching the summit, she found herself so close to, and so much on a level with the top of the village church, that she could almost have stepped on to the roof! It was a tiny building, so walled up on one side by its own churchyard that the windows were blocked nearly half way up, and the damp literally streamed through the walls, rapidly obliterating some curious old frescoes which already left only room for conjecture as to their meaning, and really forming some excuse for the whitewash with which reforming zeal would, a few years later, seek to cover the neglect of present times.

On the other side, the church opened straight on to the village green; so that any victim in the stocks could enjoy the consolations

of religion, if so minded, almost as easily as when, a few years later, the stocks themselves were actually moved *inside* the wide church porch.

But there was no victim in the stocks this morning; no, nor even a melancholy donkey or pig in the pound. In the centre of the green was reared a gigantic may-pole, gay with wreaths and many-coloured ribands; and the grass was covered with people all dressed in their best, and mostly intent, just then, on examining the various goods displayed on rough booths which had been erected round two sides of the open space: for on May-day a sort of fair was held in Blaneham; or what might be more truly described as an open-air market, at which, besides eatables and drinkables of all kinds, pots and pans, toys and 'goodies,' many a good-wife was glad of the opportunity of turning into cash the result of the long winter's work at spinning-wheel and knitting; so that business and pleasure ran hand-in-hand in true English fashion.

Ever since he could remember, Ambrose had been permitted to go with nurse in the morning—see the procession of young men and gaily-dressed maidens escorting the May Queen to her throne after leaving the may-pole, and spend as many pennies as he could coax out of his mother on gingerbread and toys. To be deprived of such a treat was no small trial to a boy who had never seen a town, or been inside a shop in his life; for although Hawthorndene was only thirty miles from Plymouth, such a distance was a journey not lightly undertaken in those days; nor were change and excitement then considered necessary ingredients in a child's life!

'There, Cousin Margaret! Now you know what a may-pole is like!' cried Ambrose, as Margaret at last gained the top of the hill, and stood by his side.

'Yes; but where are all the village girls and boys dancing round it? And what has become of Robin Hood and all his men, and Jack-in-the-green? Why, the poor may-pole looks quite deserted!'

'You don't suppose they stop there dancing all day, do you? They did that quite early this morning; and this evening they will be at it again, and there will be a bonfire, and all sorts of fun! We were in time for all the morning part last year, and I could see the bonfire from the top rooms on this side—at least the smoke, you know. Oh, how I wish I was a man!' groaned poor Ambrose, as the remembrance of these joys of the past again overwhelmed him.

'Never mind, dear! We can see it all beautifully from here; and I dare say you will be able to watch the bonfire again to-night.'

'What's the use of that! I think it's very hard. Just as if I couldn't take care of myself! Wat says there is to be such a bear-baiting at the "Hawthorne Bush!" Yes, and cock-fighting, too.'

'Why, surely you wouldn't wish to see such cruel sport as that?'

'Oh, you're only a woman!' remarked Ambrose scornfully. 'You can't understand! Wat says the cocks like it. When I'm a man, I

leading her. The straggling village 'street,' as it was called, stretched away from the green to the right; and she soon saw that by descending some distance, and skirting the churchyard wall, they could over-look the road at much closer quarters, or rather, that *she* could do so, for her head was just above its level. But she was not prepared to see Ambrose, who was of course far ahead of her, climbing to the top, just where the wall itself was built on the summit of a very steep bank which sloped down to the road beneath.

'Come down, Ambrose!' she exclaimed breathlessly, as soon as she came up with him. 'I am sure that is dangerous. Your mother would not like you to be up there.'

But Ambrose was far too excited to attend, and as we have seen, obedience was not his strong point at the best of times.

'Who can it be!' he cried. 'Can you see, Cousin Margaret? Why don't you climb up here too? There's lots of room. I should have thought *any one* in Blaneham would have known better than to go out to-day without any May. Oh! isn't he being soaked.'

Margaret judged it better to hold on to Ambrose's coat-tails—the only part of him she could reach—rather than to risk a scuffle which might destroy his balance. The scene before her seemed perfectly inexplicable. Down one side of the village street flowed a stream of beautifully clear water, such as is often seen by Somerset and Devon road-sides: on the edge of this, all the boys in the village seemed to have clustered in a moment, as if by magic; each holding in his hand an implement, which she afterwards learned was called a 'dipping horn,' and which consisted of a long stick, to one end of which was fastened the point of a bullock's horn, hollowed out so as to form a sort of cup. The great object of each boy was to fill this cup as quickly as possible and then empty it on to an unfortunate individual who formed the centre of a crowd at the top of the street.

Apparently he recognised the uselessness of resistance, for, although already drenched to the skin, his only effort seemed to be to gradually force his way towards one of the neighbouring cottages. Of course more than half the water which was 'aimed' at him was freely spilt on those immediately surrounding him; so perhaps he considered himself sufficiently avenged; and the roars of laughter showed that the play, however rough, *was* play, and not earnest.

'Oh, what fun! what fun!' screamed Ambrose, nearly beside himself with delight. 'See! he will gain shelter in a minute. They can't touch him any more if he once gets within four walls. But look! there is another man on horseback coming down the road. I wonder whether he has got any May! I believe, yes, it *is* Sir Godfrey!'

Ambrose position gave him the advantage of greater range of vision than Margaret could obtain as she hung on to him behind. Naturally, no entreaties on her part had prevailed to make him sit

still during the recent excitement. Probably the stones at the top of the wall had become loosened by time, for as the boy gave an energetic wave with both arms in his efforts to attract Sir Godfrey's attention, a large one on which he was seated gave way outwards, and in an instant he was dangling in the air, while his vacant seat rolled heavily downwards into the road below.

(To be continued.)

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

BY SELINA GAYE.

III.

GOING TO MARKET.

WHEN Dulcie awoke the next morning, the sun was shining so brightly that for a moment she was afraid that she had overslept herself; but, while she lay wondering how she was to find out the time, a clock outside obligingly struck six, and then she heard some one moving in the next room.

Cousin Hester must be getting up, but Dulcie could not make up her mind whether to do the same or not, for she would gladly have put off the meeting with her cousins as long as possible. While she was hesitating, however, there was a very gentle tap at the door, and, in answer to her 'Come in,' Cousin Hester appeared in her dressing-gown, saying—

'Oh, you *are* awake! I thought I would just come and see. Do you think you are rested enough to get up and come with us? It is such a lovely morning that I think you would enjoy it.'

Perhaps Cousin Hester thought that the sooner the meeting was got over the better, for, as soon as she found that Dulcie had slept well and was quite rested and wide-awake, she seemed to take it for granted that, of course, she would get up, and left her, promising to come and show her the way down in half an hour's time.

It *was* a lovely morning, and for several minutes Dulcie stood gazing down the long chestnut avenue, watching the flickering lights and shadows, and wondering where it led to, for it did not look as if it were used as a drive, and they had come in by a much shorter one at the back the evening before.

The owl's tower did not look quite as imposing as it had done with the advantage of twilight; but, still, its round turrets with their extinguisher-tops had a respectable appearance of age, and Dulcie returned to look at it again and again with much satisfaction in the intervals of dressing. Nevertheless, she was ready by the time Cousin Hester came back for her, and they went softly downstairs, where they found the rest of the party already assembled, and Judith, or Judy as she was commonly called, rushed at them with the interesting information that they had found one of the donkeys in the hall and almost in the kitchen, and that she and Jack had turned him out, and he had not liked it at all, and now Nanon was harnessing him.

'Oh! and, Cousin Hester, *may* we take Rip and Rough?' Judy went

on in her most coaxing tones. 'Do look at their dear tails just wagging at the tip. It isn't worth while to wag the whole till they know whether you are going to say Yes. Now *do!*'

'Well, if you like to be responsible for them, and put their chains on as soon as we get into the town, for I must say your dear dogs are not in the least to be trusted.'

'*I'll* manage them, and they shan't nannick a bit, poor things, when we get through the gate.'

And then Judy informed the dogs that they were to go, and there was much delighted barking and scuffling backwards and forwards; and then the whole party set out, and Dulcie had her first view of Château Plancoët. It was not quite what she had imagined, for though she knew very well that a château was merely a manor or country-house, and not a castle with keep and battlements, still she had pictured something rather different and more important-looking; for this was just a large, white, rambling old house with nothing that could be called romantic or even picturesque about it, as the turret containing the staircase, though it had an extinguisher top to match the tower, was not to be seen from below.

Before it was a large square space with an oval of turf in the middle, and a broad gravelled drive round it, and to the front and on the left were coach-house, stable, cow-house and various other out-houses and offices such as in England we are accustomed to keep in the background. To the right was a wide strip of turf with a clump of trees, and beyond this again, a wall with a flight of crumbling stone steps in the centre, and at the top an iron gate leading into the kitchen-garden, which was raised some feet above the rest of the ground.

Well, the house might not be much to look at outside, but there was something 'nice' about it altogether.

'Is it at all like what you expected, Dulcie?' asked Cousin Hester, as they walked down the drive, which ran along the edge of a narrow dell or miniature valley, and had a large fish-pond on one side, and a rather steep slope, planted with trees, on the other.

'It must have been more imposing-looking in the old times, for they say there was a tower at each corner of the yard. Ah, good-morning, Thérèse!' she went on in French, stopping for a moment to speak kindly to a little shrivelled old woman, who was busy ladling up duck-weed.

'Do you know what that's for, Dulcie?' inquired Judy, seizing the first opportunity of 'making friends' with the new cousin. 'I thought you didn't! It's to feed her ducks with. Cousin Hester lets her come and fetch it. They do keep all the creatures so shut up here that they haven't a chance of finding much for themselves, poor dears! They only take the cows out for a little while in the day—and Uncle Russell has got two sheep with long tails, and Jean-Baptiste is so obstinate he won't let even them go out and enjoy

themselves as English sheep do, but is always hunting after them. Isn't this pond green? I wonder somebody doesn't take it for grass and step into it when it's getting a little dusk—don't you?—for there isn't much room to pass a carriage, and you see there *is* grass the other side, only you would have to roll a good way down to get it!'

'Which is what I am always expecting to see you do some day, Miss Judy! Now, take care, for here comes Nanon in the cart; just let her get safe into the road, and then if you like you may drive Dulcie the first part of the way.'

Judy did not wait to be asked twice, and was in her place in a twinkling, while Dulcie followed more slowly, for she would very much have preferred walking with Cousin Hester.

'*Well*, didn't you *ever* see a donkey-cart before, Dulcie? You get in just like a cow!'

'Judy, that is not at all a polite speech,' said Cousin Hester gravely. 'Dulcie began with the wrong foot, that is all.'

'And I don't believe you ever saw a cow get into a cart, so you can't know what it would look like,' put in Alick.

'Perhaps she has seen a donkey though!' remarked Jack, 'for you know she forgot the French for "harness" the other day, and she went and asked Nanon to put the donkey inside the cart!'

'Well, and if I did, Nanon knew what I meant, and she didn't laugh.'

'Because she is politer than you, that's why!'

'Ah, well, if you like to laugh at people for getting into carts, it's fair for us to laugh at your French!'

'Now, boys, be off! there is Nanon looking back for you,' said Cousin Hester, for she knew from experience that a skirmish between them and Judy was apt to end in disaster.

For a little time Dulcie and her companion jogged on in silence, and she was free to look about her from her perch and admire the masses of red and grey rock which stood out here and there from the high, hedge-crowned banks bordering the road, and she could also take the opportunity of glancing at the rest of the party, whom she had scarcely seen the night before.

Dulcie was very much disposed to judge of people by their faces, and she had speedily made up her mind about Cousin Hester. It was a pleasure to look at her with her bright brown hair and clear grey eyes, whose precise tint she could not quite determine, at one moment deciding that it was brown and at another blue; but, whatever it was, it was just the right thing; and what a pretty colour she had, and how dainty she looked in that fresh blue cambric!

Fando was nearly as tall, but quite different-looking, pleasant, and sensible, with honest brown eyes, but not much pretension to really good looks, though her face lighted up as she talked.

Judy—well, Dulcie could not well examine her in detail as she sat

beside her, but she had seen already that she had quick black eyes, a bright colour, and a short crop of almost black hair, which lay in little close rings all over her head, making her look very quaint and boy-like. As for Jack and Alick, Dulcie was too inexperienced in the matter of boys to know what to think about them at present. Alick was a good deal like Judy in appearance, and had much of her quickness of speech and movement, while Jack took after Fando in looks, and spoke with deliberation; but they were both scrambling sort of creatures, with long arms and legs flying in all directions, and they were now darting to and fro across the road and up and down the steep banks like a couple of rabbits.

But here Judy began to make conversation by informing Dulcie that Nanon went to market every Thursday, and that in fact *everybody* went either to buy or sell, and that you couldn't take cattle or anything eatable into the town without paying *octroi*, and that a pig's *octroi* was a sou. At this time of Dulcie's first visit to Dinan, there was no railway and there were no puffing, panting engines to frighten horses, donkeys, or cattle, on their way up to the market, so there was no excitement of this kind at all events, and they reached the town without adventure.

There was no regular market-place at Dinan, but the stalls were set up here and there in different streets, one street being kept for meat and fish, and another for fruit and vegetables, and so on, while the cattle were collected in the *place*, where the poor little calves were left to lie scorching in the sun with their legs tied together. Near them were mountains of carrots and piles of loaves as big as mill-stones, and at a corner near stood a group of women with baskets full of butter made up in pats nearly a foot thick, to match the loaves apparently.

'Yes,' said Judy, 'and we brought Willie one morning, and Alick told him that this was where the giants came to buy their breakfasts, and I believe he expected to meet a giant round every corner, and that is why he would not get up this morning, though he knew it was only a *marine*.'

'Dulcie won't know what you mean, Judy,' remarked Fando, 'unless you explain.'

'Oh! Daddy says, "Tell that to the marines," when he hears any very nice story, too good to be true, you know; and Alick does like to *embezzle* his stories, Daddy says, so, when he was a little boy, he made him always say "marine" first, and then, you see, we knew. And he often does it still, but Willie is rather scary, and I believe he was frightened all the same; but, then, he isn't much more than a baby.'

But now they came to the fruit-stalls, which looked very tempting with their piles of green figs, peaches, melons, etc., all so wonderfully cheap compared with what they were in England, that when Judy went home she offended the greengrocer whom she honoured with

her patronage, by telling him that his peaches were not in the least worth fourpence and sixpence apiece, for that where she had come from they were only a sou—less than a halfpenny, as she explained—and the figs were sometimes six, and sometimes only three sous the dozen.

The morning walk had made them hungry, and, while Cousin Hester filled her basket, she gave leave for every one who liked to spend just one sou. It took some little time for five minds under fifteen to make themselves up on the important question of whether one peach were better than three figs, and then Judy nearly went into fits at hearing one of her fellow-countrywomen asking in loud, clear tones for 'des plumes, des plumes,' and waxing louder and louder and more earnest in her endeavours to make it understood that she wanted plums!

'But French people make lovely mistakes, too,' said Judy, who thought it proper to stand up for her own country. 'They say the English are going to have "a cricket, and play crickets" here, and once when Uncle Russell saw something in an hotel bill that he did not understand, the waiter, who spoke English *beautifully*, said "It was for de shoes what cleaned de boots."'

Having finished their business at the fruit-stalls, they went on to the Halle, which was full of people selling eggs and live poultry, which they held by the legs, heads down; and then, after seeing all that was to be seen, they went back to Madame Aubert's, where they were to meet Nanon and the cart, for Madame Aubert kept a grocer's shop, and, moreover, she knew everybody and all that went on in Dinan, and was the sort of person who was consulted on all sorts of occasions.

She and Nanon had been busy packing the cart with a variety of things, for, though it was quite possible to buy provisions at other times, Nanon always thought it necessary to lay in a large stock on Thursday, as if she expected a famine or a siege. Accordingly, there were three pair of live chickens stowed away under the seat, as Madame Aubert pointed out, saying with an easy smile, 'Vous allez les sentir bouger un peu sous vos pieds, mais il ne faut pas y faire attention!'—without a thought of what the poor chickens might be feeling on the subject, for, good-natured and kind-hearted as she was in other respects, she was, like most French people, very heedless where animals were concerned. She had always been accustomed to see them treated as if they had no feeling, and it never occurred to her to think, as Judy said, 'how she would like to be stuffed away in a donkey-cart with her legs tied and two or three people sitting on the top of her.' Besides the poor chickens, there was a tin pail full of eggs and butter, another great pat of butter in a plate, a basket of small fish, some meat, some very good-looking little cream-cheeses from La Trappe, a *terrine* of curds, a basket of rolls and the sort of cakes called *échaudés*, a melon, some artichokes, also some ginger-

bread, and two or three baskets of fruit besides the one Cousin Hester had filled, which was now added to the collection.

'Well, that ought to be enough to keep us from starving for a little while, at all events,' said Cousin Hester, going into the dark little shop, while the rest stayed outside, Jack considerately holding a parasol over the butter, and Dulcie looking up and down the street and wondering how the people could see at all in some of the shops, over which the upper stories projected so far that they had to be supported on wooden posts or pillars. She was soon so deeply absorbed in looking at the picturesque old gable-ended houses with their high-pitched roofs and bits of carving, and in admiring the variously shaped white caps of the passers-by, as almost to forget the existence of her companions, until Fando, who was anxious to be friendly, said—

'Cousin Hester thinks that this bit of the town would make a very pretty sketch, if we could sit in front of the shop there; but I am afraid the arcades and those carved things—corbels, they call them—would be very difficult. Do you care about drawing?'

'Yes; that is, I can't do it, but I like trying. I have only learnt a few months.'

'Oh! well, then, we can do some together. Judy always likes playing with the boys best, but mother likes me to take home a few little sketches, if they are ever so bad, and I am very fond of it. I want so to do one of La Garaye; and I think we are going to take you there this afternoon, if you like. Have you read the "Lady of La Garaye?" Oh! it is so pretty; Cousin Hester has got it, and I am sure she will lend it to you.'

'I say, Fando,' interrupted Judy, 'do you know who that gentleman is? there! a little way down on the opposite side. I believe he is looking at Dulcie. Do you know him, Dulcie? Oh! you *are* so slow; he has gone on now.'

And then, much to Dulcie's relief, Cousin Hester came out; for, though Judy called her 'slow,' she had been quite quick enough to see that the gentleman was no other than Mr. Beaumont, and she was in a great fright lest he should really recognise her and come and shake hands.

However, the danger was over for this time, and the procession started for home, Nanon driving, Jack still guarding the butter, Alick nursing one of the baskets, and the rest walking, while Madame Aubert stood looking after them, smiling and nodding and showing all her teeth.

Meanwhile, Dulcie was thinking what a narrow escape she had had, and was longing to be able to find out whether Mr. Beaumont had yet paid his intended visit to Plancoët. It seemed weeks since her adventure at S. Malo, and the walk from Vicomté to Dinard, and she could hardly believe that it was only two clear days. This was Thursday; Uncle John had arrived on Monday—'Black Monday,' as

Dulcie was inclined to call it—and Mr. Beaumont had left Dinard early on Tuesday, so he *might* have been; and, though it would not make any difference in her feeling about Uncle Russell, it would be a great relief to know that it was over, and that she would not have to meet him there.

She hardly heard what Fando was saying, until she was recalled to her senses by hearing her say in a very surprised, half-offended tone—

'*Not* like Cousin Hester? Why, I thought everybody must like her.'

'Oh, yes, I mean—I didn't quite hear,' stammered Dulcie; 'I do like her, she seems very kind.'

'I should think she was, just! All the people about say she is an angel, she is so good to them, and Nanon says they wish so much that she lived here altogether; but I don't think it suits Uncle Russell in the winter. He had not been here at all for some years; Plancoët was let for a long time, and then, after Aunt Frances died (she was Cousin Hester's mother and I am named after her, you know), Cousin Hester persuaded him to come here for a change, and he has been here each summer since, and Cousin Hester has had us all to stay in the holidays to make it cheerful. He is always so good and kind to us all; and mother is so glad, she likes us to be with Cousin Hester, and we get on with our French besides. Isn't it a dear old house? Ah! you haven't seen it properly yet, and the inside is the best. It isn't much to make a sketch of, and it is very difficult to get a good view of it, because it is so shut in with trees.'

'Do people often come to see it?' asked Dulcie, cautiously.

'No; it is not what they call a "show place" at all, you know. People often come through the avenue, just as if it were a public road, and they can see the outside if they wish.'

'Don't they ever stop to make a sketch of the tower?'

'One or two did last year, but I don't think any one has been this summer. You see there are a good many other better things to draw. There is La Garaye, and then there is Taden, where the Lord and Lady of La Garaye are buried; and there are beautiful ruins at Léhon; and then there is St. Esprit, where the Duke of Lancaster was encamped with his army and put up a beautiful cross. Some wicked people wanted to pull it down, in the Revolution, but a stone fell and killed one of them. Are you fond of history?'

'Some of it. I like stories that make the people seem real.'

'Oh! the "Lances of Lynwood" and the "Prince and the Page." Aren't they lovely? I am so glad that you like them and dear old, ugly Duguesclin with his turned-up nose and green eyes. I think I should have been so sorry for him when he was a boy, and I should have liked to be that good nun who was the first person to see the good in him. Do you remember, she came to see his mother one day when he was in great disgrace and told him she had great news for him, that he might be the greatest man of his time? How surprised he must

have been! "One day he will yet be the first man in France and the glory of the kingdom," she said to his mother; and I think her saying it must have helped him to be it, don't you? It's like "Give a dog a bad name," only just the other way, and I am sure it is true. That open place where we were just now is called the Place Duguesclin, and the other end is the Place du Champ, where he fought in the lists with that English knight, Thomas of Canterbury, that they *will* call Kantorbie, who had pounced on his brother Oliver who had gone outside the walls to get some air, when Dinan was besieged, do you remember? It was very mean of him, and I am glad that he got the worst of it. I wonder what Dinan looked like in those days, don't you? It had the very same walls, but they must have looked quite new compared with what they do now, and all the twenty-one towers must have been standing, I suppose; five or six are gone now. I wonder what the *place* looked like then! Do you remember Tiphaine, that he afterwards married, was there to see the fight, and had told him he would be victorious, and the Duke of Lancaster and some of the English officers came to see, too. I should *not* have liked to be a lady in those days and obliged to go and see people nearly or quite kill one another. I wish her house were still standing. It used to be in the Rue de la Croix, and there was a turret still left about forty years ago; but now it's all gone but one stone with a Maltese cross on it, which is put up over the door of one of the houses near. I don't think Duguesclin would have cared much about the statue they have put up to him in the *place*; it looks rather cheap, and they did things so much more grandly in those days. Do you remember his winning the silver swan as large as life at Rennes, the first grand joust he ever went to, when he borrowed his cousin's horse and weapons and kept his visor closed that they might not know him, and how his father came forward to fight, and he respectfully lowered his lance and refused the challenge?'

The old constable had proved an excellent introduction; the ice was fairly broken now, and Cousin Hester was glad to find that, when once started, Dulcie was able to take a fair share in the discussion of books and characters, which lasted until they reached Château Plancoët.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXVII.

QUIETISM.

1690-1699.

It has been already told how in 1684 Françoise d'Aubigné became the uncrowned queen of Louis XIV., when she was forty-eight years old, reigning entirely by her personal qualities, and with a brain entirely unturned by her unique position. As she said of herself, 'I am not a great person, I am only one who has been raised;' or, as if she had known Shakespeare, she might have said she had had greatness thrust upon her.

Among all the brilliantly dressed gentlemen and ladies of the Court, she constantly wore either fine woollen serge or damask, usually of that tint of brown known as *feuille morte*, and without gold embroidery; only everything about her delicately fine, neat and clean.

She held herself to have married the King 'for his salvation,' and she laboured on in quietness and patience in the hope of touching his heart through its double and treble folds of self-worship; but more through his feeling her necessary to him than through genuine love. As she once said, 'he loved me only as far as he was capable of loving;' but he referred almost everything to her, though chiefly only for the sake of an auditor, and he depended on her entirely for amusement and assistance.

Her real bent was towards education, and she began by housing a set of little orphan girls of good family at Reuil, whence they were taken to a château at Noisy, where she placed them under the care of elder ladies, who formed a sort of irregular religious Order, called 'Dames de St. Louis.' Thence they were transferred to a building on the site of the old Abbey of St. Cyr—three miles from Versailles, where they were her one delight and recreation of that weary life at the Palace, which lasted full thirty years. The little maidens all wore a uniform of brown serge, linen caps with a muslin border, lace frills at the neck, and little aprons. Sashes, cap and hair ties, and apron borders were in the lowest class red, then green, yellow, and blue. They were taught their religion thoroughly, and the French language with much precision and elegance, a little music, and needlework in every branch, including embroidery and lace-making. Deportment and manners were studied. Madame de Maintenon herself would practise the girls in their curtsies, and would inspect the kitchen, where the highest class were taught all that the house-

keeping and delicately cooking and distilling lady of an ancient household ought to know. She was with them at every spare moment, and the rules that she drew up for them were admirable, and, with her recorded counsels and conversations with the mistresses, ought to be studied by every one engaged in education of girls. Such was the discipline, that when the King unexpectedly took his place in the chapel not a head was turned to look at him!

It has been already related how the tragedy of 'Esther' was written by Racine for the young ladies, and performed by them to the extreme delight of the King and his suite; and elocution was among the studies. A sum was laid up out of which each portionless girl might receive a dowry of 3000 livres for either matrimonial or conventual life; and it is strange to find that the revenue came in part from the great old historical Abbey of St. Denys, of which the King was always patron, but which was now suppressed. Among the numerous clerical friends and advisers who took interest in St. Cyr, none ranked higher than the Abbé de Fénelon—one of the most beautiful characters recorded in the whole of Church history.

His full name was François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon. He was born in 1651, a younger son of the Count de Salignac, brother of the Marquis de Fénelon. From his youth both his natural bent and the circumstances of his family destined him for a priest; and his saintly life soon marked him out for confidence, while his preaching showed his talent and ability. He became spiritual guide to the family of the Duke de Beauvilliers, an excellent nobleman, whose wife, a daughter of the great Colbert, was also devout and conscientious. She was a great friend of Madame de Maintenon, by whose influence it probably came about that, in 1689, the Duke was appointed governor to the King's grandchildren, the three sons of the Dauphin, with free powers to appoint all the rest of the attendants, and he immediately fixed upon the Abbé de Fénelon as Preceptor. For this post the Abbé was eminently fitted, as well by substantial excellence as by love of children, power of sympathy with them, and the graceful, commanding figure, fine countenance, and exquisite courtesy inherited from his chivalrous ancestors.

There were three boys, the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri, of whom only the eldest was as yet ready to pass from the nursery into the hands of men, as was done at seven years old. The great Bossuet, now Bishop of Meaux, had been tutor to their father, the Dauphin; but Monseigneur, as he was universally termed, was so dull, inanimate, and heavy, that the ablest instruction could make nothing of him; and his wife, a Bavarian Princess, was duller still, and never talked freely to any one except a lady from her home, called Bessola, with whom she could converse in German. Strangely as it seemed, this couple's eldest child was a being all fire and vivacity, resembling, perhaps, what his grandfather had been when, in early childhood, he had been the plague of the Tuileries. In the

hands of the nurses and the ladies he had become utterly unmanageable, desperately proud of his rank as heir to the throne, and despising everybody, furiously passionate, so that he flew into a rage at bad weather, and beat the clocks for striking an unwelcome hour, and with that bitter biting tongue which a clever child sometimes acquires when it finds out its power of tormenting.

Fénelon was really appalled when he first made acquaintance with his charge, and looked forward to what a monarch might be with such a nature. The one hopeful point about the boy was that he was perfectly truthful, and had a quick intelligence, so as to be exceedingly eager about all that interested him, and, as Fénelon could discern, powers of affection that had never yet been adequately brought out.

He seems to have won the love and esteem of his pupil first by the share he took in his more innocent sports, and, withal, by informing and impressing a mind and imagination already curious and hungry for food. The fits of fury were met with universal silence. No one in the household was allowed to speak to his Royal Highness; his books were put aside, and his attendants waited on him with averted faces, and the more he raged the more he was treated with grave pity as a little madman.

Gradually this worked upon him. Little notes, even in the first year, are still extant. 'Louis, who promises anew to keep my promise better. September 12.—I beg M. de Fénelon to let me try again.' In another he promises '*foi de Prince*' to submit to whatever punishment M. de Fénelon chooses.

The tutor used to write little fables, and invent classic myths for his benefit, so personal that some boys would have been exasperated, but which the Duke took all in good part. Here is a specimen. The Abbé reads a letter as if from the antiquarian Bayle with a description of a newly-discovered medal.

'One side represents a child of noble and beautiful mien. Pallas holds her shield over him; Apollo, followed by the Muses, presents him with a lyre; Venus hovers about in her chariot; Victory points with one hand to a triumphal car, and with the other offers him a crown. The legend is from Horace—"Non sine Dîs animosus infans."

'The reverse evidently represents the same child; there is the same figure, but he is now surrounded with hideous and grotesque masks, venomous reptiles, snakes, vipers, insects, owls, filthy harpies, clawing with their hooked nails. There is a troop of impudent, mocking satyrs, assuming the most absurd positions, laughing and pointing to the monstrous fish's tail with which the beautiful boy's body is completed; and around, the legend, again from Horace: "Turpiter atrum desinit in piscem." Our scholars are greatly perplexed to discover on what occasion this ancient medal can have been struck. Some maintain that it represents Caligula, who, as son of Germanicus,

kindled so many hopes in childhood, but became a monster. Others think that it is meant for Nero, whose beginning was so brilliant and his end so horrible.'

The lessons, whether playfully or seriously given, began to sink in, and the Duke, in his ordinary mood, warmly loved his preceptor—one of the most attractive of men—and really dreaded and desired to conquer his own violent temper. But there were still crises when he lost all command of himself. In one of these, when Fénelon had given him some order, he broke out—

'No, no, Monsieur; I know who I am and who you are!'

To this Fénelon made no answer, and for the rest of the day never spoke to his pupil without necessity, but remained cold, grave, and ceremonious. In the morning, just as the Duke awoke, he entered the room, and spoke thus—

'I do not know, Monsieur, whether you remember what you told me yesterday, that you know who I am and who you are. It is my duty to teach you that you are ignorant of both. You imagine yourself my superior. No doubt some servants have told you so, but for my part, since you force me to do so, I do not fear to tell you that I am your superior. You understand that this is no question of birth. You would think a man mad who pretended to take credit for the rain of heaven fertilising his harvest without watering that of his neighbour, and you would be no wiser if you were to glorify yourself on a birth which adds nothing to your personal merits. You cannot doubt that I am superior to you in information and knowledge. You know nothing but what I have taught you, and what I have already taught you is nothing compared with what would remain for me to teach. As to authority, you have none over me, while on the contrary I have complete power over you; the King and Monseigneur have often told you so. Perhaps you think that I am very happy to be provided with my office towards you. Be again undeceived, Monsieur, I only undertook it in order to obey the King and please Monseigneur, not for the sake of the troublesome advantage of being your preceptor. And, that you may have no doubt of this, I am going to take you to his Majesty to beg him to give you another, whose cares I hope may succeed better than mine.'

The boy burst into tears and sobs.

'Oh! Monsieur,' he cried, 'I am in despair at what passed yesterday. If you speak to the King, I shall lose his affection. If you abandon me, what will be thought of me? I promise—I promise that you shall be satisfied with me. Only promise me.'

The Abbé made no promises, but his pupil was subdued in will and in heart. He used to say on coming up to his tutor—

'I have left the Duke of Burgundy behind the door; now I am little Louis.'

He had a very strong sense of religion, and the name of the Almighty would affect him even in his worst moods. Once when he was in a

very bad temper and refused to own to some misdoing, Fénelon pressed him to avow the truth before God. In great anger he cried, 'Why, why ask me thus? Well, since you do so, I must confess that I did this!' And after his first Communion, which was most devoutly made, he seems to have so conquered himself as to be gentle, amiable, and with his temper under such restraint that no one would have guessed what it had been by nature.

Tutor and pupil were very happy together; they talked over their readings till they became realities, whether historical or poetical. The Duke identified himself with Joash in hiding in the temple, and wept bitterly for Orpheus when his half-restored Eurydice vanished. Not only did Fénelon write fables for him, but they would compete together in fables on given subjects, and the tutor also wrote 'Dialogues of the Dead,' conversations between noted historical characters, and most especially 'Télémaque.' Out of that episode in the Odyssey, when Telemachus quits Ithaca in search of his long-lost father, Fénelon gradually built up a romance of adventures for that youthful hero, in which he depicted his own ideals of princely character and his theories of government, with a lively charm that in the pseudo-classical taste of the day was perfectly delightful, all the more so that the composition was a dead secret between himself and his young pupil.

Withal the actual study was quite in earnest, so that when Bossuet, the Bishop of Meaux, who had had a far less satisfactory pupil in the Dauphin, examined the boy, he was perfectly amazed at his progress in all branches of study presented to him. The younger brother, Philippe, Duke of Anjou, was meek and quiet; he was considered as the good child of the family, but was far behind his senior in intellect.

The spiritual care of St. Cyr was chiefly intrusted to the Diocesan Bishop of Chartres, Godet, a small, lean, unprepossessing man, but wise and saintly, together with Madame de Maintenon's special life-long director, the Abbé Gobelin and the Abbé de Fénelon. All these happy relations came, however, to be disturbed from an unexpected quarter.

Readers of John Inglesant will remember how he is brought forward as the champion of Miguel de Molinos, a Spanish priest, who is cited before the Inquisition for what was termed Quietism. This is, in fact, an exaggeration of the contemplative, meditative side of spiritual religion, involving several dangers, a sort of contempt for active exertion in good works, a profession of caring so entirely for the Divine love as to be heedless of rewards or punishments held out by it, and an over-familiar, sometimes irreverent, tone of expressing devotion. Even outside the faith, such tendencies of mind have shown themselves. The Stoics were superior to reward or punishment; the parent of the Sadducees, Sadoc, started from that point, and the supreme desire of the Buddhist is contemplation leading to

the Nirvana, absorption of all individuality into the Divine being. Even the familiar hymn of St. Francis Xavier expresses the feeling as far as it will safely go.

'Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping Hell,
Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me
O Everlasting Lord.'

Several times exaggerations had been repressed by the Church, though what was really loftily spiritual was encouraged, as in John Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, or St. Theresa. The poetical and contemplative spirits had run on together. Molinos, in 1675, published a book, called *Manducatio Spiritualis* (spiritual food), which had all the dangerous tone in the strongest form, making spiritual perfection transcend all prescribed duties and motions of the will, rising above and beyond rule, becoming, in fact, to a holy and good spirit a means of intense communion with the Highest; but leaving all active work, and even the Sacrament, aside as indifferent. Thus the teaching was liable to become a snare to the indolent, nay, licence to the evil.

In 1682, the matter was taken up at Rome, sixty-eight propositions were extracted and condemned; Molinos submitted, did penance in 1687, was absolved, but was imprisoned till his death in 1692.

He had a good many admirers, some of whom, it was said, made this spiritual contempt of the Law, as not made for the righteous, an excuse for laxity of life like the Antinomians of the evil days in England.

Among these Molinists was a certain Barnabite monk, named Lacombe, the Superior of a fraternity at Gex, for the conversion of Calvinists. A young and devout widow there came under his influence, Jeanne Marie de la Mothe. She had been given in marriage, when a mere child, to an old man, who died after a brief period of discomfort, leaving her with two little children. Very religious, very dreamy, and yet very restless, and with an ambition she did not recognise as such, she aspired to become the foundress of an Order, and, as a first step, was sent by the Bishop of Geneva to work under Father Lacombe. She was an exceedingly engaging and attractive person, of an enthusiasm that carried every one along with her aspirations; and the mystical ideas to which he introduced her so entranced her, that she, with her more vivid imagination and stronger intellect, became his leader, and was treated by him as one inspired. The Bishop of Geneva, doubting his discretion, dismissed him, but he moved about in Madame Guyon's wake, while she gave lectures on her system in various places in the south of France. At Grenoble, in 1685, she published a book called, *Moyen Court et très facile pour l'Oraison*. On coming to Paris, however, Lacombe was denounced for his strange behaviour to Harlai, the Archbishop, and

was imprisoned in the convent of his Order. After two or three changes of confinement, his mind gave way and he became a lunatic. Madame Guyon was also arrested and sent to the Visitandine Convent.

Living a saint-like life as she did, and never having read a line of Molinos' own works, while Archbishop Harlai had a reputation by no means immaculate, there was a good deal of sympathy for her; and the Visitandine nuns thought most highly of her. A cousin of hers, Madame de Maisonfort, was at the head of the Dames de St. Louis, and her little daughter was a pupil at St. Cyr, where she had several times visited. Madame de Maintenon was interested, and obtained her release.

She became a great favourite with the ladies of St. Cyr, and Madame de Maintenon carried a copy of the *Moyen Court* in her pocket, and read some of it to the King, but the flights were too high for him, and his strong practical sense was not likely to be attracted by feminine aspiration. Fénelon likewise thought the book dreamy, unpractical, even familiar in tone, but personally he viewed the author as a holy woman, leading a highly spiritualised life, and he did not think over-vehemence in a woman's utterings harmful, as they were genuinely Catholic. Besides, he knew that many equally fervent expressions were in the writings of St. Theresa and others known as Mystics; in short, he was treating them with large-minded toleration, though perhaps he was hardly exact theologian enough to be startled when they passed the limits of orthodoxy.

Bishop Godet was, however, dismayed on visiting St. Cyr to find the tone prevailing among the ladies, which he recognised as the offspring of that Quietism which had been condemned at Rome. He told Madame de Maintenon, but she was very slow to be convinced, and could not believe Fénelon to have encouraged anything perilous. The most distinguished prelates were consulted, Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Tronson, who had mistrusted Fénelon at St. Sulpice. All of them condemned the system, and the lady was desired to discontinue her visits to St. Cyr, and the Dames de St. Louis were called upon to give up all her books and manuscripts, including a few papers by Fénelon himself, which he had given to Madame de Maisonfort, though with the caution that they were not desirable for everybody. They did, in fact—

> 'Strive to wind themseleves too high,
> For sinful man beneath the sky.'

There at first it rested, and might have thus remained, but Madame de Maisonfort resisted, and Madame Guyon was one of those restless spirits who had rather be persecuted than forgotten. She had no power of submission, and appealed and argued, so that Fénelon advised her to lay the whole before the Bishop of Meaux. Now, Bossuet was by far the greatest divine in France, of immense learning

and clear judgment, but he was also hard-headed, thoroughly practical, and with little toleration for feminine nonsense and sentiment, especially when there was a spice of vanity and love of making a sensation.

To him, then, Madame Guyon submitted not only her two published books, the *Moyen Court*, and a comment on the Song of Solomon, but two more, still in manuscript which she had not even shown to Fénelon, one being on the Apocalypse.

Bossuet placed her in a convent at Meaux, while he studied her books as he found time, and they filled him with surprise at the folly which she had there poured out as if she were inspired. Conversations followed in which it is plain that Madame Guyon made the most of her pretensions, in precisely the manner most to disgust the Bishop. She claimed insight into the innermost depths of human spirits, and to have authority over the bodies and souls of her disciples, and very probably she *did* exercise a sort of mesmeric influence over them, and entirely believed in her own powers. She thought she had an apostolical mission, and even said: 'That which I bind shall be bound, that which I loose shall be loosed. I am that stone fixed by the Holy Cross, rejected by the master builders.'

Bossuet was kind and forbearing, reasoning with her on her delusions, and, though not convincing her, obtaining from her a promise to seclude herself in the convent at Meaux.

Then he went to Fénelon, whom, to his surprise, he found more inclined to pity and excuse than to condemn her, reverencing her real goodness, and having an inherent poetry and imagination that could in some degree sympathise with her. A commission was formed of Bossuet, Noailles, and Tronson, which met at Issy, a country house, to examine the subject. Fénelon was not placed upon it at first, but was applied to constantly as being familiar with the mystical writings sanctioned by the Church, but which the other divines had not cared for enough to study them. In the midst, a vacancy occurred in the see of Cambrai, one of the prime preferments of the French crown, since it was one of those border dioceses where the Prelate was invested with special powers. Louis always selected nobles to hold these greater benefices. Bossuet, of burgher birth, had only been made Bishop of Meaux, though tutor to the Dauphin; but Fénelon, the grandson of a marquis, was considered of rank sufficient for the Archiepiscopate of Cambrai. He at first begged to refuse the appointment rather than be separated from his pupils; but he was answered that he could superintend their education still, and that only nine months' residence was required by the canons, so that he could be with them for three months of each year. He then accepted, but insisted on resigning the revenues of the rich abbey, which he held, much to the discontent of Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, who thought it a dangerous example.

'You ruin us!' he said to Fénelon. 'What would you have the

King think of M. de Meaux who has several benefices, and all the Bishops who think that to be a Prelate gives a claim to hold abbeys!'

'I condemn no one,' said Fénelon.

'That means,' said Archbishop Le Tellier, 'that each may follow his conscience. Well, mine bids me keep my abbeys!'

As Archbishop-elect, Fénelon was desired to sign the Articles of Issy, as the utterance of the Gallican Church against Quietism. He required some modifications, especially an explanation of 'disinterested love,' and a definition of 'passive prayer;' but he finally signed them. Madame de Maintenon wished his consecration to take place at St. Cyr, and Bossuet desired to be the chief consecrator, and after many tedious debates about precedence, he was consecrated on the 10th of June, 1695.

Soon after, the Archbishop of Paris died suddenly, and Bishop de Noailles was translated from Chalons to that See at the special wish of Madame de Maintenon, since he was of not only one of the noblest, but one of the most religious families in France, the heir of which had married her niece.

Bossuet had just completed an 'Instruction' explanatory of the Articles of Issy, and he sent it in manuscript to the Archbishop of Cambrai. To the doctrinal part Fénelon perfectly agreed; but there were personal accusations of Madame Guyon which he thought perfectly uncalled for, and which roused his chivalrous spirit to break a lance on her behalf, with more generosity than worldly prudence. Moreover, she was a person who made defence of herself increasingly difficult. She left the convent at Meaux, under pretext of needing some baths for her health. Instead of going thither, however, she repaired to Paris, and shut herself up in a little house in the Faubourg St. Antoine. A Lettre de Cachet was issued, and one of the King's officers traced out her hiding-place by observing that, while nobody knocked at the door, several let themselves in by a key. Forcing an entrance, he found her with two girls, and an Abbé who was afterwards disgraced. She showed Bossuet's certificate, but was carried off to the Bastile and repeatedly examined. She defended her cause with pertinacity, and the interrogations continued for month after month, year after year, till at last, confused, weary, broken in health and spirits, and losing the confidence she had once had in her own perceptions, she signed a paper of submission to the diocesan drawn up by Fénelon, and, after a time, at the intercession of Cardinal de Noailles, she was allowed to retreat to her daughter's abode in the country, where she died after twenty years, in 1717.

Fénelon adhered to his opinion that she was a persecuted woman. Though far from accepting all her opinions, he held that they were the outcome of real devotion and spirituality, and that the exaggeration, the sentiment and the silliness might be safely allowed to die away, and were only enhanced by being made important. He thought her cruelly used, and not only refused to add his name to the personal

condemnation of her, but set to work to prepare a book to show how much what had raised such a storm had been written by canonised saints of the Church.

The book was called *Explication des Maximes des Saints*. It contained, first, quotations of the saying of the Mystics accepted as saints, and afterwards an explanation of the mistaken interpretations that had caused alarm on the whole subject. He showed the work to the Archbishop of Paris, and to Tronson, who both highly approved, and so did an intimate friend of Bossuet's, the Abbé Pirot, pronouncing it 'a golden book.' To Bossuet himself he did not submit it, because he had refused to join in the book in which Madame Guyon was individually condemned.

However, at desire of Cardinal de Noailles, he intended his *Maximes* not to appear before Bossuet's 'Instruction' was out; and, on going to Cambrai, he left directions to that effect with the Duke de Chevreux, whom he had intrusted with the publication. The Duke, however, applied to the Archbishop of Paris to release him from his promise, and was answered that he might do as he pleased. So the book came out out before Bossuet's was ready, and this caused great anger, though Fénelon wrote a full explanation to him. From that moment, the friendship of these two great and admirable men was broken.

'Oh, who shall dare in this frail scene
On holiest, happiest thoughts to lean?
On friendship, kindred, or on love?
Since not Apostles' hands can grasp
Each other in so firm a clasp
But they must change and variance prove.'

That Fénelon's chivalry, his imaginative nature, and reverence for spirituality had led him to license what might be dangerous ground for others can be conceded, and that Bossuet's deeper theology and strong common sense not unjustly perceived the peril; but there is no doubt on which side was personal animosity disguised as zeal for the truth, and on which was Christian submission.

Bossuet went straight to the King, who had been ignorant of the whole controversy all the time, and began by entreating his pardon for the concealment of 'the fanaticism of his unhappy brother,' and then explained how deeply he considered Fénelon to be infected with Quietism. The King had never thoroughly liked the pure and lofty nature that was so much above him, and it was natural that he should be very angry at having been kept in ignorance of what was treated as heresy in the Preceptor of his grandsons, and especially that the tendency had been kept out of sight on the appointment to such a diocese as Cambrai. Nor did Bossuet try to lessen his wrath, but rather inflamed it.

Indeed, gentle as Fénelon was, he had addressed to the King a letter stronger than any reproof Louis had ever received, at the

manner in which Pere La Chaise actuated him to be a cruel persecutor of the Huguenots and an ambitious tyrant. The Archbishop called the Jesuit confessor a blind leader of the blind, and to the King he wrote, 'You do not love God, you only fear Him with the terror of a slave. It is Hell, not God, that you fear. Your religion only consists of superstitions, and little superficial observances. You are scrupulous about trifles, and hardened about terrible evils. You love nothing but your glory and your ease. You refer everything to yourself as if you were the God of the whole earth, and everything else was only created to be sacrificed to you.'

Such terrible truths were not easily forgiven. The memorial was suppressed, and only discovered and published in 1825. Though Madame de Maintenon had pointed out to the King many of his errors, she had a true wife's indignation at any one else blaming her husband, and in the matter of the *Maximes* she was extremely annoyed, and almost felt herself implicated. There seems little doubt that, if Fénelon would have withdrawn his book at once and talked her over, she would have struggled in his cause. And, indeed, she tried hard to have an independent opinion. She said to him—

'Here is a chapter that I have read nine times without understanding it.'

'If you had read it a hundred times,' said the Archbishop, 'you would understand it no better. All mystical writings are obscure, and the Court is not the best place for understanding them.'

There was a great outcry against the *Maximes* throughout the religious world of Paris. Yet Cardinal de Noailles wrote that he could not comprehend any reason for the general condemnation, and probably great part of the disapproval arose from fashion, while some really could not understand dependence upon any motive save personal hopes and fears, and could not comprehend the lofty spiritual love that could soar higher; and the wiser sort, while perceiving that some natures might thus be absorbed in pure love and contemplation, still thought that to hold up such a temper as the loftiest and best, and to treat the pious ecstasies of certain saints as counsels of perfection, was being wise above what is written, and would lead to idleness and indifference to duty, if not to worse. Indeed, Fénelon himself wrote to one of the sisters in his charge that she had better not read his book, it was not written for ordinary good people.

Bossuet and Godet, however, were continually producing passages for condemnation and giving no opportunity for explanation. Fénelon determined to appeal to Rome, and with the King's permission, solicited through the Duke de Beauvilliers, he wrote to Pope Innocent XII. By this time Bossuet, by force of opposition, had worked himself up to a state of mind in which he was incapable of justice to his victim, and really believed Fénelon insincere. The King and Madame de Maintenon thought the Bishop of Meaux infallible,

and Louis wrote urgently to the Pope to have the book condemned; and when Fénelon requested permission to go to Rome to plead his cause, he was harshly refused, but was ordered off to his own diocese without loss of time, and desired not to leave it without sanction.

To the young Duke of Burgundy this was despair. It was in August, 1697, when he was nearly eighteen. He threw himself at his grandfather's feet, pleading hard for his beloved master; but he only prevailed so far that the title of Preceptor was not taken away. The separation was complete, for four years there was no correspondence, and the Duke de Beauvilliers himself was in danger of being displaced, but weathered the storm safely. The Marquis de Fénelon was even dismissed from the Garde du Corps for the sole offence of being the Archbishop's brother.

At Rome, the Pope was most unwilling to condemn the book, and many of the Jesuits admired it. The examination, as in all such cases, was long and tedious, and this exasperated the hostile party at home, while the Abbé Bossuet, nephew to the Bishop of Meaux, who had been sent to Rome, did not scruple at any means, however, unjustifiable, to secure his uncle's victory. He was a rude, violent man, who no doubt inflamed his uncle, as well as struggled for him. Absolute intimidation on the part of Louis was used, and Rome had already felt the cost of a quarrel with the King, who deemed himself not only most Christian but most orthodox. Innocent XII. yielded at last, and on the 12th of March, 1699, gave judgment against the *Explication des Maximes* much against his will, and that of almost all his Cardinals, and they absolutely refused to pronounce the book heretical. It was mere yielding to the power of the French Crown instigated by Bossuet, and as usual inflamed by opposition.

Fénelon's submission was complete, as a humble-minded Christian and as obedient to the Papacy. His brother, the Marquis de Fénelon, hoped to soften the tidings by bringing them himself. He arrived just as the Archbishop was about to preach on the Feast of the Annunciation. The sermon took its colour from the tidings, and was on the duty of submission. He himself sent forth to the Bishops of his province and the clergy of his diocese the mandate condemning his book, and forbidding it to be read by the faithful, and he wrote to the Pope a letter, to which Innocent had actually prepared a most warm and laudatory reply, when the Abbé Bossuet heard of it, and contrived to frighten the Cardinals and Pope as to the danger of offending the French King. Yet every Cardinal except one sent privately messages to express esteem, affection, and sympathy for the Archbishop. Not a murmur escaped Fénelon, he took humiliation as a benefit, and in absolute loyalty to Pope and King, accepted the judgment, and cheerfully worked on at his episcopal duties, without a tinge of bitterness, only grieved that Bossuet never showed the least token of desiring a reconciliation.

Whether Louis would ever have forgiven his faithful subject

may be doubtful, but Fénelon's cause was rendered hopeless by a thievish servant who had been employed to copy the manuscript romance that had been the delight of the young Duke of Burgundy's school days, where, in carrying young Telemachus in search of his father, Fénelon had shown all his theories of good government and of the perfection of a prince. This man made a surreptitious copy, and disposed of it to some Parisian printers, who, discovering the authorship in the midst of the persecution about the *Maximes*, sold it again to some publishers at the Hague, where it was brought out entirely without the author's knowledge or permission in 1699.

There is something ludicrous in the fact that these imaginary descriptions of monarchs anxious for their people's welfare, contrasted with despotic tyrants, should have been taken as the bitterest satire on Louis XIV. All Paris rang with the excitement. It was declared that the book had been written in exile by Fénelon by way of revenge; the characters of Idomenée, and all the rest were appropriated, the old Marshal de Noailles pronounced that no one who was not the King's personal enemy could have written such a book, never perceiving what censure he was unintentionally pronouncing on the great French idol. Even Madame de Maintenon declared that she could not forgive Monseigneur de Cambrai for having written it.

And though the Duke of Burgundy was unalterable in his affection, and was a living proof of the effects of his training, the noblest and the meekest spirit in France remained in disgrace, because he had defended the higher flights of spiritual aspiration, and because his theoretical system of government was in itself a satire on the selfish old tyrant called Le Grand Monarque. And yet, it has been truly observed, there was a certain instinct in the proscription of 'Télémaque.' Little as the writer intended it, that tale was the first in the course of literature that was to change the entire tone of the French mind. That absolute idolatry of the sovereign, who forced all into uniformity of faith and opinion, was preparing in the course of a single century for a most fearful reaction, and an anarchy not modified even by a century of change and wild experiment.

It is the great flaw in the character of the 'Eagle of Meaux' that he lost sight of the real merits of the case, and allowed himself to be actuated by personal animosity, no doubt in great part drawn on by his unworthy nephew, who was greatly disappointed that he could not get Fénelon branded as a heretic.

Gradually Bossuet's own expressions cooled down, but there never was any reconciliation. It seems that a gentleman called St. André offered to go to Cambrai as a mediator, and that Bossuet said the time was not come. Later he showed a wish that St. André should see Fénelon and do his best, but illness prevented this from being carried out. On the other hand, the Archbishop of Cambrai never mentioned Bossuet without tenderness and admiration.

LECTURE ON CHURCH HISTORY.
GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

IX.

After a year or two of confusion, Valerian became Emperor in 254, uniting his son Gallienus with himself. He was a grave, upright, elderly man, of the old Roman fashion, and had been chosen by Decius to exercise the office of censor, or inspector of morals, in consequence of his love of virtue such as it had been esteemed in the older times.

The earlier years of his reign were a time of peace to the Church, so far as persecution was concerned; but the pestilence still continued to devastate the empire, and it is calculated that at least half the inhabitants perished during the fifteen years following the death of Decius; and an Egyptian magician, named Macrianus, who gradually acquired much influence over the Emperor, was persuading him that all was owing to the anger of the gods, and that misfortunes would never cease till the Christians were silenced.

In the meantime, Cyprian was doing much for his African Church. He redeemed from slavery a large number of Christians who had been taken captives by the Numidians, or, as we now call them, Moors. His great abilities and power of administration rendered him the general referee by the Churches of the province of Africa, though technically the dioceses were upon an equality, and there was no regular patriarchate at Carthage.

There was at this time a controversy on the validity of baptisms administered by heretics. Customs varied in different places. In the East, where the heresies were generally denials of some great truth respecting the Divine nature, the rule had been to treat converts from these false doctrines as unbaptised, and to baptise them again; but at Rome, where most secessions had been on points of discipline, the habit was that, if the right formula was proved to have been observed, the baptism was accepted, by whomsoever administered, and only completed by the laying on of hands, as the seal of Confirmation.

The Bishops of Tarsus and Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, sent a deputation of Bishops to Rome to confer with Stephen, the reigning Pope; but he seems to have been a rude and hot-tempered man, and he neither offered them hospitality nor admitted them to his presence, upon

which Firmilian, Bishop of Tarsus, wrote an indignant remonstrance.

The question was one of vital importance, recurring whenever there has been a growth of heresy or schism, and involving the conditions of valid baptism.

Eighteen Bishops in Numidia wrote to consult St. Cyprian on the subject, and he assembled a synod of thirty-two Bishops, whose resolutions he wrote to the Numidians. They were adverse to the reality of heretical ordinance. 'Can the clean be sanctified by the unclean?' he argued, and again that the interrogation, 'Dost thou believe in eternal life and remission of sins through the Holy Church?' implies faith in a true Church, also that the Chrism or holy oil, anointing with which in Confirmation, properly ensued upon baptism, could not be sanctified among heretics. Two more Moorish Bishops afterwards wrote to Cyprian, and another assembly of seventy-one Bishops confirmed the former decision, upon which he wrote to Stephen, enclosing an account of their decision.

The reply was an arrogant one, calling Cyprian a false Christ, and false apostle, a deceitful worker, and the like; and arguing that the words, 'One Lord, one faith, one Baptism,' made repetition of the Sacrament impossible, even threatening to cut the African Churches off from communion with Rome.

Cyprian, who certainly did not think the Pope infallible, convened a third assembly of eighty-seven Bishops, and, in his opening speech, he requested that each one would deliver his opinion separately. 'For,' he said, 'none of us makes himself a Bishop of Bishops, or tries tyrannically to frighten his colleagues into the necessity of obeying, since every Bishop, in virtue of his own liberty and power, is master of his own will, and is as incapable of being judged by another as he is of judging them.'

This dictum has been often quoted as showing the jurisdiction of Bishops, and the futility of attributing the assumption of universal supremacy by the Pope to primitive times.

Cyprian understood 'one Baptism' to mean that it must be in the 'one faith.' The opinions of the other Bishops have all been singly recorded, and all accorded with his own. Firmilian, to whom a letter was carried by a deacon, also agreed, but made a few exceptions.

The question remained open till 314, when, in the Council of Arles, the decision was given by which our Church abides, that, where the right matter and the prescribed words are used, the Baptism is true, and incapable of a genuine repetition. By such minute sifting, during these earlier ages, was every doctrine and practice of the Church Catholic established.

Fresh trials had interrupted the controversy. Macrianus, the magician, had at last prevailed upon Valerian to recommence the persecution in 257, though for a year he delayed to resort to capital punishment. This is reckoned as the eighth persecution.

Stephen was, according to the Roman tradition, killed in his episcopal chair, which was buried with him, and is shown stained with his blood; but the legend is doubtful. His successor in the post which then made martyrdom almost a certainty, was Xystus. United with him by a common confession of faith, though divided for a time by their differences of opinion, Cyprian was summoned before the tribunal of the proconsul, Aspasius Paternus, and thus addressed: 'The most sacred Emperors Valerian and Gallienus have done me the honour to command me by their letters that I obliged all who follow not the Roman worship to conform to it. What is your name and quality?' The answer was—

'I am a Christian and a Bishop. I know no gods beside the true God, who made heaven, and earth, and sea, and all that is therein. This God we Christians serve, His mercies we implore both day and night, for ourselves, for all men, and for the safety of these Emperors.'

'Is this your resolution?' asked the proconsul.

'A will which has once devoted itself to God can never be altered.'

The proconsul then sentenced him to banishment at the city of Curubis; and further demanded the names of his presbyters, to which the Bishop replied that it was against the law to turn informer.

Then the proconsul said he had orders to forbid Christian assemblies, and punish those who held them with death.

'Then obey your orders,' said the Bishop.

Curubis was one of those pleasant spots on the Mediterranean coast that are again valued by civilised Europe. Cyprian was affectionately welcomed there, and lodged in a house with a beautiful garden and clear stream of water flowing by. Pontius, his deacon and biographer, who accompanied him, says that on the first day after his arrival he had a vision which he believed to foretell his death at the end of the year. He thought that a young man of great stature led him to the Prætorium, where the proconsul did not speak, but wrote in a book, and the young man, looking over it, made the gesture of beheading. He asked for a respite to arrange his affairs, and was granted a day. For the present, however, he lived unmolested, and sent and received many letters to and from his friends, telling of the brave martyrdom of many of his flock, and the confession of others, who were sent to work in the mines of Mount Atlas, and whom he was able to encourage with letters and gifts. Hardly any one apostatised in this persecution. That of Decius had weeded out the weak and worldly.

At Antioch, two friends, a priest named Sapricius, and a layman, Nicephorus, had had a bitter quarrel, and were not on speaking terms. Seeing Sapricius led out to execution, Nicephorus ran to him and entreated for his pardon and blessing, but all in vain. Sapricius would not turn his head, though his former friend kept close to him,

beseeching him as he walked on doggedly between his guards. But at the place of execution the unforgiving man's courage failed. He exclaimed that he would obey the Emperors. Then Nicephorus entreated, 'Brother, O brother, lose not the crown so nearly won!'

All in vain; Sapricius still spurned him, and the soldiers carrying both back to the tribunal, Nicephorus became a martyr, while Sapricius burnt incense to the idol, and has ever since been an example to the Church that one who knows not how to pardon knows not how to die for his faith.

At Rome the persecution fell very heavily. A fresh edict was promulgated by Valerian in 258, sentencing Bishops, priests, and deacons to immediate death; senators and knights to degradation and loss of property, and death in case of their perseverance; women to banishment and forfeiture. The Pope Xystus was one of the first to die. One of his seven deacons, Laurence, exclaimed at the sight, 'Why dost thou leave me, O my father? Should the priest go to the sacrifice without his attendant deacon?'

Turning round, Xystus said, 'My son, after three days thou shalt follow me.'

Laurence, as deacon, had charge of the Church's store of plate, robes, and alms. These he distributed amongst the poorest members of the congregation, so that they were all safe. Then, when he was summoned before the tribunal and called on to produce the treasures of the Church, he promised to comply, and, collecting together the widows and orphans, the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind, all below the cognizance of justice, 'These,' said he, 'are the treasures of the Church.'

He was tortured in vain, and at night carried to the baths of Olympias, near the city, and there laid on iron bars, and grilled alive. In the midst he looked up with a smile and said, 'Turn me, tyrant, if thou wouldst have me well cooked. This side is done enough.'

Finally he raised his eyes to heaven, gave thanks, and died. He was buried in a sandpit by a man named Hippolytus, who is said to have been converted and baptised by him, and to have been in consequence tied to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to death; but this part of the story is uncertain, and may have been only suggested by the classic story of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, the hero of a tragedy of Euripides, and of the *Phèdre* of Racine.

At any rate, the history of St. Laurence gained a strong hold on the mind of the Western Church. In his basilica at Rome, old frescoes represent his adventures in connection with those of Hippolytus; he is made the companion of St. Stephen in devotional pictures. As is well known, the Escorial, the great Ashheap Palace of Spain, was built by Philip II., on a plan commemorating his gridiron, because the battle of St. Quentin was won on his day, the 10th of August; and the peasants of Italy call the shooting stars which

recur on that festival the sparks of his gridiron. There is scarcely a large town in Europe without a church bearing his name. How little did these Roman emperors guess that, while their names are unknown to the larger proportion of the world, those of their victims would be on every lip.

'Now in gems their relics lie,
And their names in blazonry,
And their forms, from storied panes,
Gleam athwart their own loved fanes,
Each his several radiance flinging
On the sacred altar floor,
Whether great ones much are bringing,
Or their mite the mean and poor.'

The year had been spent by Cyprian in the garden at Curubis, where the Proconsul Paternus seems to have been unwilling to proceed to extremities with him. But in 258, a new proconsul, Galerius Maximus, was appointed to the province of Africa, and already, before his death, Xystus had warned Cyprian by letter of the more stringent edict. The new proconsul caused the Bishop to be removed from Curubis to his own villa near Carthage, and there he heard a report that he was to be taken to Utica, where the proconsul then was, to receive sentence and to die; but, as he wished his final testimony to be in presence of his flock, he kept out of reach, and wrote one last letter, explaining the reasons for his present concealment, and bidding his friends in the meantime to remain quiet—

'Let no one lead the brethren on to tumultuous proceedings, nor give himself up voluntarily to the heathen. The only time for any one to speak is when he has been apprehended; in that hour the Lord who dwelleth in us speaketh by our lips.'

When he heard that the proconsul had returned, he came back to his villa, and showed himself walking among the flowers in his garden, where he was arrested by two of the proconsul's officers, who carried him in a chariot between them to Sexti, a villa about six miles from Carthage, where was the proconsul, so unwell that he could not see Cyprian on that day, but sent him on to Carthage, to the house of the chief officer, who had arrested him. The faithful biographer, Pontius, is very exact as to the place—in the street of Saturn, between the temples of Venus and of Salus. There he was treated with great courtesy and respect, like a guest, supping with the master, and being allowed to see whomsoever he wished to admit.

All the evening the street was thronged with the sick and poor to whom he had ministered, and with the multitudes who had heard blessed words from his lips; and the sound of their voices, with an occasional hymn, might be heard within. As night drew on he sent out to beg that the young girls might be taken care of.

In the morning he was conducted to the Prætorium, past the race-course, where Pontius thought of the goal that was so nearly won.

Throngs of weeping people had gone along beside him, and it was very hot, so that, when the proconsul proved to be not yet arrived, he was conducted to a seat in a private room, and a change of linen was offered to him; but he said—

'There is no need for me temporarily to relieve an inconvenience from which this day I shall be wholly free.'

The proconsul, Galerius Maximus, arrived, still very ill; and, in fact, he died only a few days later. He could scarcely speak, and made the proceedings as brief as possible.

'Art thou Thascius Cyprianus?'

'I am.'

'The sacred Emperors command thee to sacrifice.'

'I will not do so.'

'Consider well,' said the proconsul.

'Execute your orders,' returned the Bishop. 'It is no case for consideration.'

Galerius, manifestly reluctant to pronounce sentence, held a short council with his colleagues; then, with failing voice, gave sentence—

'Thascius Cyprianus, thou hast lived long in impiety, and drawn together many others in the like unlawful compact. Thou hast shown thyself an enemy to the gods and to the laws. The august Emperors have vainly striven to recall thee. As ringleader in these unlawful practices, thou must be an example to those whom thou hast deluded, and expiate thy crime with thy blood.'

Then, from a written tablet, he read the sentence that Thascius Cyprianus should be instantly beheaded.

'God be thanked,' was all the Bishop said, and he was led out immediately under a strong guard, among hosts of Christians, many of whom called out—

'We will be beheaded with him!'

He was taken outside the city, to a field surrounded with trees, up which many persons climbed to see over the heads of the rest. Here he laid down his cloak, knelt and prayed, then took off his dalmatic, and remained in a long white linen tunic. He ordered twenty-five pieces of gold to be given to the executioner, then bound his own eyes, and held out his hands to a priest and deacon to tie. The Christians spread a cloth before him to receive his body, and, kneeling down, he stretched his neck to the fatal blow. It was on the 14th of September, 259.

St. Cyprian is justly reckoned one of the greatest Fathers of the Church. His power of organisation, his clear judgment and ability of definition made a great step in the administration and enunciation of definite doctrine by the Church, and, happily, a large number of his writings are preserved and authenticated. He is the only Bishop of the province of Africa whose martyrdom is certain; but of Utica there is a remarkable story, told by both St. Jerome and St. Augustine, the latter himself an African. One hundred and

fifty Christians were driven together to the tribunal, and thence to a great lime-kiln, beside which stood an altar to the gods, with hogs' liver and salt prepared for sacrifice. Between this and the kiln their choice was given them, and the whole number entered the furnace, and were there consumed with the stone into one huge lump, which was known for ages after as Massa Candida, the White Mass. For a dying cause, Cato of Utica perished by his own hand in despair. They died in hope for a living cause.

Spain had its first-fruits of martyrdom in the Bishop of Tarragona, Fructuosus, and his two deacons, Augurius and Eulogius. He was arrested on a Sunday morning when lying on a couch, resting after the earlier services. He only asked for time to put on his shoes, and was taken to the prison, where he remained five days, and there baptised one of his catechumens.

The governor, Æmilianus, sent for him on the sixth day, and asked whether he knew the Emperor's last orders.

'I do not know them. I am a Christian.'

'They command all their subjects to sacrifice to the gods.'

'I adore only one God, who made heaven and earth and all things therein.'

'Knowest thou not that the gods are many?'

'I know nothing of them.'

'Thou shalt be made to know who will be feared, who will be adored, if the worship of the immortal gods and of the Emperors be despised.'

Æmilianus then turned to the deacons, and advised them not to follow the example before them.

'We worship only one God Almighty,' said they.

'Do not you worship this man also?'

'Not my Bishop, but my Bishop's God,' said Eulogius.

'Thou art then a Bishop?'

'I am,' said Fructuosus.

'Thou *wast*,' returned Æmilianus, and at once sentenced all three to be burnt in the amphitheatre.

Pagans as well as Christians accompanied these beneficent men, weeping for them. One of the soldiers begged for their prayers.

'I pray for the whole Church, East and West,' said Fructuosus, raising his voice, and then turning to his flock, 'Brethren,' he said, 'the Lord will not leave you without a shepherd. He is faithful to His promises. Grieve not for me. An hour's pain is soon over.'

And so the three died together, with hands outstretched when their bands had been burnt off.

The attention of Valerian was called from the Church by a new and remarkable force in the East, which, in less than another generation, became a fearfully persecuting power.

When Persia had been absorbed into Alexander's empire, such portions of it as had been civilised and conquered, fell to the share of

Syria; but, as the Greco-Syrian empire weakened, a high-spirited race, probably Tartar in origin, obtained power, and ruled from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf, under the name of Parthians. They were a wild, war-like race, with Tartar power of horsemanship, and able to shoot their arrows and hurl their darts while they seemed to fly before their enemies, a practice embalmed in one of our proverbial sayings. These Parthians had held the dominion for five centuries, and with their desert frontier had proved unconquerable, destroying more than one Roman army; but, though they had a dynasty known as the Arsaeid, never becoming settled. Greek colonies in walled towns subsisted in the midst of them; the old Persian race remained in their hills, though oppressed, and Jewish settlers were more free there than anywhere else. There they had a magnificent Prince of the Captivity, and many learned rabbis, among whom grew up the Babylonian Talmud, that interpretation of the Scriptures which with the average Jew has superseded the letter of the law. 'Parthians and Medes and Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia' are enumerated among those colonists who were present on the Day of Pentecost, and no doubt carried home the good tidings in preparation for St. Thomas, who is said to have been the Apostle of that country. Seleucia, the new Babylon of the Greco-Syrians, and Ctesiphon, which was succeeding to its greatness, both upon the Tigris, were under one Bishop and a considerable number of Christians, alike of Jewish, Parthian, and Persian birth. The Parthians themselves seem to have had no well-defined form of religion, and they were certainly no persecutors, so that the Church had grown and flourished under them for two centuries and a half.

The Persian, or Zend, faith was that of Cyrus and his successors. They were Aryans, and their religion had been formulated by the mysterious philosopher, Zoroaster. They abhorred idols, but adored first the sun, and then fire, as the emblems of the pure God, as do their successors, the Parsees of India. This pure and perfect god was termed Ormuzd, the author of all good, and ever at enmity with Ahriman, the evil spirit, of equal power with him—the same idea as we have found among the Gnostic sects, and shall find again in the Manicheans. There was an inner caste, admitted to all the mysteries of the Zend, who were known as the magi, and had existed all along, from the times preceding those of Cyrus. One tradition imagined the Wise Men from the East to have come from them, as we still remember in the technical title of works of art representing their offering.

About the year 226, a young Persian, trained to arms under the Parthians, and called Ardeshir Babhegan, revolted. He claimed to be the descendant of the Cyruses and Dariuses who had made Persia glorious, and traced his line up to Xerxes, or Sassan, as later tongues called that monarch; his dynasty is known as the Sassanid. His was a great national and religious revival. He was a fanatic believer

in the faith of Zoroaster, and he so effectually roused his countrymen, after ages of subjection, that they beat the Parthians in a three days' battle, and he established a kingdom almost as powerful as that of his reputed ancestors, and enduring till the great Mahometan conquests.

The Zendic faith and the Magian priests flourished. To Ardeshir, the Persian was the child of Ormuzd, the Parthian, of Ahriman, and all religions contrary to his own were proscribed—the temples alike of Christian, Jew, and Greek closed.

The Magians, in lofty sandals, azure mantles, wide parti-coloured trousers, tall caps, and bearing ebony staves, were the powerful priesthood, and had a large share in directing the counsels of the sovereign.

Ardeshir's counsel to his children was: 'Never forget that, as a king, you are protector of religion and the country. A sovereign without religion is a tyrant, and a people without religion form the most monstrous of societies. Religion may exist without a state, but a state cannot exist without religion.' These were most wise sentiments in the abstract, but they led to great severity on the part of Ardeshir and his successors towards the Jews and Christians.

A branch of the Parthian dynasty had obtained the mountain realm of Armenia, with the Black Sea for the border, and the bleak hills, subject to great vicissitudes of heat and cold, leading the people to live in houses that are almost burrows in the ground.

Most of us have heard the legend of Abgar, King of Edessa, writing to our Blessed Lord, and obtaining from Him a letter and a portrait, the description of which agrees with the tradition of His form and colouring when in human flesh. Thither St. Bartholomew had gone, and there he had been martyred, and Christianity had smouldered on till the reign of Khosroo, who was a persecutor. He was murdered by his relation Anah, in 232, and while dying, had time to condemn the whole family to death. Anah was killed in crossing the river Araxes in his flight, and all his family were destroyed except one babe, who was carried by his nurse to a Christian merchant, and his wife, Bardar and Sophia, who adopted the infant, took him to Cæsarea, baptised him by the name of Gregory, and there brought him up. They gave him a wife as he grew up, and he had two sons, but after three years the young husband seems to have decided on endeavouring to convert his native country; his wife retired into a home for pious women, and he joined the train of Tiridates, the son of Khoosroo, who was going, with Roman assistance, to recover his father's inheritance.

The Armenians had a strange mixture of Persian and Greek faith. Ormuzd was their chief divinity, but they had numerous idols, and offered animal sacrifices.

When Tiridates was about to make offerings of thanksgiving to the goddess Anaitis for his restoration, Gregory was required to lay a wreath of flowers before her image. He refused, and was subjected

to various tortures, one of them being that a bit was placed in his mouth, his hands were tied behind him, and a lump of rock-salt placed on his back while he was driven along. He was then thrown into a dungeon, where he remained until a pestilence prevailed. The King fell sick, and his sister, who was already Christian at heart, persuaded him to release Gregory. The King was healed by him, the plague abated; the King, Queen, and princess received baptism; Gregory was sent to Cæsarea to receive consecration from the Bishops there, and returning, established—though not without strong opposition in some of the provinces—a Church which has subsisted through all the shocks of thirteen centuries, though not without taint of heresy. He is known as St. Gregory the Illuminator, and Armenia is memorable as the first country where King and people, as a body, made Christianity the religion of the state.

In Persia, Ardisheer had been succeeded by his son Shahpoor, the great King known to the Romans as Sapor. He ravaged the Roman frontier, and even plundered Antioch. He was besieging Edessa when the Emperor Valerian, now seventy years old, marched to the rescue, but was defeated in a terrible battle, and was made prisoner, and carried off to Ctesiphon.

His son Gallienus remained as Emperor. He was an indolent, easy-going man, and is said to have troubled himself little about his father's condition, or about the invasions that took place all round the empire. 'We can live at Rome,' he said, 'without linen from Gaul or corn from Egypt.'

But he is remembered as having been the first Emperor who issued an edict of toleration for the Church, recognising Christianity as a *religio licita*, or licensed religion, in the year 260. The exiles were permitted to return, the cemeteries were open to the Christian dead, and there was only one last execution, so far as we know.

This was at Cæsarea, where an officer named Marinus, being about to be promoted to be a centurion, was denounced by his jealous rival, and confessed himself a Christian. The tribune gave him three hours to consider, and as he left the Prætorium he was met by his Bishop, who led him to the church, and placed him before the altar, bidding him choose between his sword on the one hand and the Gospels on the other. He at once took the book. 'Hold fast to God, and strengthened by Him, go in peace,' said the Bishop, and accordingly the soldier again avowed his faith, and was beheaded.

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH AND HIS TIMES.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

III.

THE SEETHING POT.

THE position of the king in the Judean commonwealth, as the representative of Jehovah, carried with it elements both of strength and of weakness to the cause of religion. He could inaugurate an official reform, as Hezekiah and Josiah did; but reforms begun from above are apt to be hollow, as we find, in Isaiah i., was the case with Hezekiah's, and still more, as we find in our own prophet, was the case with Josiah's. Josiah's reform was carried out with more severity than Hezekiah's seems to have been, and provoked a violent reaction in the next reign, as all reformations have done throughout history which have been carried by authority rather than conviction. Probably it was one of those cases, too common in history, where the confessors of a former persecution had imbibed the persecuting spirit—which, however, it must be remembered, was most likely a necessary accompaniment of the stage of development which the nation had now reached, and was at all times congenial to the Jewish nature.

Jeremiah's call came about five years before Josiah's official reformation, which was brought on by the discovery of what is generally thought to have been the Book of Deuteronomy in the Temple. The description given of his call is far less impressive in itself than the magnificent description of Isaiah's call, when, amidst incense clouds and earthquake, the seraph purified his lips, and he was able to respond to the Divine demand for a messenger by, 'Here am I: send me!' Jeremiah was evidently by nature gentle and tender-hearted, shrinking from responsibility, and with strong affections, not only patriotic but personal. His call came in his early youth, and not by any means as a conversion, as possibly may have been the case with Isaiah, the statesman of royal blood, who had lived at Jotham's court while the once magnificent Uzziah was slowly perishing in his leper's solitude. To Jeremiah there came no sudden conviction that he was of unclean lips, and that he dwelt in the *midst* of a people of unclean lips. His call was the conviction that he had always belonged especially to God, and that this close union *with* God from his childhood was the preparation for the career of a prophet to the nations.'

'Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child.

'But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid because of them, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to pluck up and to break down, to destroy and to overthrow, to build and to plant.'

This took place B.C. 625; and after this Jeremiah probably remained for many years in his home at Anathoth, until the command came to him to begin the open career of a prophet. His father was Hilkiah; thought by some to have been the same as the High Priest of that name; but there is no suggestion of this identity, and the High Priest is not likely to have been described as 'Hilkiah of the priests that were in Anathoth in the land of Benjamin.' Names were, after all, as frequently repeated in different families in Judah then as they were in Greece later on, or, allowing for population, in England at the present time; and to attempt to identify the person by his name is as likely to be as effective as for an historian of the future to insist on identifying General Gordon with Sir Arthur Gordon, or the present Bishop Mackenzie of Zululand with the first Bishop of Central Africa.

Between his call and the opening of his career two visions are recorded. The first of these two, at first sight, looks like a simple play upon words, such as to the Jew, who was not humorously inclined, had no associations of burlesque as it has to us.

'Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree (shaked). Then said the Lord, Thou hast well seen, for I watch (shoked) over my word to perform it.' If the play upon words were all that was intended here, it might be imitated in English by, 'I see a branch of a sloe,' and 'my word though *slow* is sure.' Closer attention, however, shows that the meaning goes deeper than a mere pun. The almond tree was called, apparently, the 'watching tree,' because in that climate it bursts into flower in mid-winter, when all the other trees are asleep, and the allusion is thus shown to be to the silent and unseen work of the Divine processes, both in nature and man. It is not the first or last time that the Book of Nature has been used to bring home a deep spiritual truth to the soul of the seer.* The length of time which seems to have elapsed between

* Compare the following from 'Conversations and Letters of Brother Lawrence,' the saintly lay-brother of the Lorraine convent two hundred years back. 'He told me that God had done him a singular favour, in his conversion at the age of eighteen. That in the winter, seeing a tree stripped of its leaves, and considering that within a little time the leaves would be renewed, and after that the flowers and fruit appear, he received a high view of the providence and

Jeremiah's call and the opening of his career may have been a trial to his faith to which this was the answer.

The second vision is in some respects a more important one, as it gives, as it were, the key-note to his after prophecies. The seething pot with its face from the north, tilted so as to send its steaming contents over Judah; the punishment of the sins of Judah at the hands of an irresistible invader; and the call of Jeremiah to withstand the evil tendencies of the time by open protest, in the strength of Jehovah, careless that he was one against the world; these ideas recur again and again through the book, and through Jeremiah's life.

'And the word of the Lord came unto me the second time, saying, What seest thou? And I said, I see a seething pot; and the face of it is from the north. Then the Lord said unto me, Out of the north evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land. For, lo! I will call all the families of the kingdoms of the north, saith the Lord; and they shall come, and they shall set every one his throne at the entering of the gates of Jerusalem, and against all the walls thereof round about, and against all the cities of Judah. And I will utter My judgments against them, touching all their wickedness in that they have forsaken Me, and have burned incense unto other gods, and worshipped the works of their own hands. Thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at them, lest I dismay thee before them. For, behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land. And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.'

Now, who were these foes from the north? Chaldea was to the east, and if, originally, the Chaldeans were the foreseen foes, it would, one would say, have been more natural to describe the seething pot tilted westwards rather than southwards, to pour out its steaming contents upon the inhabitants of the devoted land. Of course, the fact that the Chaldeans, who had lately destroyed the Assyrian Empire, were not, during this part of Josiah's reign, as far as we know, an imminent danger to Judah, does not make it impossible that they should not have been foreseen as dangerous enemies in the future; but, still, why should they have been described as coming from the north?

Modern researches suggest a possible answer. It appears that during Josiah's reign there *was* a great danger from the north, which

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power of God, which has never since been effaced from his soul. That this view had perfectly set him loose from the world, and kindled in him such a love for God that he could not say whether it had increased in above forty years that he had lived since.'

menaced Judah, though there is no record that the little kingdom ever actually succumbed to it.

One of the successive Aryan 'Westward-ho' migrations from Asia into Europe, that of the Scythians, had been going on for a century or more. In the course of it they displaced the Cimmerians, who lived on the coasts of the Black Sea, and gave their name to the Crimea, who, though previously an agricultural tribe with Aryan capacities for civilisation, thenceforth became a predatory people of the Tartar type, and made raids southward into Asia Minor, Syria, and Assyria. The Scythians pursued them, and took to raiding on their own account much in the same manner; and with them were probably mixed a fair number of the Turanian nomadic tribes, whose manners and customs survive to modern times in Western Asia. One Scythian tribe settled close to the Caucasus, and was known to the Hebrews as Magog, and its best-known chief, Gôg or Gagi, was defeated by Asshurbanipal, and his two sons brought alive to Nineveh during the reign of Josiah.* Nevertheless, they or other tribes of their blood still poured down over the Lebanon and Armenian mountains to the more civilised regions to the southward. It is a well-known fact that they devastated the Philistine coast as well as Syria, so much so that the remembrance of their visit remained to after ages in the name of Scythopolis, formerly Bethshan, and they were finally defeated and driven back by Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Some see contemporary evidence of their incursion in the 59th Psalm, where the enemy is described as 'grinning like a dog, and going round about the city,' yet without being able to penetrate the defences of the fortress of Zion.

During the reign of Josiah the Scythians must have been a much more imminent danger to Judah than the Chaldeans. Herodotus says that for twenty-eight years (the number is thought to be exaggerated) 'their insolence and oppression spread ruin on every side. For, besides the regular tribute, they exacted from the several nations additional imposts which they fixed at pleasure; and further, they scoured the country and plundered every one of whatever they would.' Assyria was tottering to its fall, and though its *coup-de-grace* was given by the capture of Nineveh by the combined forces of Cyaxares the Mede and Nabopolassar the Chaldean, in B.C. 606, yet it is now thought by many that the ruins and destruction of Assyrian palaces of the previous reign bear evidence of wholesale raiding and destruction which could have come from no one but Scythian destroyers. They seem finally to have been expelled from those parts by Cyaxares, who is said to have massacred their chiefs, including Madyes, the grandson of Gôg, and who, either by force or bribery, succeeded in getting rid of them.

Ezekiel has a denunciation of 'Gog of the land of Magog,' ch. xxxvi.

* Story of Assyria, p. 425.

xxxix.; but it would seem as if this prophecy were directed rather against the typical foes of Israel than against the Scythians in person, who had by that time retired beyond the Caucasus; and the historical Gog lived fifty years or so before Ezekiel's time, so that either the name must be representative, or else dynastic, like Pharaoh in Egypt—probably the former. But perhaps the most vivid touch with regard to these nomad invaders, whom the prophet may have actually seen in early youth, is that in Ezekiel xxxii., when, after bemoaning the fall of the giant empires of old Egypt, Assyria, Elam, the perpetual foe of Assyria, he turns to 'Meshech, Tubal, and all her multitude:' 'And they shall not lie with the mighty that are fallen of the uncircumcised, which are gone down to Sheol with their weapons of war, and have laid their swords under their heads, and their iniquities are upon their bones; for they were the terror of the mighty in the land of the living.' So frightful was their devastation among the mighty actors of the day, that even in death they must sleep apart from them lest the slumber of the dead should be disturbed.

It seems, then, as if the vision of the seething pot might be explained thus. The conviction that the sin of Judah must cause a national disaster came to Jeremiah very early in his career; and, when he saw Assyria and Elam harried by the Scythians before his eyes, what more natural than to conclude that they were to be the avengers of the broken laws of Jehovah upon Judah also? But the foresight of a prophet foretold principles rather than details; and when it became plain to Jeremiah that the Chaldeans, not the Scythians, were the great invaders of the day, the memory of the vision of the seething pot with its face from the north still remained so vividly that the enemies are still represented as coming from the north rather than the east. Perhaps the idea of the north being the region of the storm may have kept up the metaphor, which lasted through the Captivity, until the time of Zechariah, who bids the captives 'flee from the land of the north,' and sees the angelic steeds go forth 'into the north country' to 'quiet' the spirit of the angel in the north country by the deliverance of the captives.

Another suggestion has been made by Ewald, namely, that there may have been a large infusion of Scythian blood among the Chaldeans—that the invaders may have settled down and produced that sudden access of military capacity under which Nabopolassar and his son, Nebuchadnezzar, founded the Chaldean empire. But I question if there is any ground for this hypothesis, though it is, no doubt, possible that it was so.

FROM ADVENT TO ADVENT.

ALL ANGELS.

'Thine angels sang rejoicing at Thy birth
And ministered to Thee, their Lord, on earth,
Jehovah Jesu! in Thine awful prayer
An angel strengthened Thee the cross to bear.

When all on earth was finished, angels bore
Thy human spirit to the silent shore;
They watched Thy sacred tomb; at break of day
A mighty angel rolled the stone away.

And angels worshipped in Thy path of light,
When the bright cloud received Thee out of sight;
O Word made flesh! before Thy glory now
The angel-hosts in wondrous order bow.

They bless Thine heirs of glory, night and day,
Encamping round us in the holy way.'—*E. W. Eddis.*

THERE appears to be little doubt that some day was set apart by the Church from very early times for the commemoration of the Holy Angels; and though superstitious legends and idle inventions have been allowed in some parts of the Church to gather round and obscure the religious observance, still, these fables have preserved to us the memory of the fact that the Church has thought it well to commemorate the Holy Angels before God, though they do not furnish us with any satisfactory grounds for the observance.

Holy Scripture tells us much concerning the action of angels, but little concerning their nature; and we have no other source of information. Greek theologians speak of them as 'bodiless beings,' and some modern writers call them 'pure intelligences;' but we are not much the wiser for these expressions, or for the speculations of those who assert that the bodies of angels are composed of pure air and pure fire.

Scripture here is our only safe guide, and Scripture says: 'He maketh His angels, spirits,' and the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews says: 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them, who shall be heirs of salvation.' And we may as well have the humility to confess, that, in our present condition, we cannot form any idea of what a spirit is.

'Angel,' says St. Augustine, 'is the name of an office, not of a nature. If you ask the name of this nature, it is spirit; if you ask the office, it is angel.' For the word means simply messenger, and may be, and is applied as well to men as to spirits, as for instance, in St. Matt. xi. 10;

St. Mark i. 2; St. Luke vii. 24; ix. 52; James ii. 25, in all of which the word is 'angel' in the original, as well as in the seven epistles in the Book of the Revelation, where it is so translated, and applied to the Bishops of the Seven Churches.

We cannot doubt that the angels called 'spirits' in Scripture are of a nature distinct from that of men. For man is created in the image of God and constituted of a material body and reasonable soul, as well as of a spirit; and, though angels are constantly represented in Scripture as appearing in human form, it is quite evident that the forms assumed by them were not bodies composed like those of men, but superior to the laws of matter, as we know them.

Some people have carried their speculations so far as to say, not only that angels have material bodies, but that men are to be endued at the resurrection with similar angelic bodies; and among the uninstructed, the idea is very commonly prevalent that men *become* angels when they die.

Our Lord's answer to the Sadducees, who did not believe either in the resurrection or in angels or spirits, was: that those who should be counted worthy to attain the age to come and the resurrection from the dead, should be 'equal or like to the angels' in this: that they would not be able to 'die any more.'

Angels, therefore, were, it seems, created *deathless* beings; but this does not prove anything as to their having or not having bodies, though they have power, whether permanent or not we cannot tell, to render themselves visible to man.

Man was created 'in the image of God,' to shadow forth in his threefold nature the nature of God Himself; and he was also created in the image and after the likeness which was to be taken by the Son of God, in which He was to redeem mankind and become the Firstborn and Head of every creature. We should naturally conclude, therefore, that a nature destined to be thus honoured and highly exalted, must be in itself the most perfect of all creation; but yet, even before as well as after the fall, Scripture seems everywhere to speak of man as in some respects inferior to the angels.

Man was created liable to death, of which the angels seem to have been ever incapable. Man was created to have dominion over the earth; but the home of the angels is in heaven, where they behold the very presence of God, before Whom they stand, 'obeying His commandments, and hearkening to the voice of His words,' invested with glory suitable for that Presence;* and they have ever been engaged, not only in worshipping Him, but in bearing His messages and fulfilling His will in all parts of His creation; and that so perfectly, that we have been taught to pray, 'that God's will may be done on earth, *as* it is in heaven,' fully, unweariedly, joyfully, from love, not duty; for, as Faber says, 'a *conscientious seraph* is a very difficult idea to realise!'

* St. Matt. xxiv. 30; xxiv. 36; xviii. 10; Ps. ciii. 20, 21.

But, though man has been made 'a little lower,' or, for a little while lower 'than the angels,' it is not to them that God has put 'in subjection the world to come,' but to man; it is man who is to be, and in the person of the God-man is already, crowned with glory and honour, and is to be set over the works of God's hands,* and the distinction between the natures of men and of angels is most clearly marked in Scripture, for it is said: 'The Son of God took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham;' and His brethren, whom He has taken into such close union with Himself, though still for a little while 'lower than the angels,' are so only as the royal heir, who, 'as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant though he be lord of all,' until he comes into his inheritance, when those to whom he was previously inferior become his willing subjects.

The angels, the 'holy angels,' as we are taught by Scripture to call them, are superior to us now in holiness, in knowledge, in power, and might; superior to us in that they die not, and stand in the presence of God, 'always beholding the face of the Father;' but they are not 'members of Christ,' and, though sons of God by creation, they are not His sons by adoption, not His sons as those are who are one with Christ, and therefore not His heirs, not inheritors of the kingdom of heaven! †

For, unto which of the angels said He at any time, 'Thou art My son, this day have I begotten thee?'

Glorious and holy as they are, they are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.

The words here translated 'ministering' and 'minister' are not the same, and not identical in meaning in the original. Literally translated the sentence would be: 'Are they not all *liturgising* spirits, sent forth to *deaconise*.' They worship in heaven, offering continually a liturgy of praise, and they serve as deacons upon earth, each in his own rank and order.

'I go,' said Richard Hooker on his death-bed, 'from a world disordered, and a Church disorganised, to a world and a Church where every angel and every rank of angels stand before the throne in the very post which God has assigned them.'

They *stand* in the presence of God; the very word seems to imply their office, for it is said of Joseph that he was thirty years old when he *stood* before Pharaoh; Saul asked that David might '*stand before*' him; the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon, 'happy are thy servants who *stand* before thee;' and Gabriel said, 'I am Gabriel that stand in the Presence of God.'

'Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve, who only stand and wait;'

* Heb. ii. 5, 7, 9, 16. † Heb. i. 5.

ready to go forth at any moment in His service, and, meanwhile, resting not day or night, saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.'

Whenever in Holy Scripture heaven is opened to us, and we are permitted to have a glimpse of the angels, we see them engaged in adoring worship; while on earth we see them always serving, always ministering to man; it is not theirs to sing the 'new song' of the redeemed, for they are unfallen. They know neither sin nor suffering, their worship does not consist of supplication, prayer, intercession, or even of thanksgiving for mercies received, but of simple adoration and praise.

Isaiah heard the Seraphim singing with veiled faces, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory;' and St. John 'beheld and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.'

Glorious as their worship is, however, it is not for us to ape it, or to think that we please God by daring to offer to Him praise only. The Lord Himself, our great High Priest, does not do that.

We are fallen, and we worship as those who, though fallen, are redeemed, and have power to enter into the holiest of all. The highest and most perfect of all worship is that offered in the Church, the 'Temple of the Holy Ghost,' the Head and High Priest of which is Christ the Lord, God Incarnate. And therefore, in the vision, St. John beheld the glorified Church, as symbolised by the four-and-twenty elders—the Church in her priesthood—and the four living creatures—the Church in her kingship—gathered immediately about the throne; while 'round about the throne, and the elders, and the living creatures,' forming an outer circle, were the innumerable company of angels.

It is no true humility which leads men to despise the worship of the Church in comparison with that of the angels.

'Let no man,' says St. Paul, 'beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, and not holding fast the Head, from whom all the body, being supplied and knit together through the joints and bands, increaseth with the increase of God.'

There is only one Mediator between God and all creation, the Man Christ Jesus, to Whom angels and authorities and powers are made subject, Who is far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and 'every name that is named.' What He does in heaven,—perpetually offering the incense of intercession, perpetually appearing for us, as the Lamb as it had been slain—that His Church does upon earth—her action deriving all its virtue from His action—when she

constantly intercedes on behalf of all men, and constantly 'shows forth the Lord's death, till He come.'

This the angels cannot do; and we not only do not worship them, but we do not offer our worship through them. Neither do we learn from them the mysteries of the faith. On the contrary, blessed, holy, and glorious as they are, they have something to learn concerning these mysteries from *us!* St. Paul says that it was given to him to preach 'the unsearchable riches of Christ . . . To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known *by the Church* the manifold wisdom of God;' and St. Peter, speaking of the prophets, who testified by the Spirit of Christ concerning 'the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow,' says, 'which things the angels desire to look into.'

But they are our fellow-worshippers, though not members with us of the Body of Christ; they have sympathy with us in our acts of praise and worship; and the Church does not forget them in her worship. Led by the Holy Ghost, she uses in her highest service of praise and worship, the very song sung by the angelic choir at the Birth of Christ, and that which Cherubim and Seraphim sing before the throne, and together with them, in conscious communion and sympathy with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify God's glorious Name, evermore praising Him and saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory; glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.'

But the holy angels are not only liturgising spirits, they also act as deacons, or servants to man, being constantly employed in labours of love on his behalf. And they, the elder race, created before man, have no jealousy of us and our higher calling. On the contrary, they take the deepest interest in our welfare, and they have far more compassion for our failings than we too often have for those of our fellow-men.

Scribes and Pharisees murmured against the Lord, because, said they: 'He receiveth sinners and eateth with them.' They were accusers of their brethren, instead of confessors; and they had no heart to respond to the invitation, as 'friends and neighbours,' 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.'

But 'there *is* joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

They rejoiced with an unselfish joy when the earth was created; they praised God when the Saviour was born to redeem the world from the curse under which it had fallen; and when, at the resurrection, He, the Beginning of the new creation, the First-begotten from the dead, was brought again into the world, they joyfully obeyed the command: 'And let all the angels of God worship Him.'

All through our lives they care for us. For of little children the Lord said: 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones;

for I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven.' And since they are sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, we cannot suppose that their tender watchful care ceases at any age. Our Lord was made in all things like unto His brethren; and we cannot doubt that it was the high privilege of some of the heavenly host to watch over Him in His infancy and childhood. It was an angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying: 'Fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife;' an angel warned him to flee into Egypt, and an angel warned him when to return, and angel guards, no doubt, watched over the Holy Family in their journey, and during their sojourn in a strange land. Of Him, and surely of His brethren also, it was said by the Holy Spirit: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.' With this Psalm we may compare the passage in Job: 'He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine He shall redeem thee from death: and in war from the power of the sword. At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh: neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field: and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.' 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'

'Fear not,' said Elisha, when he was besieged in Dothan, 'for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. . . . and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha;' 'the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels.' Daniel said: 'My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me;' and the angel of the Lord was with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace, fulfilling to them the promise: 'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'

But it is not only in physical dangers, by hair-breadth escapes from accident, and by what we call special providences that they succour us. In times of temptation also they are with us, as with our Lord, strengthening us; in times of sorrow they are with us, as with Him; in bodily suffering and weakness, they are our comforters and protectors, too often ignored, indeed, because unseen, but none the less really with us, and, if we were less ungrateful, less unmindful of their care, less engrossed by the things which we see and hear, we might have more consciousness of their presence. To the Lord Himself they do not seem to have been at all times visible,

for we are told especially concerning the one, whose awful and mysterious privilege it was to minister to Him in the hour of His agony: 'And there appeared an angel unto Him from Heaven strengthening Him.'

Are they not with us also in death, as in life, guarding us as we pass through the valley, soothing our terrors, helping us in the last conflict with Satan? and have we not our Lord's own word for it that, when all on earth is over for us, still they do not desert us, but carry us away to rest in the quiet garden of Paradise.

Surely, when we think of their ceaseless praise in Heaven, and their willing constant service on earth, their glory, strength, and holiness, and their tender, loving care, we shall feel that, if we thank and praise God for the other works of His Hands, we must certainly remember, and thank and praise Him also for His 'angels . . . that do His commandments,' . . . 'His ministers, that do His pleasure.'

'Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, dominions, princes, powers,
Ranks of might that never cowers.

Angel hosts His word fulfil,
Ruling nature by His will;
Round His throne Archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.

Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state;
For true man their Lord they see,
Christ the Incarnate Deity.

On the throne our Lord who died,
Sits in manhood glorified;
Where His people faint below,
Angels count it joy to go.

Oh! the depth of joy divine,
Thrilling through those orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign.'

—*Rev. R. M. Benson.*

A MEDIÆVAL CITY.

'GRAVEN ON STONES.'

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE, AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSES AND LILIES OF CHRISTENDOM.'

I.

In spite of an idea which seems very prevalent in the United States, that the quaint old city of Nuremberg was erected in the past and is preserved in the present entirely for the edification of American tourists, most of us will prefer to think that, like the work of Peter Vischer, one of its famous sons, it was builded and enriched primarily for the 'honour of Almighty God alone,' and secondarily as the expression of a very strong local, one might almost say national, individuality.

In studying the history of this, perhaps the most famous of burgher cities, one can hardly fail to be struck with the fact that it comprises within itself all the essential elements that go to make up a nation. Its government was purely local, and it depended for a long time neither on King nor Emperor for its prosperity. It gave or withheld fealty to these as its councillors thought good, was sometimes at peace and sometimes at war with its nominal rulers, but was capable through a long line of centuries of holding its own amid the changing fortunes of empires. It was the home of the arts, fostering the spirit of its own sons rather than appealing to the talent of outsiders, and producing men whose work alone would suffice to keep alive, apart from other interests, the memory of the city that gave them birth. In its palmy days it was an important centre of trade and commerce. Thither, until the discovery of the Cape passage to India, came a goodly portion of the merchandise of the East for distribution. Its craftsmen were so noted as to become a proverb in many a distant land, and it was rich enough to be able to invite Emperors as its guests, and to entertain them with more than Imperial splendour.

Such was Nuremberg in its glory; but troubles fell upon it, and it went hard with the brave old city. A combination of circumstances deprived it almost simultaneously of its political and commercial importance. The Thirty Years' War devastated and impoverished its lands, the discovery I have just mentioned, of the Cape passage, diverted the tide of commerce, on which its prosperity depended, to the sea; its own short-sighted dislike to foreign skill, and the weakness of its rulers, who were losing heart, all served to bring about a

very dark and evil hour in its history. But its glory is not altogether departed; since its annexation to the kingdom of Bavaria, which, while depriving it of its long and valiantly defended independence, has extended to it many state advantages, its sun has begun to shine once more. Its industries are again reviving, its manufactures sought after, and if at the moment it cannot claim any very great and distinguished genius as its own, it has at least done all in its power to preserve with jealous and loving care the memorials of a former greatness, and the rich legacy left to it by those busy hands now still for ever, mouldering in the dust of the quaint old grave-yard of S. John.

Such in brief is the general history of Nuremberg, but it may not be without interest to take in somewhat fuller detail the more salient points in that history. Before we do this, however, it may be well, as I am writing chiefly with a view to those who, like myself, have 'not been there to see,' to try and get as vivid a picture of the town as we may into our minds, so that we may be able to realise the better the kind of surroundings amongst which its life-history was enacted. It is both the more possible and useful to do this in the case of Nuremberg than of many other celebrated cities. The hand of time has dealt kindly with it, and the craze for modern 'improvements' has not as yet taken a very strong hold on the minds of its inhabitants;* so that the saying, 'The Middle Ages under a glass case,' is very fairly applicable to the city still.

'Nuremberg,' writes Professor Ruskin, 'is gathered at the base of a sandstone rock rising in the midst of a dry but fertile plain. The rock forms a prolonged and curved ridge of which the concave side at its highest point is precipitous, the other slopes gradually to the plain. Fortified with wall and tower along its whole crest, and crowned with a stately castle, it defends the city not with its precipitous side, but with its slope. It wears no aspect of hostility towards the surrounding fields, the roads lead down into them by gentle descents from the gates. To the south and east the walls are level of the plain, within them the city itself stands on two swells of hills divided by a winding river. Its architecture has, however, been much over-rated. The effect of the streets so delightful to the eye of the passing traveller depends chiefly on one appendage of the roof, namely its warehouse-windows. Every house, almost without exception, has at least one boldly opening Dormer window, the roof of which sustains a pulley for raising goods, and the under part of this strong overhanging roof is always carved with a rich pattern, not of refined design, but effective. Among comparatively modern structures are mingled, however, not unfrequently others turreted at

* Mr. Murray, who seems to take a special pleasure in insisting on all the unpleasant truths to be found about Nuremberg, declares that 'the town is being modernised,' and other writers hint at changes; but it is to be expected that the spirit of the past will be strong enough to preserve the chief characteristics of the town intact.

the angles, which are true Gothic of the fifteenth, some of the fourteenth century, and the principal churches remain nearly as in Dürer's time. Nuremberg possesses one characteristic peculiar to itself, that of a self-restrained, contented, and quaint domesticity. It would have been vain to expect any first-rate painting, sculpture, or poetry, from the well-regulated community of merchants of small-ware. But it is evident that they were affectionate and trustworthy, that they had playful, fancy, and honourable pride. There is no exalted grandeur in their city nor any deep beauty, but an imaginative homeliness, mingled with some elements of melancholy and power, and even a few of grace.'

Another writer, whose book on Nuremberg is full of interest, thus describes his own arrival and impressions of the place.*

'I entered the town at the close of a fine autumn evening, whose declining beams lighted up here and there the various points and angles of the highly pitched and turreted roofs. The sounds of the day had nearly ceased, save the lumbering of the two or three primitive-looking country waggons, drawn by oxen, the faintly swelling shouts of a few groups of boys, and the tolling of the evening bell of the Lorenzo-Kirche, whose sun-gilt pinnacles seemed to pierce the serene vault of heaven. As I rambled through some of the dusky streets, the sounds of merriment had gradually died away, the bell ceased to toll, the storks were flapping heavily homewards, and by the time I reached the ascent to the castle, evening had closed in, and silence asserted her reign over all. Although in a crowded city, the world and its tumults appeared to be shut out, and while contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, it was like going back into the dim regions of antiquity, or wandering awhile amongst the dusky shadows of the olden time.'

Yet one more description, from a traveller who also saw not with the eye of a sight-seer but of a poet. Although so well-known, it is so quaintly beautiful that I shall make no apology for recalling it to mind:—

'In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands:
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round it throng.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous worldly art,
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.'

No account of Nuremberg can, it seems to me, surpass the word-picture given to us by Longfellow. All that is glorious in its history, all that is beautiful in its buildings, all that was noblest in its citizens, the very spirit of the place itself, is summed up and embodied in the poem from which I have just quoted. And if any one wants to *se*

* 'Pictures of Nuremberg,' by H. J. Whitling (1850), vol. i. p. 16.

Nuremberg and not merely to *do*, it would be well for them to trust less to the long-suffering Mr. Murray and his handbooks, and more to the 'Wanderer,' whose sojourn there resulted in one of the most accurate and beautiful descriptions of the town that have ever been written.

And now to revert to the historical side of the subject in hand. We cannot 'begin at the beginning,' as the children say, because the beginning is shrouded in mystery and conjecture. According to some authorities, the town is of Roman origin, while legend has it that it was founded by S. Sebald, who with S. Lawrence divides the patronship of the city, and who appears to have been resident there during the eighth century. It is probable, however, that some sort of a city was existent prior to that date. In 719, when S. Boniface, the martyr-bishop of whom English West-country hearts are so justly proud, came preaching the Gospel of good tidings to the German races, he found the Faith already to some extent planted in Bavaria; and there appear to be no stubborn facts inconveniently in the way to prevent our believing that Nuremberg itself may have heard his voice publishing peace, and rejoiced in the outpouring of the Spirit that accompanied his labours. This seems the more possible from the fact that S. Sebald was a fellow-worker with him in at least a part of his apostolic labours. The name of S. Sebald is not very well known outside the walls of his own city, but there he is still remembered with loving veneration. He is said to have been the son of a Danish king, and to have sailed from England with S. Boniface and his companions. Travelling through Northern Germany, he finally took his abode at Nuremberg, and spent the remainder of his life there, teaching the people and performing acts of piety and mercy. Of the miracles attributed to him, it is noteworthy that they are all symbolical of a tender charity and pity for the needs of others. There is a quaint story to the effect that at one time, when living outside the city and making daily journeys to it to instruct the inhabitants, he was wont to sojourn in the house of a poor cartwright. One bitter wintry day he found his poor host and his household perishing for want of fire, and unable to obtain any fuel. He bade them go outside and bring in the glittering icicles that hung in fantastic and irregular pendants from the roof, and to cast them on the hearth. And lo! immediately they had done so, the icy bars were kindled like so much tinder, and the glancing flames filled the dark cold room with cheerful light and warmth. An impossible story if you will, and yet typical surely of something—of the wonderful work of God in human hearts, and the power of a loving humanity. S. Sebald died in 776, and the Nurembergers began the church that is dedicated to him as early as the tenth century, but it was not finished until nearly the close of the fourteenth. The church stands in the older part of the town (the town itself is divided by the little river Pegnitz into two parts, called after their respective churches, 'S. Sebald's

and S. Lorenzo's side'); it is enriched with many beautiful carvings and bas-reliefs. There you will find sculptures by Adam Kraft. Here, too, are windows rich in colouring and tracery, the work of Kernberger and Hirchvogel, two noted painters of glass. But the most wonderful work of art that it contains is the shrine of the saint himself, executed by Peter Vischer and his five sons, who gave thirteen years of loving and patient labour to its construction. It is in the form of a bronze Gothic chapel, and most elaborate in all its detail. Under the richly fretted canopy the relics of the saint rest in an oaken chest encased with plates of silver. Round the shrine, the bas-reliefs represent the four miraculous acts of his life, including the icicle-kindled fire. And there is also a statue of the saint, an old man with a long white beard, holding in one hand his pilgrim staff, and in the other a model of his church. The shrine was completed in 1519, and bears the following quaint inscription, 'Peter Vischer, Burger of Nuremberg, did this work with his sons, which was completed in the year 1519, to the praise of Almighty God alone and in honour of S. Sebald, Prince of Heaven, with the help of the willing alms of the faithful.'

'The citizens of Nuremberg,' writes Mrs. Jameson, 'have been Protestants for the last three hundred years; but happily it has never occurred to them to prove their sincerity or their piety by destroying their monuments of art, and the shrine of S. Sebald—guarded by the twelve Apostles, crowned by saintly teachers, while angels and seraphs, lovely Elysian forms, hover and cling like birds around its delicate tracery—stands just where it did three centuries ago.'

The first Imperial visitor to the city was the famous Charlemagne, and, if legend is to be believed,* he never really went away, but is still sitting at the bottom of the Tiefe Brunnen Well in the outer courtyard of the castle, waiting for better times to come! Was he not seen there by a criminal who, being offered his life as a reward for the venture, was let down into the watery depths, and, returning in safety, assured the citizens that he had seen the Kaiser seated in a cave, with his long white beard twined in a double ring round the table before him? What better proof could any one desire? Down as late as the close of the seventeenth century the city stood high in Imperial favour—some twenty-nine Emperors having made periodic residences at the castle, including the great names of Frederic Barbarossa and Maximillian I. Here it was that the Empress Kunigunda, wife of Heinrich II., planted in the castle-yard the slender twig of linden that grew into a mighty tree, spreading its sheltering branches over the whole quadrangle, and which is still to be seen, in its extreme old age, carefully propped up and guarded—one of the wonders of the place. It is said that she planted it in grateful remembrance of her husband's deliverance, when riding unawares to the very edge of a precipice his horse shied at a light-

* *Leisure Hour*, 1885, p. 830; 'Nuremberg,' by L. Villari.

ning-struck linden growing on the brink, and the Emperor's life was saved.

Passing down the centuries, we find many a record of good-will between the Emperors and the city. I cannot, I think, do better than quote a few passages from an interesting series of articles which appeared some years ago, entitled, 'The Life History of a Good Old Town,'* and are compiled from older chronicles. '912. The Emperor Conrad strengthened our town, brought all things into order, and allowed us from this time to have *three black caltrops* on a white shield for our arms. After him the Emperor Otho the Great took us into much favour, for he came thither with his army after his conquests in Italy, stayed a long time holding his court here, and also an Imperial diet. He and his wife, in their robes of state, went to S. Sebald's Church on Chrismas Day to hear Mass, attended by many lords and ladies.' After a while came Frederic Barbarossa. 'Under his rule we were beyond measure favoured, for here he held a great court and was crowned. Hence he went, with a numerous following, to Milan, and took with him many of the patricians of our town, amongst whom one of the name of Caspar Schreyer, through very valiant deeds, brought our people into the utmost grace with the Emperor; the certain sign of which was that he chose our burghers to be his guard, his castellans, and his wood and forest wardens.' The year 1198 was a famous year for the town, for it was then that the Emperor Heinrich VI. held a famous tournay here 'on the first Sunday after our Lady of Candlemas,' whereat the citizens so distinguished themselves as to win the Emperor's praise in full measure, and to cause him to grant patents of nobility to several of the burgher families.

By this time the city was becoming famous, not only for political reasons, but because of the awakening spirit of art and commerce. Already the town was beginning to excel in weaving and brass and metal work, in handicrafts, and all kinds of cunning workmanship, and was, beside this, turning its talents into the direction of art and song. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the Minnesänger were at the zenith of their glory, many of them in their wanderings visited Nuremberg and sang at the Imperial Court. Thither came Count Conrad of Kirchberg, chanting the praises of the spring. Thither also came Walter von Vogelweid, best known to us by Longfellow's legend of his gratitude and care, both in life and death, for the 'feathered Minnesänger,' from whom he was wont to declare he had learnt his calling.

'Saying from these wandering minstrels
I have learnt the art of song,
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.'

* *Bentley's Magazine*, vol. lxiv. pp. 205, etc. (1868).

His kindly intentions being frustrated, as we know, by a manifestation—the same in kind it seems to me, though, of course, utterly different in degree, of that spirit of mistaken economy and false utilitarianism which prompted the disciples of old when they murmured, 'To what purpose is this waste?'

Not only from the birds did Vogelweid learn his skill; he was a great traveller and student of human nature. 'From the Elbe to the Rhine in Hungary, from the Seine to the Mur, from the Po to the Drave, have I travelled, and learnt the manners and morals of men.' He sleeps near the Minster at Wärtzburg, where he passed to his rest after a useful life in 1240. Nuremberg is also said to have been visited by Heinrich of Meissen, also a noted Minnesänger, and the last of his race. It finally became one of the great centres of another school of poetry, that of the Meister-sänger, of whom we shall have to say something further on.

To this period belong two quaint legends that may perhaps be of some interest. The first is a wild and fantastic story centreing round the old Castle. It is somewhat variously given; the version I have followed is translated from the German by Mrs. E. E. Evans.* About the year 1264, when Count Frederic of Hohenzollern was governor of the Castle of Nuremberg, the villages in the vicinity of the city suffered terribly from the ravages of fierce hordes of wolves which came down from the mountains, causing heavy loss of life to both man and beast. It was Michaelmas, and a peasant and his wife living in the forests of SS. Sebald and Lawrence had gone up to the city to pay their annual tax of honey; for they, like many of their neighbours, were bee-keepers—a regular business at this time, before the importation of foreign sugars. They left their three little children in the house, bidding them on no account to stir hence, but to keep the doors closely barred for fear of the wolves, promising them as a reward some Nuremberg ginger-bread, then a noted compound. Unfortunately the children, weary of being alone, after a while ran out to play in front of the house, which was a long way from any other habitation. They were soon scented by the hungry wolves; no help was at hand, and the three little lives fell as victims to the savage beasts. Indescribable was the agony of the poor parents when, their business accomplished, they returned home, bringing with them the promised reward, and found the terrible tragedy that had been enacted in their absence. In a tumult of despair they rushed back to the city, and, presenting themselves at the Castle, demanded the immediate extermination of the cruel animals who had desolated their little home. The story of the dreadful event made a deep impression on all the inmates of the Castle, and on all the inhabitants of the town. A gigantic wolf-hunt was speedily organised, and foremost, both in planning and facing its dangers, were the two young sons of the Count, Sigismund and John of Hohenzollern.

* *Lakeside Magazine*, March, 1870.

The first day of the hunt proved a very disastrous one from the wolves' point of view; the town was full of rejoicing at the triumph and prowess of the hunters, and a second hunt was agreed on to take place on the following day, which was the feast of S. Michael. The Countess, with some strange presentiment of ill, endeavoured to dissuade her sons from taking part in it, but they, while tenderly chiding her fears, assured her that there was no real danger, and asked her what would the sturdy Nurembergers say if they saw their leaders thus hanging back? Very reluctantly the mother yielded, and watched her two handsome, gallant boys ride out from the court-yard, full of strength and vigour, calling out to her to look for their victorious return. But it was not to be. Riding through the suburbs of the city—through the quarter where the scythe-smiths had congregated—a terrible event occurred. Two of the fierce wild dogs belonging to the young Counts caught sight of a little child whose mother had wrapped it up in a wolf-skin against the piercing cold; mistaking it for one of their enemies, the great beasts attacked it with such mistaken zeal that life was extinct before it could be rescued. In the tumult that followed, when John and Sigismund were vainly striving to comfort the poor bereaved mother, a disaffected peasant who owed the Hohenzollern family a grudge, pointed scornfully to the two young nobles, crying out, 'Behold, *these* are the wolves which slew the bee-keeper's children!' Incredible as it seems, the words were believed by the throng of smiths standing round the dead child. Their anger was kindled in a moment, and, turning furiously upon the two defenceless young men, they cut them down with their scythes where they stood. It was the work of a few seconds, and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, they stood aghast at what they had done. But no remorse, no human skill could restore the gallant lads whose life-blood stained the streets of Nuremberg. A great crowd gathered round, and in the midst of the indescribable confusion the bodies of the young Counts were borne to the Castle. The whole town was full of sorrow; the youths were in the flower of their age, and well-beloved, and the sight of the grief of the Count and Countess served to increase the execration of the senseless crime. 'Their blood be avenged upon the murderers seven-fold,' was the cry, and a thousand men were instantly ready to start for the smiths' quarter, and to carry out what would have eventuated in a general massacre. But the grey-haired Count, in the midst of his own bitter sorrow, roused himself to think of the safety of those whose frantic folly and passion had wrought him such woe. Not revenge, but justice, was his cry; and then, to pacify the angry crowd of nobles—as eager in their way to shed blood as had been the scythe-smiths, though under severer provocation—he cried out in a loud voice that five hundred knights should be summoned from the neighbouring towns to join in a march against the disaffected quarter. The murderers, thus forewarned, took advantage of the intended

clemency and fled, so sparing the good Count from the necessity of adding wrong to wrong by so avenging the death of his brave sons as to bring desolation and woe on more than a hundred families. Neither did he see fit to seize their possessions, but contented himself with laying each family under obligation to contribute a tax of seven farthings yearly to the state, as 'blood-money,' a constant, and, no doubt, awful memorial to them of a great crime. This tax was not remitted for over a hundred years.

John and Sigismund of Hohenzollern are said to be buried in the Church of S. James', Nuremberg, but no record now exists to prove the truth of the statement; the memory of this dark story of human sin and human sorrow still clings around the old Castle, the silent witness of many a long-forgotten tragedy and triumph.

The second story is only a pleasant little reminiscence of the doings of the Emperor Rudolph I. during a visit to the town at the close of the thirteenth century; it is derived from our friend the 'Life-historian.' An impudent fellow once accosted the Emperor, 'calling him brother, and desiring him to divide his inheritance with him; so Rudolph asked how he could prove that they were so near of kin, to which the other answered that both were children of Adam and Eve. "Right," said the Emperor, with a smile. "Now get a bag as big as thou canst and be at the door of yonder church when next I ride out." The rogue did as he was desired, in the expectation of a great present. But the Emperor threw into the bag a farthing, saying that if all the fellow's brothers did the same, he would be richer than any king! Thus he gave his impertinence a merry lesson.'

The close of the thirteenth century was signalised by one of the many cruel persecutions of the Jews, that alas! form one of the darkest blots on the escutcheon of Nuremberg, as of many another German city. The Jews formed an independent and important community, they had houses in the best part of the town, and they amassed great wealth, which they lent to the Emperors, thereby securing for themselves a certain amount of protection. But they were always looked upon with suspicion and hatred by the townsfolk, even when they often had recourse to their aid. Did any disturbance or misfortune occur to the city there were always those ready to cry out, 'Thus it happened through the treachery of the Jews,' with an entire disregard of the frequent impossibility of the Jews having had any hand in the matter. Not once or twice only were their quarters set upon, their houses pillaged, and themselves killed with the sword or burnt, until such time as, in the significant words of the chroniclers, 'The Emperor commanded to stop.' The preaching of the crusades had helped to stir up and intensify the always latent dislike to the nation, and as the only 'Infidels' within the reach of most people, there grew up a sort of feeling that their persecution was in some way a godly thing and to the advancement of the cause of Christ. Among the Nurembergers, to this general dislike was added their

very particular hatred and jealousy of foreign skill and enterprise which proved so disastrous to themselves in many ways. It is one of the glories of this long-suffering and long-persecuted race, how few, if any, acts of reprisal or revenge can be proved against them. In the midst of a Christianity which may well have seemed to them a strange anomaly, they left their vengeance to God, 'to whom it belongeth,' and suffered silently, looking only in patient hope, not to becoming the oppressors and conquerors of those who now oppressed them, but to the day when God should restore again the sceptre unto Israel, and His chosen people should become once more a nation. A number of the Jews who were outcast from Nuremberg in 1498, settled at Fürth, a town in its vicinity, whose prosperity they helped to make, and which is now a formidable rival of the city which rejected them.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the reins of government began to pass slowly but steadily into the hands of the nobility, to the exclusion—except in a very nominal sense—of the burgher power, and the imperial decrees so strengthened the hands of the Senate that their rule became almost absolute, their decisions irreversible, and their power so great that the city at this date was sometimes called the 'Venice of Germany.'

'According to the constitution of the commonalty,'* says Mr. Thausing, 'as it had developed itself during the fourteenth century, the government of the town was vested in a patriciate of noble families, the origin of which was probably derived from the Knights of the Burgraves. In the confusion following the death of Louis of Bavaria, the guilds of Nuremberg, as elsewhere, made an effort to subvert the government, but the new King, Charles IV., quickly re-established the old council, and punished the leaders of the insurrection. It is a striking evidence of the wise moderation of the ruling class that we find, towards the end of the fourteenth century, artisans not only in the council, but occasionally sitting by the side of the highest dignitaries, the *Losunger*. Their share in the government, it is true, soon sank to a merely honorary one, as the oligarchy gradually closed its ranks and resisted any interference on the part of those who did not belong to its order.' Mr. Thausing then goes on to enumerate the various improvements, political and social, brought about by this republic of nobles—the establishment of police, the sanitary regulations for the welfare of the town, the encouragement of the arts, and the general effort made to keep alive the public spirit of the burghers. He represents them as lenient and forbearing towards the citizen class, and exercising stern and justice towards misdemeanants of their own order. There is, however, a reverse side to the picture, if we are to credit Mr. Whitling's observations on the senate.

* M. Thausing's 'Life of Albert Dürer.' Translated by F. A. Eaton (1882), vol. i. p. 23.

'War and peace, levies and supplies, liberty and property, life and death, were in their hands; party animosities were indulged in at the expense of the community, and private revenge, whose lengthened grasp had become both powerful and deadly, gratified itself, often on pretended public grounds, by the most atrocious acts of secret cruelty—acts which rival, if they do not exceed, those which disgrace the darkest pages of Venetian story!'* That there is at least some truth in these statements, and that the government of Nuremberg was not altogether an ideal one, the dismal stories connected with the dungeons of the castle and the Rathhaus are only too eloquent witnesses.

Wenceslaus, the son of Charles IV., was born at Nuremberg, and is said to have been baptized in the font at S. Sebald's Church. To his reign belong the exploits of a famous robber, Baron Eppelein von Gailingen, one of the numerous 'noble' lords who infested Germany at this time, and, ensconced in their castles, surrounded by lawless retainers, lived like little kings, keeping up their state by harrying the neighbouring towns and plundering right and left in most unkingly sort. Eppelein was a man of considerable wealth and importance, and the owner of several large castles, but, not content with terrorising his own particular district, he waged incessant and deadly war against Nuremberg, and was continually making sudden and unexpected descents upon the town, never returning empty handed. Reckless, daring, brave, and of an insatiable rapacity, many are the tales told of his adventures, and his name was a proverb in the city.

'Look out yonder! thou'll see him go,
Eppella Galla, the Nürnberger's foe.'

He is said to have been able to ride where other men could barely walk, and to have leapt his horse into the River Main, swimming the current in safety when by rights he ought to have been drowned. His most remarkable exploit, however, is that known as 'Eppelein's Leap.' It came to pass in this way: after one of his usual mad sallies, fortune seems for once to have favoured the townsfolk, and the redoubtable baron was taken prisoner, confined in the castle and speedily condemned to death by the council. On the day that was to witness his execution, he stood in the castle-yard waiting for the escort of soldiers, which was to accompany him to the place of doom, for fear of a rescue. His favourite horse was standing by, and as a last request, he asked the captain of the guard to permit him once more to mount his steed and to ride round the courtyard. The captain consented naturally, considering himself and his soldiers and the wide moat beyond the wall a sufficient preventative of any attempt at escape. The baron mounted and rode round and round the court, delighting his captors by his magnificent horsemanship. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, he rode straight for the wall, leapt his horse sheer across the moat, rode at desperate speed down the castle slope, and was lost among the sheltering woods, almost before

* 'Pictures of Nuremberg,' etc., vol. i. p. 114.

the amazed and horrified soldiery had sufficiently recovered their nerves to go in pursuit. By the time they did so, Eppelein was far away, safe in his old haunts, laughing, no doubt, with scornful glee at the thought of the discomfited citizens, and planning a fresh series of depredations. Desperado as he was, it seems somewhat sad that after all his hair-breadth escapes he should have been finally captured in his old age, and put to death in 1381. The print of his horse's hoof is still shown in the worn stone of the rampart near the tower, and the story of his miraculous leap repeated to the visitors of the Castle.

It is impossible in the space of a short article to thread our way through the intricacies of Nuremberg politics, complicated as they were with party disputes and factions, now taking the side of the Emperor, or of some new claimant to the Imperial throne, or with long and bloody contests, when the stout burghers opposed with so much zeal and spirit the inroads and demands of the lawless nobility that were but too often the curse of the Empire. From this subject we will turn to look at another aspect of the city's life, the first note of which is struck for us in the words of an old record.

'Thither came John Huss on his way to Constance, to answer for the faith which he has maintained, does maintain, and will maintain to the end, through the help of God.' It was on the 19th of October, 1414, that the celebrated reformer came to the town, and he was very warmly received. Mr. Thausing thus describes the religious attitude of the city at this period—*

'The adhesion of Nuremberg throughout the middle ages to the Emperor, in the struggle against the Papacy, had tended to make the citizens, while still remaining sincerely pious, more liberal in religious matters. The tenets of the Waldenses had already made their way to Nuremberg. In the fourteenth century many of the citizens belonged to the 'Society of the Friends of God,' and the Hussite doctrines quickly found a hearing in the city. John Huss himself relates how, in passing through Nuremberg on his journey to Constance, he was warmly welcomed by all the people, and how he expounded his doctrines amid unanimous marks of approval from the burghers. . . . In no place did the Reformation find the ground so well prepared to receive it as in Nuremberg.'

Therefore it was that the religious change was brought about with far less bitterness and without the great convulsions which sometimes followed its steps. It was more gradual. The new forms linked themselves on to or superseded the old without any great visible break; and though the town had to suffer considerably from without, in the cause which it had espoused, from within it had little to contend with, and we do not read of martyrdoms, or bloodshed, on behalf of either party. It may also be said that the Nurembergers showed a wise discretion and power of discrimination with regard to

* 'Life of Albert Dürer,' etc., vol. i. p. 34.

ritual and art, wholly wanting in many other places, where the very enthusiasm and devotion of those who urged on the much-needed reforms, led them to destroy with hasty and impatient hands the loving work done for God by many a bygone generation. Because they found that the ritual and practice of the Church had sometimes degenerated into meaningless superstition, they jumped to the conclusion that all forms were necessarily useless, and endeavoured to sweep away the whole system of external aids, and to supply their place by an appeal to the intellect only, purposeless choosing to make such externalities as they were obliged to have, as void as possible of all colour and beauty; losing sight of the fundamental truth that it is through the external to a great extent that the spirit is manifested, and that religion must appeal to the *whole* man, not simply to one portion of his being, to the total disregard of all the rest. This mistake was, of course, followed by a strong reactionary wave which we of to-day are markedly under the influence of, and whose high tide is yet unreached. But Nuremberg of the fifteenth century had not lost sight of this principle. It was a city of artists, and they were not in such haste to believe that music, and beauty, and colour, and ritual, were the exclusive manifestation of the spirit of darkness as some of their neighbours. They looked out into the natural world, and saw the splendour of mountain, and forest, and fertile plain; they 'considered the heavens,' and saw the work of God's fingers, and they continued to beautify their churches, and to consecrate their highest powers to His service, and to the adornment of His Sanctuary; and they were not in hot haste to do away with the ritual which had come down to them from the earliest Christian days, sanctioned by the practice of the saints, and hallowed by many a sacred memory and association. 'Where there is abuse let us have reform,' said the common-sense of Nuremberg; 'but, at present, we see no good in smashing S. Sebald's statue, and learning to sing out of tune.'

'The stranger marvels,' says a writer, dealing with this subject,* 'to find no restorations or innovations. No ruthless hands of foreign soldiery have ever pillaged its treasures; no iconoclastic zeal has ever desecrated its shrines. . . . They had learnt from their great masters that all beauty is born of God, and they were glad to offer in new consecration the wealth and glory of their churches, not in the letter that killeth, but in the spirit that giveth life. The altars remain in the chapels, the pictures of miracle and martyrdom hang over them. Above the high altar the patient Christ looks down from the lofty cross. By the pillars, beneath the carved canopies, bend the apostles in grandly sweeping robes.' And the brazen lamp lighted in 1326, to burn with perpetual flame before one of the shrines in the Lorenzo-Kirche, is still faithfully fed, though now with a deeper and enlarged meaning, and still burns with its steady light, 'a constant witness to Nuremberg's devotion to her ancient traditions.'

Atlantic Monthly, Sept. 1872, p. 309.

The same writer, commenting on the ornate character of both the service and decorations in the (now Lutheran) Church of S. Lorenzo, remarks that for a moment or two she imagined herself to be in a Roman Church. And we may observe in passing, that the Lutheran Church of Germany has preserved many of the old usages discarded by other branches, and has more in common with its predecessors, or with the service of an Anglican Church, than is generally supposed by those who still fondly imagine that Martin Luther was the inculcator of a new religion, and that the English Church, not to say English Christianity, only came into existence in the days of the Reformation.

(To be continued.)

'THY WILL BE DONE.'

FROM THE SWEDISH.

Why should grief one pang of sorrow
Shed o'er me?
It is borne on angels' pinions,
Lovingly.

Then avaunt with dull repining,
Wild despair!
Pain is but the messenger of
Loving care.

As birds beneath their mother's wing
Calmly rest,
Thus safe am I from harm, clinging
To His breast.

When death with thousand pains
Comes to me,
I'll greet his coming, sheltered *there*,
Peacefully.

Now shall my prayer to heav'n rise, like
Gentle dove,
Winged for its swift upward flight by
Faith and love.

Above all earthly hopes and fears, with
God so nigh,
Secure, for trusting in His love,
Will I cry,

'Father, the will which once I lov'd,
Is not mine.
Gladly I yield it all to Thee,
Now 'tis Thine.

'With joy I'll drink the cup Thou giv'st
Full of pain,
Sure that in perfect love 'tis giv'n
For my gain.'

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

III.

NOWADAYS the name of 'le Quartier Latin' is apt, perhaps somewhat unfairly, to suggest a society of students leading a 'vie bohème,' with light purses and morals to match. We have almost forgotten that this part of Paris was so called in the Middle Ages because here were gathered students whose education was carried on in Latin, first in a school, under the eye of the Bishop, and then, recruited from many nations, in what, by the beginning of the thirteenth century, had grown into a university. Here Abelard taught, counting among his scholars the future Pope Celestin II., and the reformer Arnold of Brescia, who perished at the stake for his daring attack on the temporal power of the papacy; here Gerson studied, fervently seeking to discover some solution of the question, so all-important in days of pope and antipope, how a pontiff could be either appointed or set aside by those who believed they yet could not act without his sanction and blessing. Here came, too, our own Stephen Langton to study theology, for which the University of Paris was as famous as that of Bologna for Canon Law, rising to preside over and govern the schools of Paris, and make the acquaintance of a fellow-student, who by-and-by became known to the world as Innocent III., the most arrogant and ambitious of all the popes who ever claimed to sit in 'the chair of St. Peter.' Roger Bacon also was one of the students, and Dante's master, Brunetto Latini, who wrote his *Trésor de Sapience* in French, because, as he declared, 'la parleure en est la plus délitable.'

A university numbering such names as these, was indeed a formidable body. 'It had,' says Milman, 'its inviolable privileges, its own endowments, government, laws, magistrates, jurisdiction; it was a state within a state, a city within a city, a church within a church. It refused to admit within its walls the sergeant of the Mayor of Paris, the apparitors of the Bishop of Paris; it opened its gates sullenly and reluctantly to the king's officers.' Sometimes, indeed, it would not open them at all. The population of the Quartier Latin was inevitably a wild and unruly one, perpetually at war with the rest of the city. Town-and-gown rows were countless; the university authorities had little control over the scholars, and yet jealously refused to allow the civil power to control or punish them, falling back on the exemption granted by Philip Augustus from all outside interference. In A.D. 1228, after a fierce battle, lasting several days,

two scholars were killed by the guard, on which the university not only stopped all lectures, but scattered teachers and scholars, outstripping their privileges and putting themselves in the wrong by lecturing and conferring degrees in other towns; and it took a great deal of influence and advice from the mild and sensible Gregory IX. before the Bishop of Paris and St. Louis would allow the rebellious university to resume her work, when at length she thought better of it. When she did so, it was to find that, in her absence, her rivals, the Dominicans, had seized their opportunity, and had secured a chair of theology in Paris. Twenty years later this was the cause of a very serious quarrel with which all Europe rang, and again the pretext was the death of a student in a fray—probably just such a one as Jean d'Antville points in his *Grande Lamentation*, a poem of the thirteenth century—

'Sur son front se hérisse une ample chevelure
Dont le peigne a longtemps négligé la culture;
Jamais un doigt coquet, une attentive main
Aux cheveux égarés ne montrent leur chemin.
Un soin plus important aiguillonne leur maître.
Il faut chasser la faim toujours prompt à renaître.
Le temps à son manteau suspend, d'un doigt railleur,
La frange qu'oublia l'aiguille du tailleur . . . .
Près du tison murmure un petit pot de terre
Où nagent des pois secs, un vignon solitaire.'

But what energy and sombre tenacity we find amid this misery—

'L'oreille sur sa main, le coude sur son lèvre,
A ces morts immortels tout entier il se livre.
Si quelque nœud tenace arrête son esprit,
Il lutte avec effort; penché sur cet écrit
D'un feu sombre et brûlant son œil creux s'illumine,
Son menton incliné pèse sur sa poitrine.'

The original is, of course, in Latin, and we lose some of the force of the picture in the translation, but it is still a striking and no doubt perfectly faithful picture.

It was from the ranks of the university students that came the 'schoolmen,' who strove hard, at all events in early times, to reconcile theology and science, and did so to the satisfaction of the Middle Ages. When we speak of 'theology' as a study among them, however, we must not suppose that liberty of thought or study of the Bible was encouraged. Liberty of thought was apt to lead to the stake, and the Bible came to be regarded as an arsenal of texts, those who studied it to any deeper end being known by a mocking nickname, and regarded as no scholars at all. 'Twenty doctors expound one text twenty ways,' wrote Tyndal, 'and, with an antitheme of half an inch, some of them draw a thread of nine days long. . . . They not only say that the literal sense profiteth nothing, but also that it is hurtful and noisome, and killeth the soul.' And thus, because the schoolmen obstinately held on to a worn-out system, and rejected all

'new learning,' Bacon was forced to write of them that they spent their strength on 'a number of idle, unwholesome, vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality.' And he adds that degenerate learning prevailed among the schoolmen just because, having 'sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure and small variety of reading, their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator), as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history, either of nature or time,' they spun laborious webs of learning out of no great quantity of matter. We know how Erasmus, struck by his friend Colet's strong disapproval of the schoolmen, fell to studying their text-books over again, and came to the same conclusion as Bacon, owning that his former high opinion of Thomas Aquinas had vanished utterly. Yet even in our own time we find an unprejudiced judge, Victor Cousin, declare that the 'Summa totius Theologiæ' of Aquinas is one of the greatest monuments of human intellect in the Middle Ages.

The 'Chansons de Geste' were a thing of the past in the twelfth century, and chronicles took their place, written in the cloister, first in Latin, then in French—later, laymen took the pen. At first these chronicles are the briefest and driest of records; events which after time holds capital sometimes are not recorded at all, or some local event is stated with as much emphasis as one which concerned all Christendom. The battle of Poitiers, which turned back the flood of Mohammedan invasion, is not named at all by the monkish annalist, while elsewhere we read, 'Martin died;' 'Charles, Mayor of the Palace, died.' Martin was an unknown monk, and Charles—was Charles Martel.

Even in the eleventh century the monkish annals of many important abbeys are as arid as in the sixth. Still, the habit of writing such annals was established, and bore great fruit. It would seem that in every monastery on a royal foundation a monk was intrusted with the duty of keeping them, and that, whenever a king died, a sort of committee reviewed what had been written in that reign, and threw it into a kind of report, which was sent to Paris and placed among the archives. In this important work the great Abbey of St. Denis took the lead, not only keeping its own annals, but copying those of other religious houses. It was in this abbey that Louis le Gros was educated, and made the acquaintance of Suger, a poor lad who had been found deserted at the monastery door. Louis VI. made him his best beloved counsellor, and the monks of St. Denis elected him their abbot. It was to him that the king intrusted the regency when he went on the unhappy sixth crusade, much against Suger's will, and it is in great measure to this great statesman that we owe the existence of the 'Grandes Chroniques de France,' which were steadily continued up to the reign of Louis XI. It must have

been difficult to know what to say of him. But by this time history was written by men who had taken an active part in making it. Villehardouin, De Joinville, Froissart, had composed their chronicles, and De Commines was about to bring in a new era of historical writing with his study of the new-born political spirit and the dying feudal system.

Apart from all else, the chronicle of Villehardouin would be noteworthy as the first original work in French prose. His 'Conquête de Constantinople' must have been written in the first year of the thirteenth century, and gives a wonderfully vivid picture of the fourth Crusade, which resulted, not in the conquest of Palestine, but in that of an empire, by a handful of pilgrims, crusaders in name, but full of ambition, greed, jealousy, strangely mingled with chivalrous valour and faith. There are few more striking scenes than that which he describes when the French plenipotentiaries arrive at Venice, and request the Doge and his council to furnish them with vessels for the pilgrimage, and, after hearing mass at St. Mark, Villehardouin, chosen as speaker for all, addresses the assembly—

'Seigneurs, the most high and puissant barons of France have sent us to you, and cry you mercy that you have pity on the city of Jerusalem, which is in bondage to the unbeliever, and that you may, for God's honour, aid them to avenge the shame of Jesus Christ, and they choose you because well they know that there is no nation nor folk on sea who have such great power as you; and as we went they bade us fall at your feet, there abiding until ye grant this thing.'

And thereon the six deputies knelt, weeping much, and the duke and all the rest began to weep for ruth, and all cried out, holding up their hands, 'We grant it! we grant it!' Thereupon was such great noise that truly it seemed as though all the earth shook, and when that noise was appeased Henri (Dandolo), the good Doge of Venice, went up to the desk, and, speaking to the people, said, 'My lords, this is a great honour which God has done us, when the best and bravest people in the world neglect all other nations, and demand our company for so high a cause as the vengeance of our Lord.'

First the commercial treaty, then the religious service and touching scene when the chord of faith vibrates through the whole great assembly—we have Venice, and her morals and government to the life.

Villehardouin died about A.D. 1213, on the lands which he had won in Thessaly, and Jehan de Joinville, the friend and biographer of St. Louis, was born ten years later. He was the first to write memoirs in France, the first to invent that charming form of biography and history mingled together which the French have brought to unequalled perfection. Love for Louis IX. rather than ardent religion took him to the Holy Land, and he went with a heavy heart, regretting his young wife and newly-born son, and not daring

to lift his eyes to his castle when he passed it, 'de peur d'avoir trop grand regret.' No actual duty obliged him to go, for he was Seneschal of Champagne, and not a crown vassal, but he could not fail his royal friend, though like Queen Blanche, the mother of King Louis, when he knew that the King had taken the cross, he almost 'grieved as though he had seen him lying dead.' Before telling his household and vassals what he had resolved to do, De Joinville called them all together and feasted them; after which he said, 'Seigneurs' (the naïveté is lost if we translate), 'je m'en vais outre mer, et je ne sais si je reviendrai. Or, avisez, si je vous ai fait tort en quelque chose, je vous le réparerai de point en point.' And then he rose and went out, that he might be no check on their deliberations. He had to pledge his estates to pay expenses, and, with a cousin, hired a ship at Marseilles, on which he embarked his nine knights, his seven hundred soldiers, and his horses. The passage in which he describes the start must be quoted.

'Quand les chevaux furent dedans, notre maître pilote cria à ses nautoniers qui étaient au bec de la nef et leur dit: "Tout est-il prêt? Allons! viennent avant les clercs et les prêtres. Dès qu'ils furent venus il leur cria: Chantez de par Dieu! Et ils chantèrent tout d'une voix: Veni Creator Spiritus! Et il cria à ses nautoniers: Faites voile de par Dieu, et ainsi firent. Et en bref temps le vent donna dans la voile et nous ôta la vue de la terre, si bien que nous ne vîmes plus que le ciel et l'eau; et chaque jour nous éloignait le vent des pays où étions nés. Et ces choses vous montrai-je parce que celui-là est bien fol et hardi qui s'ose mettre en tel péril, avec le bien d'autrui sur la conscience, ou en péché mortel, car l'on s'endort le soir là où on ne sait si on ne se trouvera pas au fond de la mer.'

Joinville's chronicle is as naïve as touching; he was as credulous as a child; according to him, Cairo was Babylon, and the Nile had its source in Paradise. A magic island, inhabited by Saracens, fatally attracted his vessel, so that it made no way, until a priest, observing that he had never known any evil thing in his parish resist processions, made three successive Saturdays, they carried out the suggestion, and by the time the crew had marched once round the deck, Joinville carried because he was ill, the charm was broken and the ship sailed on.

Joinville's style is more desultory than that of Villehardouin, but it is more graceful and has more reflection in it, his object being not to write a history, but a memoir.

Of all annalists surely that delightful old gossiping Canon Froissart is the prince! The history of his time is reflected in his long Chronicles in the most amusing manner; he lived through three reigns, travelled from court to court and castle to castle, always welcome, always on the alert for information, eager, indefatigable, gallant, adoring the aristocracy, and detesting the roturiers. As for the peasants, he did not realise them as fellow-creatures at all; we

have only to read his account of Wat Tyler's insurrection to see that.

To distract his thoughts from a hopeless love affair when still a young man, Froissart went to England, and liked it so much that, after returning to France for a little while, he went back, carrying with him part of his Chronicles, to offer them to Philippa of Hainault. She must already have heard of him from her cousin, Robert de Namur, who had urged Froissart to begin his annals, and she gave him a gracious welcome, with the post of secretary, and every opportunity of meeting nobles and great lords and squires who could give him information. Froissart was not slow to avail himself of these opportunities, indeed to hear that any one had anything useful to tell him would summon him to the ends of the earth. Now he rides off with his grey horse and his hound to Scotland; now he goes to the English court at Bordeaux, then to Rome, to Holland, to Milan, or to the court of the terrible Gaston Phœbus, Count of Béarn, securing his welcome by taking that noted sportsman four noble hounds. Gaston Phœbus promised him renown through his history which should never be disputed, 'Et la raison en est, beau Maître, que depuis cinquante ans en ça sont advenus plus de faits d'armes et de merveilles au monde qu'il n'en était dè trois cent ans auparavant.'

The first part of the Chronicle is a paraphrase of one written by a canon of Liège, Jean Lebel, and is probably more accurate, but a great deal less vivid and picturesque than the rest, which is Froissart's own. No better critique on Froissart can be found than that which Scott puts into the mouth of Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*, when he tells Morton he has half a mind to order him six months' imprisonment, and give him time to read these Chronicles. 'His chapters,' Claverhouse declares, 'inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, benedicite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happen to favour, or the other. But truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse.'

Another poet, Gray, also loved Froissart, and speaks of his Chronicles with delight, in a letter written at Cambridge in 1760.

Monstrelet, who continued the canon's work, is an amusing contrast to Froissart, amusing only in this, for he is dull, though valuable as an accurate writer. Of course he seems all the duller for following such a predecessor. We may be grateful that it fell to Froissart

instead of to Monstrelet to describe Poitiers and Cressy! There are many other annalists who might be mentioned—Burgundian, chiefly—and now we begin to meet with biographies, such as the curious 'Livre de Faicts du Maréchal de Bourcigault,' the history of a daring knight-errant, the kind of man in whom Froissart would have delighted. There are also a number of histories of Joan of Arc.

The Flemish De Commines is of quite another school. He was first in the service of Charles the Bold, and then in that of Louis XI. of France. His style is involved and peculiar, he has no sense of picturesqueness, and cares only for statecraft, not at all of a high-minded kind. It was the time of the Borgias and of Macchiavelli and of Louis Onze. Yet there is a great deal of dramatic interest in the chronicle of De Commines, for it shows the struggle between the dying past and the problems of the near future, and we have a wonderful portait of Louis XI. which Sir Walter Scott studied to great purpose when he wrote Quentin Durward. De Commines was the right historian for such a king, and able to comprehend that great aim to unify France, which was accomplished by such ignoble means. De Commines wrote not to amuse, but to teach! History with him takes a new departure.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—III.

Questions for September.

14. How did the Quartier Latin gain its name? Sketch the rise of the University of Paris.

15. Give a translation, rhymed or in prose, of the quotation from 'La Grande Lamentation.'

16. Describe the gradual rise of the Chronicle.

17. Give a short biography of De Joinville.

18. Mention the characteristics of Froissart, his merits and defects.

19. Contrast Villehardouin and De Commines.

Marks for July.

Cripps	95	Hermione	80
M. M. C. C.		Les Verges	70
Pertheiren	90	Feu Follet	65
L.		Carlotta	
Iris		Lambda	55
Marguerite	85		

FINAL CLASS LIST FOR THE ENGLISH LITERATURE COURSE, FEB.—JUNE, 1889.

Those who sent in less than *three* papers are not classed.

First Class.

Maximum 100 × 5 = 500.

*Greta, *Lisle	498	*A. I. P.	483
*Bee, *A. C. Shipton	482	*M. E. Ackerley, *Kleine Katze	398
*Patty	472	*Eugenie	395
*Cornflower	440	Irene	370

Second Class.

Maximum 5 × 70 = 350.

Cordelia	347	Hilda	264
Snapdragon	346	White Hawthorn	260
J. M. Douglas	318	Mu, Mu, Kappa	255
Dick	314	Wolferstan	252

Third Class.

Maximum 45 × 5 = 225.

Secnarf 179

* Sent in five papers.

The Prize Winners are Greta and Lisle.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

June Class List.

First Class.

Greta, Lisle	100	A. I. P., Snapdragon	91
Bee	99	Cornflower	86
A. C. Shipton	98	Eugenie	78
Irene, Patty	94	M. E. Ackerley	77
		Dick	75

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Do the claims of intimate friendship between women necessarily clash with those of family life?

Chelsea China has had several very interesting papers on this question; from which she will endeavour to give abstracts and selections, reserving *X. Y. Z.*, which appears to her to enter the most into the philosophy of the question, for fuller comment. The difficulty is that there are so many kinds, and degrees, of friendship, that each writer may have been thinking of a different relation from that implied by the others.

For instance, *Emerald*, while seeing most strongly the help that a good friendship can give in daily life, perhaps hardly realises the temptations that beset one of a passionate character. When people 'have perfect sympathy,' she says, 'they do not constantly wish to see each other.' In that case, their love is either chiefly 'the love of custom,' described by *X. Y. Z.*, and an excellent thing in its way, or they have won a great battle, the need for which she does not indicate.

Beta gives a beautiful description of the aid of a true friendship, and a very necessary warning as to the care needed in forming it.

Amica Mia gives some homely, but too frequent, instances of the ways in which people may annoy their families with their friendships. 'We sometimes see the most tiresome, even quite humble, duties or employments undertaken by one girl or young woman for another, which if the mother or sister required, would be done unwillingly, or not at all. Another snare a woman is very apt to fall into is that of exhausting herself when with her especial friend, and then when she returns to the family circle she scarcely speaks, and never exerts herself in the least to add to the amusement of her mother or sisters, but sits mute, and so, like a wet blanket, gradually extinguishes the good spirits of others by her selfish unwillingness to enter into what for her is so much less interesting than the conference with closed doors she has been having with her friend.' Nevertheless, she, too, speaks of the blessing of a long, constant friendship.

Vera puts the jars and difficulties caused by friendships very strongly, and ends thus—

'Each has her own path of joys and sorrows to tread, and there

are sorrows and trials into which even the *most* intimate friend can scarcely enter.

'The highest and best kind of friendship is that which forgets itself in thought for others, which lets itself be set aside, which is not always wanting proofs of affection to be showered upon it; but which goes on quietly, happy in the love it has evoked, and unselfishly trying so to walk through the conflicting interests of this world, that they who have been friends together on earth, may meet in that region where sorrow and parting shall find no place.'

Dragon-fly.—This question resolves itself into another. Did God ordain intimate friendships between women as He certainly did between men?

If He *did* they are a call, and He never sends contrary calls, therefore *necessarily* they will not interfere with the unquestionable call of family duty.

All strong feelings and emotions have their attendant dangers and temptations, and friendship has them like others; but if the women are worthy of the sacred name of friends to one another, they may and will strengthen each other in family duty.

Araminta and Angelina (in Miss Edgewood's 'L'Amie Inconnue') is an old-fashioned parody, of how a silly girl and a designing woman played into each other's hands and made the very name of friend ridiculous for a time; but there is many an Angelina by no means silly in reaching out her hands to those outside her home circle, who do not see everything from the Home point of view, and whose judgments of many points are more unbiassed, and larger than her own *can* be.

It is not good for woman any more than for man to live alone—and to unmarried women it is often only in a friend that a soul can find its 'mate.'

There is a marriage of souls, in friendship, which God permits, but of this marriage it is *not* said: 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his *friend*;' and if friendship is put first, and this forgotten, the danger is great; but for *all* its attendant dangers, women have as much right as men to say, 'Thank God for friendship.'

X. Y. Z.—There are three varieties of *good* love—the love of habit, the love of choice, and the love of helpfulness, or of service. The love of habit is that which comes to us from what St. Augustine calls 'the sweet and dear custom of living together,' the relations which we do not choose, the love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of the friends with whom we have grown up; and in many cases, where the natures are not passionate, the love of husband and wife. The love of *choice* is that which makes us desire closeness and intimacy with those with whom we have not the love of habit, either with those of our own sex, when we make a strong friendship; or with one of the other sex, which naturally presupposes an outlook towards

matrimony. The love of helpfulness—the Christian *agape*—or enthusiasm of humanity, does not exactly come into the answer to this question, except so far that neither the love of habit nor the love of choice can attain to its highest power without transfusion by this also.

There are dangers in the 'love of choice' which sometimes lead us to trespass upon the 'love of habit,' but which need not do so. We are so made that the love of choice, when it leads to marriage, *must* exclude another of the same stamp; and it is often a natural desire that the same kind of exclusiveness, *mutatis mutandis*, should regulate our friendships. The love of choice always leads us to desire naturally that we should have more or less exclusive affection to and from the loved object—that we should have unlimited access to his or her society. In marriage, other considerations make it right that these conditions should be allowed; but in friendship they cannot, except in very rare instances, without prejudice to the objects of the love of habit. It should be considered to be a *sine quâ non* that any one cultivating the love of choice should remember that the ties of all the former relations are still there, and form bonds which cannot be disregarded without disloyalty; and that the presence of the loved object cannot be a constant quantity while the lives of the two friends are in different homes. Where a person cannot submit to these restrictions, it is well that they should not give themselves over to a strong friendship at all, as it will probably lead to disloyalty to their homes; but where they can do so (it will probably be at the cost of rather severe discipline) they will find that their love is spiritualised by renunciation, and that it becomes a permanent consciousness rather than a transient pleasure depending on the physical presence of the person beloved.

X. Y. Z. appears to Chelsea China to go to the root of the matter theoretically. Practically, the love of choice grows sacred in time with the love of habit, and if the love of habit is wholly devoid of the love of choice, it is not love at all; but either that strange claim and power, which, in this often jarring world, can give infinite pain, but no corresponding joy, or else a mere dry husk, owing its power entirely to other associations than its own. While, as she truly says, without the love of helpfulness, no other love can exist at all, custom fails in the time of trial, and choice must end in disappointment.

There is only one principle, as it seems to Chelsea China, that can save any ideal love from unworthy elements, and foolish and mischievous parodies—

> 'I could not love thee, dear, so well,
> Loved I not honour more.'

True friends or lovers could not bear to be false to any rightful claim for each other's sake. Each must 'to her ownself be true,' and

then she will not be false to the highest friendship, at least in spirit and intention, even if she falls far below her own ideal. That is the principle to aim at; and it must be guarded by the reticence that should save all spiritual mysteries from over-free discussion. For all love is mysterious, and can only be known when it is given.

But, dropping on to lower ground, Chelsea China observes in the papers a tendency to regard the family, as the G. F. S. girl did her mistress, as the appointed cross. This state of mind, though true in a sense, is rather apt to become apparent in self-denying efforts to carry the cross, and to lead to aggravations.

And there are a great many friendships in the world besides our own. Supposing we are the 'family,' and our sister has set up a friendship, or our old customary friend has got a new friendship—one of congenial choice—why should we grudge it to her, and tease her, and generally make difficulties for her? Or if she has inspired an enthusiasm in some one else, why should it seem so very ridiculous?

No doubt one of the chief vocations of the 'love of custom' is to keep our old friends and our relations in order, and show them their little errors. Far be it from Chelsea China to refuse to submit to, or to refrain from exercising, this privilege; but there is also an advantage, perhaps equally great, in the inspiriting encouragement of the love of choice. Congeniality is necessary to growth and expansion.

It is well that many people should affectionately think small beer of us; it is also well that some should think—champagne! And in love of choice and love of custom; yes, and in love of service too, 'my lord,' or still more, *my lady*, 'beware of jealousy.'

Sunday-schools.

Chelsea China does not think that *Blackbird* has quite understood *Double Daisy*. It is a fact that in towns the Sunday-school teacher is far from being, in many cases, the only lady well known to the girl, and if the latter does not seem in need of our 'interest' and 'influence,' it is well to remember that if we give her sound instruction we are not failing in the main thing for which she comes to us; but *Double Daisy* has probably more influence than she supposes.

Subject for September.

Is it well to live by rule?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, by October 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

SECOND AND THIRD ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Questions for September.

33. What were the Henoticon, the Ecthesis, and the Type? and by whom were they respectively opposed?

34. What was condemned in the Fifth Œcumenical Council? Was Theodoret a heretic?

35. Give the ruling of the Sixth General Council. Why was Monothelism so dangerous?

36. Who were SS. Gregory of Tours, John the Faster, Isidore of Seville, and Ildefonso? (average of 12 lines each).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by October 1st.

June Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda . . . 40	Violets, Fidelia 37	Bluebell 34
Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Charissa, Verena . . . 39	Sycorax, De Maura . . . 36	Veritas, Cox 33
Speranza, Polypodium . . 38	Erica, Ierne, Frideswide . . . 35	Countess 32
Papaver 37	Water Wagtail . . 34	Καθολικος, Espérance, Hispania, Millstone . . . 31

Second Class.

Vorwärts, Portia, Cecilia 29	Budgerigar, Vivia, Box . . . 27	Miss Muffet, Hegesippus, Mervarid . . . 25
		Trudel 20

Third Class.

Evelyn 18	White Fox, Theodosius . . . 16	Elk 11

REMARKS.

21. The Rise of Nestorianism is given best by *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, *Charissa*, *Sycorax*, *Verena*, *Polypodium*, and *Frideswide*, though *Cocksmoor* states the heresy best of all. Bog-Oak observes that the members usually rise well to a heresy. Most of the papers are above the mark this time. *Cocksmoor*, *Water Wagtail*, *Vorwärts*, *Countess*, etc.:

John of Antioch's peace-making letter to Nestorius, urging him to accept 'Theotokos,' reminding him that to retract an error is a glory and not a shame, should have been mentioned.

Vorwärts, Evelyn, Theodosius, and others, are hard on St. Cyril. The remarkable way in which he hung back at first, hardly bears out the remark that his marvellous far-seeing learning was used 'more from love of interfering and asserting the power of his see, than from desire for orthodox doctrine.' St. Celestine's first letter to him remained unanswered a year, though Nestorius twice wrote to Celestine, denouncing Cyril. In his seventeenth Paschal Epistle he stated Catholic doctrine without naming Nestorius, whom he constantly urged to regain his orthodoxy. Nestorius, *not* Cyril, first appealed to a General Council. So singular a reserve of energy in such a vehement man, may well have been caused by a dislike to re-open the traditional jealousy of the sees. The twelve Anathemas were not *against* Nestorius, but were a statement of Catholic truth for him to sign, not an attack. Only the wording was oblique rather than direct. 'If any do not confess . . . such a doctrine . . . let him be anathema.' *Evelyn:* Even if the B.V.M. were now unduly honoured at Rome, St. Proclus was an Eastern. *Hispania:* Crake gives the Council at Rome under Celestine.

22. The Council of Ephesus is well done by most, especially *Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Etheldreda, Papaver, Erica, Charissa, Bluebell, Frideswide, Veritas.* Bog-Oak does not think the Roman legates were 'secretly' instructed to act 'on the side of Cyril.' Rome and Alexandria had spoken already, in perfect accord on the Unity of Person. It was no secret that they would agree now. It is more noteworthy that not only did this Council not accept the judgment of Rome as final—for they re-judged the case—but Celestine never expected them to do so. *Hegesippus:* Nestorius reached Ephesus before Cyril. *Countess, Trudel*, and others, should have said that when St. Cyril unfortunately declined to wait five or six days more to open the Council, he had already waited fifteen. Fancy the Pan-Anglican delaying its opening a fortnight, and then being accused of undue haste, and further imagine all the Bishops cooped up—say in Bristol —forbidden to stir away in a hot summer? *Καθολικος:* John of Antioch reached Ephesus some time before the Roman Legates; and Theodosius' order for the deposition of all three Patriarchs was before, not after, the appeal of Dalmatius and the clergy of Constantinople. They succeeded in getting justice done.

23. Excellent answers on the after fate of Nestorius and Nestorianism by *Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Etheldreda, Speranza, Charissa, Verena, Violets* (who gives modern Nestorianism best), and *Countess. Hispania:* After Ephesus, Nestorius was not banished, but he returned, by his own choice, to his monastery near Antioch, for more than four years. *Fidelia:* Though nothing can excuse the cruel persecution of the aged Nestorius, it really was the agents of

government, and not of the Church, who hurried him from place to place. He seems to have been a persistent heretic, and even then would have influenced the Bishops of the Thebaid. Surely, recollecting his own bitter persecution of others, the poor old man sometimes remembered, 'With what measure ye mete, withal it shall be measured to you again.' *Frideswide* quotes Dean Stanley as saying the Assyrian Christians are Monophysites. Can he have confused them with the Armenian Church? No one has noticed one consequence of Nestorian teaching, viz., that our Lord's work was not so much to redeem as to elevate man's nature. It is just this doctrine—so satisfying to carnal pride—of substituting Christ's example for His Atonement, which has longest survived and tinges modern teaching. *Erica:* Nestorian Christians did not end in the 13th century, but remnants survive to this day. As *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, and others, bring their account so far up to date as to give the American Mission to Assyrian Nestorians, they might have gone one step farther and mentioned the Archbishop of Canterbury's mission to what calls itself the Assyrian Church in Diabekr, etc., Nestorians so ignorant as to know little of Christianity, but less, it is said, happily, of Nestorianism, though certainly Rabban Johnan's letter to 'the great priest Edward, Metropolitan of England,' contains Nestorian phrases which would not have passed muster with St. Cyril!

24. Best lives of St. Cyril by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Verena*, *Ierne*, *Violets*, *De Maura*, and *Cox*. *Hegesippus* does not allude to his life before the Nestorian controversy, nor to his reconciliation with the East afterwards, and her character of him is inadequate. *Vorwärts:* 'Hypatia' is not Church History. Kingsley's mind was incapable of appreciating the worth of dogmatic theology. He also assumes a certain complicity of Cyril in her murder on absolutely *no* contemporaneous evidence. *Hispania* asks why Cyril is reckoned as a saint, and several decide that he was not. 1st. We hear of his earlier years only through the unfriendly Socrates. 2nd. No one tells us of his private life, which, as the Alexandrians were devoted to him, may have been best of all. 3rd. If he shows to disadvantage beside St. Athanasius, he was not quite so great a man. But who that has a fiery, impetuous temper, will not appreciate the way he curbed it—suffering stinging rebukes from Isidore—yielding many points and retracting errors publicly, e.g. placing St. Chrysostom's name in the diptychs, patiently explaining his own expressions; when reviled as an Apollinarian, *not* reviling again; yielding meekly to imprisonment for the Faith, in spite of his so-called ferocious parabolani; doing his utmost for the peace of the Church when he brought about the Concordat of the Patriarchates. That he, in common with every one else, gave *Eulogiæ* to the Court, merely means that he was not free from a bad custom prevalent throughout the East, from the days of Joseph and David downwards.

Notices to Correspondents.

In regard to question in June No., 1889, p. 599, *L. S. D. Sarum* has been shown a description of the Wilton glass in 'Winston's History of Glass-painting.' The glass is Flemish work, of the cinquecento period. The woman on the ox represents Death, bearing the attributes of Atropos. The woman on the unicorn represents Religion triumphing over human love.

Emma met with the following quotation, and wishes to know where it comes from—

'They say—what do they say—let them say.'

Anon.—'Please to remember the grotto.' What is the meaning? The Grotto is the remnant of the pilgrimages to the shrine of St. James at Compostella. Some phosphorescent lights having been seen in Galicia, and a sarcophagus discovered, it was decided that St. James the Great had floated thither from Palestine in his marble coffin. Further, a knight's horse, taking alarm, as well he might, at such a spectacle, jumped into the sea, when the knight was rescued with his clothes covered with scallop shells. Sant Iago became the Patron of Castille, his shrine was the resort of pilgrims, and the scallop (*Pecten Jacobæa*) was the trophy and relic of their journey.

'The scallop shell his hat did deck.'

Moreover, the shell being thus connected with the saint, the London children took to building little shrines with the oyster shells, their substitute, and burning little tapers in them on his feast-day. As oysters came into season then, and the saying was that no one wants money who eats oysters on St. James's day, the custom was established in later times of beginning to collect the shells on the 25th of July, and building the grotto with them on St. James's day, O.S. August the 5th. 'Please to remember the grotto' meant, 'Contribute to the illumination.'

C. H. B.—

'Old Antioch shall answer ye,'

is from Bishop Cleveland Coxe's 'Christian Ballads,' which may be procured from Masters. ED.

D. B.—

'Holy offerings rich and rare'

is by the late Rev. Dr. Monsell of Guildford, and composed by R. Redhead for the opening of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington.

M. P.

'Evensong is hushed in silence,

by the late Rev. J. Purchase, of St. James, Brighton.

S. N. asks Where shall I find—

'All night they watched the ebbing life
As if its flight to stay,
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Their last hope died away.'

Said to be Hood's?

In March, *E. M. C.* answers it by saying, 'It resembles Hood's Poem.' As no one seems to have replied further, I beg to say the lines are by H. Bonar, and if *S. N.* will like to have the whole poem, ten verses, I shall be happy to write them out for her.

Yours faithfully,
MABEL HARRISON.

36, Dyke Road, Brighton.

Wanted, the author and context of the line—

'They (the poets) learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

M. W.

The Greek original of Longfellow's lines, 'Though the mills of God grind slowly,' etc., runs—

ὕψε θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.

'The millstones of the gods grind late, but grind fine.'

The line is a proverb, and not to be found in 'The Poets.' But I believe it can be found in the seventh edition of Liddell and Scott, under μύλος. P.

The author and remaining lines of

'In the secret compass of this iron chest
Lie the brief records of many years.'

PERDITA.

The Monthly Packet.

OCTOBER, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

As Cheriton re-entered the Mill House, he began to realise that he had behaved with extreme rudeness to his host, who had probably been expecting him to turn up for the whole afternoon, to talk over Frank Maxwell's plans with the assembled family. He felt there was nothing for it but to take the bull by the horns, and exculpate himself by full confession. Every one was gone up to dress for dinner when he arrived, and he followed suit, and appeared in the drawing-room just as Mr. Ingleston was saying—

'Well, if these are your county-family manners——'

'Mr. Ingleston,' said Marcia's young clear voice, 'I am *quite* sure Cousin Cherry has gone to help somebody in distress. He always does.' And Lucas Ingleston felt a distinct annoyance at hearing *Marcia* take up the cudgels for this conquering hero. He had begun to count upon her as his permanently faithful ally, in spite of her previous enthusiasm for her guardian.

Cheriton laughed a little as he entered the room noiselessly and heard Marcia's remark. 'Mr. Ingleston,' he said, 'I have behaved atrociously, I know, but I have my excuses. May I tell you what has made me late?' He withdrew with his host from the family group, and said something in a low voice which the spectators did not hear; but they saw Mr. Ingleston warmly shaking hands with his guest, heard Cheriton say, 'No, it is not to be a secret,' and then saw Mr. Ingleston lead him up to his wife, with the remark—

'Mr. Lester has effectually excused himself for his absence, my dear Susan. He tells me that he has engaged himself this afternoon to little Maisie Despard.'

No one had ever seen Mrs. Ingleston so cordial before. Her

persistent dread of Maisie as a daughter-in-law was now at an end, and she could afford to wish Cheriton joy more heartily than perhaps she had ever done to any one on a similar occasion. Lucas, with a sense of magnanimity, for which, however, there was far less occasion than there would have been six months before, shook hands heartily with his quondam rival; and Marcia, after two or three minutes of stupefaction, suddenly exclaimed—

'Cousin Cherry! How awfully jolly! I think it is the very nicest thing I ever heard!'

Possibly even Marcia was to a little extent relieved. In spite of the day-dream about Lucas and Maisie, she was now growing into more womanly feelings, and it is possible that she had begun to think that Lucas was too good to be thrown away even upon Maisie if she did not appreciate him or the Mills as they deserved. But one person, though he mechanically offered his congratulations, felt as if he had received a fatal blow, and felt already like a convicted criminal; and that was Hal Ingleston.

Maisie Despard engaged to Cheriton Lester! What hope could there be now for the secret to be kept? All through dinner he sat silent and moody, while all kinds of plans and expedients passed through his mind. If Hal could have seen his way to divide the lovers by some ingenious lie or misrepresentation, he would have been capable of doing it, in his terror for himself. Happily, however, the time for that was over; and, happily for Hal, neither the personal joy that had suddenly illumined a somewhat shadowed life, nor the necessity of keeping up conversation with Mrs. Ingleston—a work of some difficulty, especially as the forgotten headache began to revenge itself for so much excitement—prevented Cheriton from realising what must be the feelings of the weak and wretched man who was thus dreading discovery. It was not until dinner was over, in an interval, before the formal family council was to be held upon the subject of Frank, that Cheriton found himself close to Henry Ingleston, and said, 'Can you give me one word with you?'

Hal turned as white as a sheet, but Cheriton's tone was both kind and courteous, which relieved him a little.

'The Miss Despards, as you will probably have guessed, have been telling me about their money difficulties. Would it be possible for you to give me an interview before I go North, and we could talk things over quietly and see what is the best thing to be done in the matter? I hope we may find it possible to put things on a better footing for you and all of us than they are on now.'

'Certainly,' said Hal, in an abject tone, feeling acutely that it would be a very different thing to have to do with this clear-headed, business-like man, or with two girls like Gwendolen and Maisie, all inexperience and sentiment. 'When do you wish it to be?'

'I'll send you a line,' said Cheriton, not without some self-regarding

views of an undisturbed morning with Maisie, perhaps again out on the sunny sea-wall.

The family confabulation then took place. Marcia had persuaded her mother to vote for the Mills as Frank's destination, Hal spoke of the Bank, but in a depressed and hopeless tone, and Cheriton said that he had had an interview with the boy himself in the holidays, and, as far as he could make out, he had no objection to a business life, but had a fancy for something which would take him abroad. Would it be possible that if he came to South Warrendon and turned out capable and business-like, some foreign work could be put into his hands in connection with the silk business?

The Inglestons were not only quite ready to accede to this proposal, but were considerably surprised at the business-like way in which the young clergyman of county family, who had been supposed to be utterly incapable of dealing with ordinary matters, entered into the difficulties of the question and suggested solutions, especially under the circumstances; and the whole thing was settled about a an hour before the time when the Pauls' Warrendon party were to drive back. Cheriton's engagement now resumed its proportionate interest, and Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Henry Ingleston discovered, as is the wont of kindly human nature on such occasions, that Maisie possessed all possible virtues and merits, whether or not compatible with one another. The really surprising remark came from the lips of Mrs. Ingleston—

'Well, Mr. Lester, I am exceedingly glad that Mary Despard should be engaged to so worthy a person as yourself. As a young girl, I used to think her frivolous—her poor father spoilt her very much; but the blow of his sudden death, I believe, called out her better qualities, and I believe that with a sterling husband she will settle down into a very fair sort of woman.'

Mrs. Ingleston was so chary of praise that she believed herself to be enunciating an almost exaggerated encomium upon Maisie, and did not hear anything comic in the tone of Cheriton's voice as he replied—

'In that case, Mrs. Ingleston, I can only hope to be sterling enough myself to do my duty by her; but to me, you see, she appears —very fair already.'

Lucas was standing in the background, rather silent, wondering perhaps why he did not feel Cheriton's announcement a greater blow.

Marcia was sitting near him at a table with a book of photographs, but as he glanced round, he saw that her eyes were fixed upon his face. Their glances met, and she coloured. He came close to her and put his hand on the back of her chair, and she said with a new timidity in her voice, which gave her the charm she had hitherto wanted—

'Do you mind at all?'

'Would you be sorry if I did?'

'Awfully. Maisie is a dear, and I am glad she is going to be my cousin, but not if it is to—to break your heart.' There were actually tears in Marcia's eyes.

'You kind little girl!' he said. 'No, my heart is not broken. I've known for some time there was somebody else in the wind, and made up my mind to be cut out. And I don't know that I mind being cut out after all so very much, Marcia, because—because—well, I shall tell you why some day.'

But though he did not tell her why, he had somehow got hold of her hand; he was kneeling down beside her now, and he was holding it tight in both his. The colour flamed all over Marcia's face, and then she grew quite pale.

'Marcia,' said her mother, 'we must come and get on our things; the carriage is coming round, and we must not keep John waiting, he doesn't like it.'

Marcia sprang up, perhaps relieved to be free from the new and strange tension of feeling and emotion which Lucas's words and manner had brought to her. But he helped to wrap her up, and the grasp of his hand in saying good-bye was a closer and more lingering one than she was used to. Did he remember that farewell to Maisie and her father on that evening, a year ago, when she had chaffed him about his cigarette? Probably not. Lucas was honestly off with the old love and well on with the new by this time; and his new love was responsive, which the old one had never been, so that on the whole he found it a more agreeable relation.

The two sisters meanwhile had been trying to realise the changed situation. Maisie almost felt as if the whole thing were a dream. Could it be true that Cheriton had been here, in this very room, that he was coming again to-morrow—that everything was clear and right, and no more burden upon either of them? Oh no, that was not the case; she recalled the look of Cheriton's face, and his words, 'Yes, it is a disgrace, and I do feel it; but it is as nothing to the honour of your love.' And somehow that remembrance took away more from the unreal feeling that had come over her than any other.

'Oh, Gwen!' she cried out at last, 'how shall I ever be good enough for him?'

'He'll think you are, any way,' said Gwen, rather bitterly.

Maisie sat up on the sofa where she had been half lying with her head buried in the pillow.

'Gwen,' she said, in answer rather to Gwen's tone than her words, 'yours must come right too. When Humfrey Bevan knows it all——'

'He'll say I am a horrid, deceitful, dishonourable girl,' said Gwen. 'And so I am. I can neither tell truth or falsehood honourably. I hate myself and everything about me. Here are you, for instance, in a fair way to live happy for ever after, though you wouldn't have got that except for me, and I can't talk to you properly about it, or say a single word that isn't cross and wretched and miserable!'

'Cheriton will put everything right that can be put right,' said Maisie, with a pretty shy intonation of the beloved name.

'What's wrong from the beginning can never be put right,' said Gwendolen.

'No; but we may be the better for it,' said Maisie. 'There are the girls coming in to supper, Gwen. Stop here by the fire and I will send you yours quietly.'

'It's much more to the purpose to send you yours,' said Gwen; 'I'll go;' and she rose languidly.

'No,' said Maisie, 'I am happier than I knew anybody could be, and you are not happy yet; I'll go and do the work to-night.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

DRAGGING CHAINS.

CHERITON went over to Maisie the next morning, bearing a note from Mrs. Ingleston asking her to lunch, and politely apologising for not asking Gwen, as the two sisters could not be away from their post at once. Maisie laughed a little at this unwonted politeness, and remarked that her character had evidently gone up several degrees since she last saw Mrs. Ingleston; 'and no wonder,' she added, with a sweet look at Cherry.

The weather was kind, and the morning mist was clearing into sunshine, and the two lovers went for a delightful stroll upon their beloved sea-wall. Both of them were more like their ordinary selves than during the transcendent exaltation of yesterday; and to both, besides the ordinary beautiful novelty of finding their love openly acknowledged and responded to by the other, there was presented a serious problem to be at once faced and solved, which, perhaps, had a more sobering effect than anything else could have produced.

'I feel,' said Cherry, 'as if I should like to keep everything painful and puzzling from ever coming near you, my dear; but I can't, and you know I hardly thought of it yesterday, but you know enough about me to realise how uncertain my health is at the best of times. Maisie, suppose only a year or two of happiness lay before us, and then we were to be parted?'

'It would be worth it,' said Maisie softly, though with an irrepressible wince of pain. 'Besides, we should never be parted really—never. I thought about that yesterday, before you came, even though you didn't know, and I knew you didn't know, all our lives.'

Cheriton looked down at her with eyes half reverent, half pitiful. He knew so much better than she did what holding to such lofty hopes meant for a loving soul.

'Can you feel so, my love?' he said. 'Well, when poor Jack used to break his heart at the fear of losing me, I never felt that I could [illegible] myself, and lose sight of him. And as for *us*——'

He only finished the sentence by touch and look, while Maisie trembled as she realised, that the parting in the flesh, which was to her only an imagination, had more than once come before him as an approaching fact. If he felt that the new sweetness of life made it much harder to lose, he did not lay the burden of his thoughts on her, but half blamed himself for his scrupulous reference to the subject; and said in an ordinary tone—

'It is not very likely now, Maisie. I took care to find that out. Let us only feel that no misunderstanding can ever part us now, here or hereafter.'

'I don't think I *could* have borne that,' said Maisie, faltering.

'Gwendolen has saved us that pain.'

'Yes—poor Gwen! But she is so miserable.'

'As far as Bevan is concerned, I hope her misery may soon be set at rest. I wrote to him last night to come and have it out with her.'

'Oh, I *am* glad!'

'But, Maisie, I hardly think even Bevan will set her right. She wants to be set right in other ways first.'.

'Can't you set her right?' said Maisie, wistfully.

'No man may deliver his brother,' said Cheriton, with a sad intonation which told that among his clerical experiences had lain that of failure as well as of success.

'But they can, they do to lots of people! Why, Cheriton, I am sure, as far as I am delivered, it is you who have delivered me!'

This remark in its almost childish unconsciousness was perhaps the sweetest Maisie could have made to her lover. He shook his head silently; it was beyond words to him. 'If your sister asks my advice,' he said presently, 'I will of course do everything I can to help her. But I have no right to volunteer it—especially in the difficulties of a new relationship.'

'But I thought she did "sort of" ask you yesterday,' said Maisie.

'She asked me if I thought she had done wrong in hiding the secret or in telling it; and I did not know what to answer. It has been a most complicated matter, and I can quite see that you were both placed so that your outward actions could hardly be blameless; but I think it is one of those things where the real right or wrong must be judged by the inner intention, and in that way I am not sure that she was right, either in hiding the secret before or in telling it now. It's most ungracious of me to say so, Maisie, for if she had not told me——'

'But,' said Maisie, 'do you think then that I was wrong to press her as I did? I don't think she would have given in unless I had. But I thought we couldn't do anything else.'

'*Your* inner intention has been pure and sweet all through, my darling, I know, if any one's ever was, and a hard time you have had of it. But—well, I think it was a responsibility bigger, perhaps, than you had any notion of, to urge Gwendolen to act against her conscience, whatever the duty might have seemed to you.'

'Like setting machinery in motion that you don't know the working of and can't stop,' said Maisie. 'Gwen says I don't know what conscience means. She's wrong, I do know it now, but I didn't know much about it then. Oh, Cheriton, what a comfort that I shall always have you to ask about things now! No, you needn't be afraid of my being an echo of you; I shall keep quite enough of my own individuality, you needn't fear; but all that awful solitude is over, and I am so thankful.'

This fear had not occurred to Cheriton, who laughed a little, though he said tenderly—

'Yes, yes, we will always help each other for ever—everywhere.'

Maisie trembled a little at this reference to the light hold on life of which her lover had spoken, but she had loftiness of soul enough to grasp it as a condition of her new-found bliss, and not to shut her eyes to the fact as some might have done.

'Will you talk to Gwen, then?' she said, after a pause.

'If I can. But, Maisie, I must take you back now to lunch. And I think in the afternoon I must go over to Quixeter. I must tell Jack about it myself. Dear old boy, how he has lectured me for looking anxious! And to-morrow Gipsy shall come and fetch you, and Gwen, too, if she will come. Of course they will be wild to see you.'

'But the girls? We can't leave them,' said Maisie.

'The girls! Oh, surely they can manage for themselves. Does it matter for once?'

'Mrs. Ingleston won't think you a sterling character if you make such frivolous suggestions as that.'

'Then I'll ask her to send some one to look after them,' said Cherry. 'Couldn't she do it herself?'

'Well, ask her,' said Maisie, 'if you dare.'

'Is she formidable? I thought she seemed a very good-natured old lady,' said Cherry, while Maisie laughed with delight.

'Do—do propose it,' she said, 'yes, *do!*'

'We can get away soon after lunch to say good-bye to Gwendolen,' he said, 'since I must go to Quixeter. But soon, Maisie, soon, when I go anywhere I shall take you with me;' and in the bliss of that suggestion they reached the Mill House.

That same afternoon Gwendolen sat alone and miserable by the sitting-room fire.

She had told her secret; a stronger hand than her own had taken hold of the matter and proposed to settle it according to her first sense of right. Yet she felt no relief, only angry shame at a stranger's knowledge, a dreadful doubt of her own motives, and a sense of utterly shaken nerves and spirits. She had always thought much of all the Lesters, and Cheriton's sense of honour agreed with her own; but yet she felt sure that he did not altogether excuse her, and more than once, overstrained as she was, he had most unintentionally frightened her.

She was far too honest not to know that her confession had been prompted by impatience, and not by zeal for truth; for she knew that she had become reckless of the right for which she had once been so zealous. But what had made her reckless? The shame of the falsehoods she had been forced to tell, or anger and self-pity at the cruel obligation? And why had she so fiercely defied her conscience and her sense of truth? Was it not partly as a sort of angry revenge, a sort of proof of how she was being injured? After all, why need she have told Gipsy all those lies about herself—or Mrs. Tanner those about her motives? If she had been less scornful of Maisie and more calm, might they not have been avoided? She had been no more truthful than Maisie in word; and suddenly there flashed across Gwendolen, like lightning itself, the thought, 'I went to Quixeter and risked this danger because I had no courage to stay away. She fled from her lover because she had learned to prefer the loss of him to telling him again a lie.'

This was the truth, and Gwendolen's honest soul knew it at once and for ever. But at the moment it produced no softening of her feelings, her pride and self-esteem were wounded to the very quick, and she felt that she could never hold up her head again. 'No one shall ever share my disgrace,' she said half aloud.

'Mr. Bevan.'

The sitting-room door was suddenly opened, and Humfrey Bevan, rather pale and with eager eyes, stood before her.

'You know why I have come,' he said abruptly, and putting a little open note into her hand—

'DEAR BEVAN,

'I have succeeded. In my judgment you should try again.

'In desperate haste, yours,

'G. C. LESTER.

'Say nothing to Jack.'

'These are my credentials,' said Humfrey, while Gwendolen's dazzled eyes had hardly made out anything but the signature of the hasty illegible scrawl.

'I don't understand; did he tell you to come?' she said. 'Do you know too?'

'I met Lester the day before yesterday at the Junction. You know how kind he has been to me. And I spoke of you. Then I saw how it was with him. He promised to tell me how things went.'

'He has found out the—the trouble,' said Gwen, 'and he and my sister do not regard it as a reason against their engagement. I—I did against—mine.'

'But,' said Humfrey, putting out his hand, 'I will not ask you to tell me your secret. I never would have asked you. I will trust you. And if Cheriton Lester is satisfied, that also is enough for me.'

'I told him myself,' said Gwendolen; 'he refused to tell you.'

'How could he tell me,' said Humfrey, 'till he knew whether you would give me a right to ask? I don't care a straw about the secret. If I can help you, tell me. If not, Gwendolen, I would trust you with a thousand secrets. All my life is in the hope of you. If I really lost you, I should give up in despair. Let Lester say what he will, you make my life, and I cannot live it without you. I have been living on hope.'

Gwendolen pressed her hands tight together, and shut her ears to this pleading. Resolutely she swallowed down the sobs that were choking her, and tried to speak.

'My father embezzled some money,' she said calmly and coldly; 'we are under a promise to repay it, and keep it secret. Till it is repaid and made up for, I will never bring any one else into the coil. At least, I will hold to that, and then, perhaps, I shall respect myself again.'

'Is that all?' said Humfrey. 'If it takes your whole fortune, what do I care? Only give me yourself.'

'It is sure to get known,' said Gwendolen. 'I have always known that it must be discovered, and, if it *is* discovered, I will never be any one's wife. And at any time it might be. When I said that the misery of it all had changed all my feelings, it was not true. But I think it has come true, and I can think of nothing but the disgrace that has come upon us.'

'But your sister——' began Humfrey.

'I cannot help what Maisie thinks; we don't agree,' said Gwendolen. 'Besides, it is different for Mr. Lester; he is older and hasn't got his way to make, and belongs to another part of the world. And Maisie will do anything he tells her about it. But I can't pledge myself to any one. I can't give up my judgment.'

'I will never ask you to give it up to mine. Do as you will—give up all your fortune, I will never ask a question about it. Only don't tell me that your feelings——'

'Hush,' interposed Gwendolen, 'here they come!'

The ringing laugh, which the opening door let in, was a strange incongruous interruption to this miserable debate.

'Ah!' cried Cheriton, seizing Humfrey's hand. 'Then my letter *was* legible and rational?'

He turned to Gwendolen, but was instantly checked by her face; while Humfrey burst out—

'Lester, persuade her not to be so cruel. Tell her that we neither of us care a hang for the secret or the money. She can do what she pleases; she will believe you.'

'I am quite sure,' said Gwendolen, in a half-strangled voice, 'that he will not tell you that.'

'Gwendolen cannot doubt what I think,' said Cheriton. 'I think she should give you a right to help her in her difficult task. But it is not fair to urge and hurry her, that is my fault, perhaps.

Ah, I hear the dogcart; I am going to Quixeter now. I wanted to tell my own story, and, as Mrs. Ingleston truly says, I mustn't stay here. Gwendolen, Maisie will tell you what we have settled. And you, Bevan——'

'I had better come with you,' said Humfrey, in a tone of deep depression.

'Yes, come along. There has been talking enough for one day. Maisie, you must take care of her, and give her time to rest and think till to-morrow.'

He was evidently determined to put a stop to further protestations at present, and carried off Humfrey by main force, and without a chance of a formal parting.

Maisie ran back into the room.

'Oh, Gwen,' she cried, 'I am so glad he came! Now it will be all right! You never saw anything like Mrs. Ingleston; she was so delighted because Cheriton came at once, and, as she calls it, "asked her consent;" not that he did, but she has taken such a fancy to him. She told me before him I was nothing like worthy of my happiness, and that he was much too good for me. And she was quite *nice* all lunch-time; and afterwards, it was such fun, she took us solemnly and shut us up in that dreadful little study with the gas-stove and the locked bookcase and three chairs, and the window that won't open, and said we could sit there, as it was impossible we could have "an interview" in this house. And we laughed,' said Maisie, with the first enchanting sense of pleasure in common. 'But he said the gas stifled him and couldn't we go out? And I fetched my hat quite softly, and we slipped out into the garden; and then we talked, and he told me all about Oakby and Elderthwaite. How fond they are all of each other—even the dogs are quite friends! He will get a little puppy for me; you won't mind, Gwen, will you? And he says Gipsy will fetch us to-morrow. And just think, Mrs. Ingleston will send her housekeeper here for a week, and Marcia will come every day—because, of course, he really cannot come here, and the gas-stove is a dreadful alternative!'

'Mrs. Ingleston!'

'Yes. He asked her if she could not manage to spare us; and she said it was quite the proper thing.

'And then,' she said, "Mr. Lester, I hope you will come over and give the girls an address."

'But he grew quite shy, and so polite, and said, under the circumstances he really couldn't do such a thing.

'"I have heard you can be very impressive," she said.

'"I really can't," he said. "I have no experience at all with young women, and I shouldn't know what to say to them. There aren't any in Elderthwaite."

'And then they all laughed, and said he would get experience now; and he explained that all the girls there went away to service.'

Poor Maisie! it was her first chance of an outpouring; and Cheriton's first wooing had been so grave and fraught with such painful excitement that the reaction of spirits to-day had been delightful. The first hours of companionship, the first laugh shared together, and by two such laughter-loving people, had fairly put all the troubles out of her head.

'I am very glad you could enjoy yourself, Maisie,' said Gwen, as kindly as she could. 'But I don't believe for one moment that Gipsy will be pleased, or wish to have us there; and I could not go if she did.'

'Oh, yes!' said Maisie. 'He says they will like it when they see he is really happy. Only Jack was afraid I didn't care for him, and that he would be disappointed. So he tried to scold him out of it; but he says he wants to show me to Alvar—to his eldest brother. He is sure Alvar will come to see me—all the way from Westmoreland.'

Poor Gwendolen! the Lesters had always been her property, and in a few hours they had become so infinitely more to Maisie, who, recovering from her very natural absorption in her lover's communications, said—

'And have you settled it all with Humfrey? Cheriton was sure he would come.'

'Don't you understand, Maisie? I don't blame you nor Cheriton Lester. But I cannot see it so; I have been very wrong, I know, but at least I will keep it all to myself, and not let Humfrey Bevan share the misery now.'

'But how can he help being miserable if you are?' exclaimed Maisie; but Gwendolen would not listen to her nor change her purpose.

'He had better be miserable now than all his life, when he comes to know what sort of girl he has married, and what horrid disgrace she has brought upon him,' was her final answer; and Maisie went to bed that night feeling her own cup of joy considerably dashed by Gwendolen's hopeless misery and wrong-headedness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXAMINED AND APPROVED.

WHATEVER may be their respective stations in life, it is not likely that with thirty-two girls under one roof one should receive the addresses of a fervent lover, without the fact becoming somehow known to all the rest. The silk girls had been perfectly aware, all the previous day, that Miss Maisie had been for a walk with the tall young clergyman who was staying at the Mill House, and great was their excitement over the fact.

'Poor Mr. Lucas! I hope he won't do nothing desperate,' said one who was very well up in the behaviour of the rejected lover of the penny novel.

'It ain't likely,' said another less romantic damsel. 'Why, do you suppose they'd have asked the young parson up to his very house, and had them to lunch there and all, together, if Mr. Lucas had wanted her, or if she'd jilted him?'

'That might have been his forgivingness,' said the first speaker; 'and they do sometimes go and do themselves a mischief afterwards, as Bertram did in the "Coalmine and the Coronet."'

'Well, Miss Maisie 'd better have took him than a minister,' said another; 'she'd have had her choice of the beautifullest silks that ever come out of the mills. There's a peacock silk, blue one way and green the other, that *would* make up lovely!'

'I wonder at you, Maud Simpson,' said Lily Ball. 'Miss Maisie's wholly in the right, to my thinking, to choose the humble lot of a pious minister's wife 'stead of the vanities of this world; and whatever she chooses, I'm sure I hope she'll be happy all her life, dear young lady!'

This sentiment was universally echoed, and was really gracefully expressed by the girls at breakfast, when the news had become quite public property. Maisie found a bunch of narcissus in her place on the table, with a piece of paper attached, on which was written, in copper-plate hand, 'Wishing dear Miss Maisie may be as happy through all her future life as she has made us all by her kindness.'

When Gipsy, according to promise, arrived the next morning, she said that she had insisted on Cheriton staying at home to write his letters, and that Jack had been obliged to go to London, or he would have come with her to welcome Maisie and to persuade Gwendolen to change her mind, in which, however, she was unsuccessful, and Maisie was carried off alone to Quixeter. Cheriton had convinced them that his choice was for his best happiness, and though he gave them no details of the unhappy secret, he told them that the two sisters had been in no way to blame for it, and that it was in his power to settle the difficulty. What they guessed, he left in silence; but Jack, as his wife expressed it, had 'caved in at once' before Cheriton's face and the one short sentence, 'I shall be happy now.' And Gipsy, in the relief from the winter's vexation and anxiety, made much of Maisie, encouraged her to talk and not to fall shy over the luncheon with herself and Cheriton; but circumvented the latter's insinuating suggestion afterwards that a walk would be pleasant, saying that Jack would be in directly, and would want Maisie at once to congratulate her. As she looked rather funny, and evidently did not mean to let them go, Cheriton consoled himself by producing the photograph book and looking for the vignette of Maisie, originally given as Gwen's sister, which he found with remarkable facility.

'It is not half good enough,' he said. 'Gipsy, who is that man in London that your father likes? She must be taken over again.'

'It is the proper thing, isn't it?' said Gipsy; 'and then you *might* get a decent one of yourself.'

'I can't think why you always abuse my photographs! There, surely this is a nice one—it is very like Bob when he came home from Queensland for Nettie's wedding with a big beard.'

'But I don't know Bob,' said Maisie, smiling and shaking her head, for the photograph certainly represented a handsome Lester, but had very little of the individual Cheriton.

'You all come out exactly like composite photographs of the whole family,' said Gipsy; 'but then, as father says, you may be very fine models, but you are all the worst sitters possible, and never look like anything but the portrait of a gentleman.'

'Why, what else would you have us look like? Surely you can't expect us to know how to act all the saints and warriors and heroes your father says he gets out of us. You know we could none of us even so much as act a charade; but really, I do think the Norsemen *are* very like us.'

'Ah,' said Gipsy, 'you all fancy yourselves very much as young Vikings.'

'Well, it is going to be a beautiful picture, and Nettie is like a Norse maiden.'

'Aren't you in the picture, too?' asked Maisie.

'Oh, we are all mixed up together, I suppose. It is called "The Islands of the West." There is a group of Vikings sitting on a rock looking over the sea with the sunset in their faces, and feeling fate and England pull them, I suppose. They have all a wild glorious sort of look, with long yellow hair and golden armour. But the one in front is really very like Bob, only he has *such* eyes, as if he saw all the future over the sea, like a sort of spirit of Teuton glory, or like Balder the sun-god himself. It is very fine, and only shows what may be done by the imagination, and how true it is that Art ought to idealise, for these are real Vikings, and yet you can tell the likenesses. Jack looks as if he was sure they would never get there, and the one like a fair Alvar as if he didn't want to go.'

'And which do you suppose is meant for you?' said Gipsy.

'Why, the one with a beard behind the maiden? I sat for him, and if I had a gold circlet on my head and long hair, I think he would be rather like me. But Nettie is a real portrait, and not idealised a bit.'

'Well, Maisie shall see what she thinks,' said Gipsy; 'and she shall see St. Stephen, too, seeing the vision.'

'Ah, that is beautiful!' said Cheriton. 'He has got more than the Viking saw; but through such agony—you can feel the stones and the scorn. I hope your father will never touch that sketch.'

'I am afraid he would spoil it,' said Gipsy, quickly. 'I hear Jack.'

Footsteps sounded in the hall, the drawing-room door opened, and Jack came in, and behind him a still taller figure.

'Alvar!' exclaimed Cheriton, springing up in amazement.

The new-comer paused a moment, and bowed in foreign fashion as he came into the room. Then he put his arm over Cheriton's shoulder and said softly—

'Is this to make you happy, *Cherito mio?*'

Cheriton looked up in his face without speaking, but the look seemed to be enough for his brother. He took Maisie's hand and raised it to his lips.

'Then, Miss Despard, you must be as a queen among us, since you make happy the one who is so dear.'

'But, Alvar,' exclaimed Cheriton, as soon as Maisie had recovered a little from this magnificent greeting, 'how on earth did you get here? How could you know?'

'You did not tell me you were coming south,' said Alvar, rather drily, 'and so you did not hear that I came to London yesterday. I thought you were at home. Virginia meant to go to look after you, as you had not been near us for a week.'

Cheriton blushed and laughed.

'Well,' he said, 'if I had had time to think of it, Jack did give a great many reasons for going to town to-day. I remember something about steel pens. What a letter I have wasted on you, Alvar!'

'Come then and tell him instead, while I go into school,' said Jack; and as the three brothers went away together, Gipsy laughed heartily.

'That's well over, Maisie. But I pity you; I shall never forget having to go among them as Mrs. Jack; but that was nothing to being Mrs. Cherry!'

'Did Mr. Jack think it very dreadful?' said Maisie.

'Well, I don't think he would think any woman up to the mark unless he had educated her himself, which might not have suited Cherry, you know; he just worships him, and they always know each other's minds in the most curious way. So of course all this winter each knew that he could not satisfy the other, and I am afraid Jack with the best intentions worried poor Cherry very much. But when he found Cherry so resolute, he was longing to give in, and it was the greatest relief to them both yesterday to have it settled.'

'And did Cheriton convince him I was not quite so bad?' said Maisie, with shy mischief.

'He convinced himself that you were what Cherry wanted. But to tell you the truth, poor Cherry was so tired out, and the relief was so intense, that when Jack left him to tell me he went to sleep on the study sofa, and did not wake up again for hours, so we would not let him talk last night, and this morning Jack went off after Alvar.'

'I am glad you don't mind now?' said Maisie.

'No,' said Gipsy, 'I don't mind. But I'll tell you what I think,

Maisie. I think it *is* rather a handful, as one may say, to marry Cherry. In the first place, "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," to carry out Alvar's image, will blaze on you from the eyes of all the family. Then they all adore each other and worry each other a good deal up there. And besides——'

'Well?' said Maisie, as Gipsy hesitated.

'Well, I am afraid you will feel about him as Jack does. I should. It does seem such an awful pity!'

'What?'

'That he should be given up to that stupid little place, with such powers as his. It's very hard not to be ambitious for him as it is—but for his wife! If it were Jack, one would be always thinking what he could do. But the thing is, Maisie, he *cannot*, and what I want to get said to you is that that *cannot* is a great trial to him, or has been. He wouldn't give up Elderthwaite and the old parson for worlds; but of course he is capable of making a stir and doing great good. And he would like to be the one to do it. He is ambitious in a refined spiritual sort of way. I'll tell you—not so very long ago Jack stirred him up, and he tried to preach a mission in one of the big Northern towns. And he made a great impression, and I suppose he forgot everything but the work. But he broke down in the middle, and had to give it up—voice and strength and all gave way. It was a most bitter blow to him. Jack was with him afterwards, and he said it was weeks before he spoke of it, and then—he just looked at him with that wonderful smile, and said, "I have made up my mind to it now." Don't you ever make it harder for him, Maisie. He can tackle Jack; but don't let him have you to keep in order as well as himself.'

'I'll try not,' said Maisie, turning her face away while a great sob arose in her throat. Then, after a pause, she turned to Gipsy with liquid eyes and a slight quiver in her voice—

'But you know, Gipsy, no one could be engaged to Cheriton and not feel that the thing was so beautiful one must pay for it somehow; and I expect I shall have to pay for it by feeling that I disappoint everybody, and perhaps him. Only I know he will—he will—' the voice quite faltered now—'care for me through it all, however bad I am.'

Gipsy was not an emotional person, but she was touched into giving Maisie a warm and sisterly hug.

'You dear little thing!' she said; 'don't you know that if you only make Cheriton happy, you will quite satisfy us all?'

'Well, in that case,' said Maisie, recovering her spirits, 'I really do think—though I'm not sure how much he overrates me, I know he does ever so much—that I *can* make him happier!'

'Hush!' said Gipsy, as the three brothers came back together. 'Don't tell Cherry I said anything to you about it. Alvar, you are not going back already?'

'I must, Gipsy. I have to dine out. But I could not stay away. Good-bye, my dear Cherry, I shall not now have to tell you to take care of yourself.'

'No,' said Cherry; 'I have some one else to take care of now.'

'That is not what Mr. Lester meant,' said Maisie, shyly.

'It is what *I* mean though. But come now, you mustn't call him Mr. Lester—say "good-bye, Alvar," he's not half so formidable as he looks,' said Cheriton, pulling her forward as if to show her to his brother. 'She isn't altogether bad, is she?' he added, boyishly, while Alvar said, with a gravity that made them all laugh, even Maisie through her blushes—

'But Jack told me that I should find her beautiful.'

'He never told *me* so,' said Cheriton, turning to him, delighted.

'I never told you anything else,' said Jack.

'Well,' said Alvar, 'if you will come to see us, Maisie, if I am permitted so to call you, we will show you our home. And it is well that you should see it for yourself, for Cherry will certainly tell you that his Elderthwaite is more beautiful than Italy and quite as warm. That is what he thinks; it is not what I feel when I go there.'

'It isn't so cold as Oakby,' said Cherry.

'If he was not afraid of being rude,' said Gipsy, 'he would say it is much warmer than Essex.'

'Well,' said Alvar again, 'Jack, will you come to the station? it is time. I am glad, *mi caro*, that, after all, it is not the tall young cousin.'

'What on earth——' began Cheriton.

'Did you think I did not know why you were unhappy? But I thought that Jack would scold you enough, and that when you wanted me you would tell me.'

(*To be continued.*)

'LOST IN THE FINDING.'

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE fact that the stone on which Ambrose had been sitting had that instant's start, probably saved the boy from severe injury, if not death. Margaret, leaning over the rest of the wall, could not possibly have retained her grasp for more than a few seconds, even if the treacherous cloth had not given way, and left her with the skirt of a 'Christ's-hospital-like' coat in her hands, while its owner, most happily, rolled over and over sideways, instead of pitching head foremost down the steep incline.

For a moment Margaret turned perfectly sick with terror; but, to her surprise and relief, Ambrose no sooner reached the bottom than he struggled to his feet, covered with mud, but evidently safe from broken bones.

The crowd in the street had been startled by the crash of the falling stones, and the scream which neither Margaret nor Ambrose had been able to repress. They too had watched the descent in stupefied amazement; but now, to Margaret's horror, they made a rush at Ambrose with cries of, 'No may! he ha'n't got no may! Ha'penny or a penny, or a good wet back!'

Even if Ambrose had had any coins about him (which, of course, he had not), he would probably have been too dizzy and bewildered by his fall to produce them at a moment's notice. To follow him was impossible, unless Margaret had exactly imitated his mode of descent. It was in vain that she called, urged, and entreated the mob of boys beneath; their shouts of laughter effectually drowned her voice, and already two or three horns of water had found their destination on Ambrose's person, when the horseman, seeing what had happened, rode hastily up the street, and pushed his horse in among the throng, calling out good-humouredly, 'Stop, boys—stop, here's 'his ransom!' The ransom appeared to be a heavy one, for a perfect shower of small coins rained upon the boys, as, jumping from his horse, Sir Godfrey quickly lifted Ambrose into the saddle.

Apparently he needed no ransom for himself, though the green leaves fastened to his coat were certainly not *may*; indeed, Margaret

had already felt puzzled by the fact that there was as yet none in blossom.

'Three cheers for the genelman?'

'Three cheers for Sir Godfrey!' exclaimed some one better acquainted with his person.

'He ain't none of your stingy lot!'

'Pity 'twern't th' old Squire 'enself!'

Such were some of the exclamations which Margaret could plainly hear even at the distance where she stood.

'Silence, lads,' began Sir Godfrey more sternly. 'Are these your English manners? Play is fair enough, but it seems to me that you were taking an unfair advantage of such a little lad as this, considering all things. Now let me pass'; and, looking up, he lifted his hat to Margaret, and called to her.

'I must take him round to the west lodge, Miss Hawthorne; he is none the worse, I think.'

'I will meet you there,' she answered, while Ambrose shouted—

'I'm all right, Cousin Margaret'; and she was glad to see that one of his late tormentors picked up his hat and gave it to him, and that he bowed and nodded to them as the horse moved off led by Sir Godfrey.

'Three cheers for the little *Squire!*' cried some one.

Perhaps these were not given quite so heartily as the last; but they were enough to delight little Ambrose, who turned again to wave his cap, at the imminent risk of a fresh tumble, Margaret thought.

But she could not spare time to stand and watch them, for she had further to go than they, in order to reach the lodge. As she hurried through the wood which intervened, she could not but be grieved and puzzled at much which she had heard and seen. The state of things between her uncle and his tenants was evidently very different from all which she had pictured as usual in England. The charge of 'meanness' was one which Margaret had already begun, however unwillingly, to entertain against him. It was impossible to remain a member of his household for so long without discovering the dearth of ready money which prevailed; and yet Margaret had always supposed him to be a well-to-do man. Personally, her situation in this matter was becoming more and more embarrassing. She had been supplied liberally by Mr. Faversham on her arrival in England, but since then she had received nothing, he naturally supposing that she would apply to her other guardian for all she needed. At first, too, poor old Antony had been a great drain upon her finances. By the time they reached Hawthorndene, he was quite unfit for any kind of work, and, perhaps the first shock to Margaret's faith in her aunt had been the latter's proposal that the old man should be sent to the poor-house. Margaret protested vehemently, urging his long service, and adding that she herself would, with the permission of her guardians, defray all expenses connected with him. Finally her uncle had arranged

that he should live with some respectable people who kept one of the lodges, where he remained until his death, early in the following winter.

It was towards this lodge that Margaret was hastening now, as she had done once before when summoned to his death-bed, feeling, as she well remembered, inclined to envy the rest and oblivion into which he was sinking.

She had nearly reached her destination when she saw Sir Godfrey coming towards her; it was three months since they had met, and she was conscious of a throb of unusual pleasure as they shook hands, and he turned back with her towards the lodge.

'You came at a fortunate moment for us,' she began; 'though, indeed, I could scarcely believe it was you, it is so long since we have seen you. Little Ambrose is not hurt, I hope?'

'Nothing but a few scratches and bruises. I left him with Dame Mellon to be cleaned and dried. I should have thought he was too thorough a west-country boy to venture out to-day without any may.'

'But the may is not in blossom yet; besides, you are not wearing any. How was it that they let you escape?'

'Ah, I see you do not understand! "May" is a technical term; it does not refer to the tree. In this part of the country it is represented by the narrow leaf elm of which you see I have a piece stuck into my coat lappet; if I had been even so ignorant of botany as to substitute the broad-leaf elm, I should not have escaped; they would have "dipped" me with as little compunction as they did Ambrose, and laughed at me into the bargain for wearing "horse's may!"'

'But it seems to me very disrespectful! Surely they should confine such practical joking to their own order.'

Sir Godfrey smiled.

'We English are an odd mixture. The old Saxon spirit of sturdy independence asserts itself still in spite of the polish of Norman manners; indeed, some say that this and other similar customs date still farther back, and are remnants of the rites of our heathen ancestors; certain it is that they are more common in this part of England, to which the Britons retired before their conquerors. I doubt whether they do much, if any, harm, at all events in places where there is mutual love and respect between the rich and poor. In large towns, where social distinctions are less understood, and even resented, no doubt it might be dangerous.'

Inside the 'living-room' of the lodge they found a most unusual fire for that time of the year blazing on the hearth, round which Ambrose's clothes were hung to dry; while he himself was sitting in the ingle nook, for once in his life obliged (most unwillingly) to keep absolutely still, as he was rolled up in a very large petticoat and the coverlet from the bed! Dame Mellon, his hostess, was hard at work washing and brushing, and had even got out her goffering irons that

the frill of his open shirt might be restored to the spick-and-span neatness upon which nurse Trotter always insisted.

'If Miss Hawthorne would but leave him for another hour,' she said, 'she would have the dear young gentleman fit to present to Madam herself.' All she wanted was the tail of his coat, and the missing buckle from one shoe. The former, but not the latter, Margaret could produce; and Ambrose, conscious that the nature of his reception at home was doubtful, and aware that first impressions were apt to weigh strongly (at all events with his mother), seconded Dame Mellon's entreaties that Margaret would wait for him.

'He was not a bit hurt,' he said; and Margaret herself was relieved to find that the few marks of his fall were not visible on his *face;* for the rest—he was a plucky little chap who had already learned to make light of a grazed knee and elbow; and his chief vexation seemed to be that he should have been caught without 'may!' 'What was the use of wearing it,' he said, 'when he could not go beyond the gates;' and to get it they would have had to go two miles into the woods or the other side, as there were no narrow-leaved elms anywhere near the house.

Margaret endeavoured to soothe his vexation; but the combination of fire and steam presently proved too much for her, and she determined to wait outside, promising to return and take Ambrose home in time for the four o'clock dinner.

Sir Godfrey had ridden off when she went into the lodge, so she now sauntered past the gates to a shrubbery on the other side of the drive where the ground was covered with blue-bells, anemones and primroses. How often her mother had talked to her of the English spring flowers! Not to be compared in gaudiness with the blooms she had hitherto known, but possessing a sweetness and beauty of their own which seemed somehow to remind her of that mother herself!

'Our English flowers scarcely bear comparison with those you have been used to, Miss Hawthorne.'

Margaret started. She had not heard any footsteps across the soft damp moss, and as she turned towards Sir Godfrey they were both reminded of *another* spring day when he had surprised her sitting lonely among the flowers. 'Would she never again lose that sad, care-worn look?' he thought to himself, while she exclaimed—

'I thought you had gone to the house!'

'I only rode as far as the stables; and, learning there that your uncle was from home, I ventured to return in search of you. I wish I had found you looking better!'

Margaret smiled. 'The spring winds have been trying; I shall grow accustomed to them in time, no doubt. For the rest, I only lack occupation, I think.'

'And the little church? I thought as I rode past of our former conversations on that subject, and wondered whether I should hav

the great pleasure of hearing your performance on the organ there next Sunday?'

'I wish it had proved possible to carry out your suggestion. I did propound the scheme to my uncle, but he said that to render the instrument again serviceable would involve a greater expenditure than my income at present justifies. Also he doubted whether the few people who attend would approve of the change from the rough music to which they are accustomed.'

Sir Godfrey knit his brow; it was not the first time that he had doubted whether or no to speak out on this same question of 'expenditure' where Margaret was concerned: as it was, he answered hastily, and somewhat at random—

'Ah, I wish we had you at Hawick! There, I have just moved the organ from my private chapel to the parish church, which I and our good parson hope to see more commonly used as time goes on; but at present there is no one in the neighbourhood capable of undertaking the performance.'

Had he gone too far again? he wondered, even as the words passed his lips. But Margaret did not seem to notice the obvious inference, as she answered calmly—

'Have you a private chapel, then, attached to your house? I did not know that was usual in England now.'

'Both house and chapel were built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I cannot remember to have seen the chapel used, as the last occasion was that of my own baptism! No doubt it was formerly a boon to the neighbourhood, for at the time of its being built the parish church lay almost in ruins, thanks to the so-called reforming zeal of those who appropriated its revenues in the time of Henry the Eighth.'

'But surely, Sir Godfrey,' said Margaret gravely, 'you would not speak slightingly of the great work of the Reformation?'

'Surely not; but rather of the way in which it was carried out. I am no Papist, believe me; but yet I think that some good was flung away together with much evil. It is, perhaps, presumptuous of me to speak at all on such solemn subjects, but it has seemed to me that the great mistake of Christian zealots—ever since the time of the primitive Church—has been in striking, like an unwise physician, at the *symptoms* rather than at the *cause* of the discord, strife, and, still worse, indifference, which prevail among Christian people.'

'But who can decide the cause?' said Margaret sadly.

'There is One Who knows!' said the young man, reverently raising his hat. 'And it is *His* Church; but He has always willed to be approached in prayer ever for those things which He is longing to grant. So much, surely, each one of us can do.'

'But it seems so difficult to get beyond one's own individual needs.' Margaret spoke in a low sad voice.

'Very. Until one sees the needs of others! that has always seemed to me the best medicine for one's own sorrows.'

'Ah, that is another thing. I have long wished to do some little work among the poor here, especially those who live on my uncle's property; but he seems to think it is impossible for a gentlewoman! Are not his views rather unusual?'

Sir Godfrey paused.

'I can understand that it might be difficult here,' he said, at length. 'Unfortunately your late uncle does not appear to have deserved the esteem and respect of his neighbours, either rich or poor; and no doubt Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne finds it no easy matter to re-establish the proper relations between himself and his tenants.'

It was on the tip of Margaret's tongue to say: 'He never tries!' But she restrained herself. After all, these were her nearest relations; Sir Godfrey was the outsider—the stranger; and yet there was with him an atmosphere of sympathy—of community of thought—which she met with now in no one else. If only he would be content with such companionship, how invaluable his friendship would be! Even as it was, Margaret could not conceal from herself that his coming was a relief and pleasure.

'Have you come direct from London?' she asked, conscious that it would be better to turn the conversation to more general topics.

'Yes, I stayed as long as your uncle's lawyer desired; but I fear his suit does not prosper.'

'I cannot understand what it is all about! And I suppose my uncle considers that law matters are beyond feminine comprehension, for I never can get him to explain it all to me.'

Were painful explanations always to fall to his lot? Godfrey wondered. But on this occasion he was spared. They had been wandering back towards the lodge, and at this moment a shout from Ambrose announced that he was once more at liberty, and, except for the missing shoe buckle, apparently none the worse for his adventure.

Certainly his spirits had not suffered; and during the walk home there was not much chance—or danger—of a return to difficult subjects.

Sir Godfrey was warmly welcomed by Mr. Hawthorne, who was naturally eager for something more than the scanty news conveyed in lawyers' letters of the business going on in London;—so eager, indeed, that Ambrose's exploit passed almost without comment so far as his father was concerned, though Nurse Trotter made up amply for her master's shortcomings, and bewailed her woes in broad Devon, as was her custom when excited.

'Fags! (truly) There was no readship (confidence) to be put in a taffety (delicate) zart (soft) creature like *that* Miss Margaret. Being (just because) the lad was twiley (troublesome), to taken (take him) alang the stroll (a narrow slip of land) above that stechle (steep) bank, and then let en much (play truant) to the Bowl (fair) anent (among) they roo (rough) lads, to be drenched and shrammed (benumbed) and then strent (singed) by that vule (fool) Mellon's wife!'

Well might the housemaid, whose painful duty it was to wait upon Mrs. Trotter, complain to her fellow-servants that 'Nurse growered (grumbled) as if she was ginged (bewitched) since she was a lamiger (cripple); so that she herself was all of a biver (shake) with her vlother (incoherent talk).' And was in her turn desired by the cook (who considered it her duty to maintain the dignity of the upper servants) not to be so 'tilty' (easily offended)!

And in the meantime Margaret could not deny that it was a great relief during the long dinner to have some change from the daily monotony of listening to her aunt's sighs and vapours, and from watching with regret the taciturn melancholy which seemed to be spreading its pall over her uncle more and more. Of course the subject most interesting to all had to be deferred till the table was cleared and servants gone; indeed Mr. Hawthorne preferred waiting till the ladies, too, had disappeared; and even when, an hour or two later, the gentlemen joined them in the drawing-room, it was not referred to, though Margaret noticed that her uncle's gloom had deepened, and that he was scarcely roused to any interest even when Sir Godfrey began telling of the increasing fame of Mr. Hawthorne's old friend and schoolfellow, Sir Joshua Reynolds; of how another Devon worthy, Dr. Wolcot (under the name of Peter Pindar) was satirising the faults and follies of the times by his rhythmical caricatures; and of how the famous new lighthouse (Smeaton's) or the Eddystone Reef was slowly but surely raising its warning head above the rocks.

He began to pay attention and to ask questions, however, when, later on, Sir Godfrey spoke of the discoveries made by a certain William Cookworthy, a native of Kingsbridge, who had invented a means of making exquisite porcelain from some china clay and stone found in Cornwall, and who seemed likely to make his fortune thereby.

'What was there special about the Cornish clay,' Mr. Hawthorne demanded, 'that the fellow need go hunting about outside his own county for what was probably to be found at home?' Sir Godfrey promised to procure a specimen if possible, saying that he had already obtained an introduction to Cookworthy, and meant to pay him a visit at Plymouth where he was still working in a chemist's shop, hoping to be able to induce him to try his wonderful powers with the divining rod on his own property at Hawick, where wells of good water were much needed.

He understood only too well why poor Mr. Hawthorne should catch at the idea of anything which might chance to increase the value of his, now, nearly ruined estate.

(To be continued.)

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

BY SELINA GAYE.

IV.

THE FIRST DAY.

EVERYBODY was too hungry to be talkative, at least during the first part of breakfast, and Dulcie had leisure to look about her. The dining-room was a large, rather bare-looking room, with, of course, no carpet, and not much in the way of other furniture, beyond two or three carved oak presses with glass doors and old china behind them, a high carved wood chimney-piece, and beneath, no fire-place, but an open hearth whose yawning chimney was, however, now hidden by velvet hangings. It might look a little comfortless in winter, perhaps; but with the August sun pouring through the large open window, and with such a large merry party gathered at the round table, and, above all, Cousin Hester with her sunshiny face, it was bright and pleasant enough.

'Well now, you early birds, what have you all been about?' asked Uncle Russell, when bread, butter, coffee and eggs had been despatched and the fruit stage of the meal had been reached.

'Judy, if you want to know how to eat a fig *elegantly*, you should copy *me!* It is a trying sort of fruit, I allow, but I have had a few more years' practice than you, and it *can* be done. See! just cut it across and across again over the top, but not quite through, and then if you hold it neatly by the stalk, you will find it quite manageable. Well, Hester, my dear, so you went to Madame Aubert's; what is the news?'

'The chief thing seems to be that the Dinan fête takes place next week—boat-races, horse-races, and a ball at the Mairie, and some illuminations at La Fontaine, and Madame Aubert is most anxious that we should see and admire it all. You know we were away that week last year.'

'Oh, Uncle Russell, do let us go! I *should* like to see the boat-races!'

'I care most for the horses!'

'And I should like the illuminations best! Oh, Cousin Hester, do you think we can go? do let us go!'

'Now, good people, don't excite yourselves too much, if you please. Dulcie there is quite astonished at you.'

'Dulcie's a slow-coach,' said Judy, saucily, in spite of a warning 'Hush' from Cousin Hester.

'Well she is, really! Why, this morning, when you were in at Madame Aubert's, there was some one who looked across at us two

or three times, especially at Dulcie, and she was not quick enough to see who it was; and I am sure he did know her or Fando, for he nodded.'

'Well, well, well, and if he did, Judy, a nod wasted is no great matter! If you are so sharp upon us, we shall all be quite afraid of you,' said Uncle Russell; and Judy subsided for a few moments, for it was not often that he spoke in that tone, and she felt that he was not pleased. Still, when she could do so unobserved, she glanced curiously at Dulcie, and wondered why she should have turned so red if she were not ashamed of something.

'Well, Hester, what about La Fontaine?'

'If it is a fine evening, we must try and go, I think; but we shall want you to take care of us; there is a band and dancing, and I daresay it will be a very pretty sight. Madame Aubert is very eager about it, and wound up by saying, "*C'est un paradis—charmant!*" but I fancy there will be something of a crowd, as, according to her, *everybody* will make a point of being there!'

'Well, we must see what the weather is. Can you spare me any time this morning, my dear?'

'Oh yes, father, as soon as I have seen Nanon and settled the dinner question; that is all I have to do. And I suppose you will all go out and make the most of the sunshine, as we had so many wet days last week?' Hester went on, turning to Fando.

'Yes, and I thought we would begin by showing Dulcie all over the garden before it gets so very hot.'

'Let's have a game of Follow-my-leader!' exclaimed Judy; 'and I'll be leader, for you are not half a one, Fando, and we'll begin with the house, because if it is wet and we play Hide-and-seek, it will be so stupid if she doesn't know her way about.'

'Very well, if Dulcie likes; but you must not let them drag you about more than you like; and, Judy, if you think of visiting the kitchen, I beg that it may be early, before Nanon begins to be busy cooking.'

And then the whole party filed out down two stone steps into the 'hall,' which, as Judy said, was 'more like a yard than a hall,' the paving was so rough, 'and when it is going to rain the stones get quite wet; there were pools of wet last week, and even the lower steps of the stairs were damp.'

In the large kitchen, which was exactly opposite, and in full view of, the front door, they found ducks and chickens walking about very much at their ease; and Fando explained that Cousin Hester said it was of no use fighting about it with Nanon, for she could not be made to see that they had not as much right to be there as herself, and as the doors, back and front, were always wide open on fine days, and all the animals on the premises made their appearance from time to time in the front drive, it was only fortunate that they did not all take it into their heads to insist on coming in too!

The pots and pans and blue and brown crockery all looked different from what they did at home, and there was neither fireplace nor kitchen-range, nothing but a wood fire on the hearth, at which Nanon knelt to do her cooking.

'And that's why there isn't much hot water in the morning,' explained Judy, 'for they only heat a pint or two at a time in a pointed tin pot, which they stick among the ashes.'

The kitchen was soon exhausted, however, and then Judy led the way to the drawing-room, which was opposite the dining-room, and, like it, raised a step or two above the hall. It was a large room with three windows, a large open hearth, and high, carved chimney-piece, straight-backed chairs, old-fashioned cabinets, and upon the walls, what chiefly interested Dulcie, several old portraits. But Judy did not care for the drawing-room, declaring that it made her 'ache even to look at the stiff chairs,' and before Dulcie had had anything like time to make acquaintance with the old De Beaumonts, she was off again and rushing up the turret-stairs, which, being lighted only by slits in the thick stone wall, were dark even on this bright day. Then she led the way to the desolate-looking garret in the roof, where on cold stormy days the wind whistled drearily through the open rafters, then down again, and in and out of empty rooms, opening queer cupboards in unexpected corners, and showing a trap-door in the floor of one unused room, which gave a view into the kitchen below; then down the long passage with a window at each end, pointing out Uncle Russell's room and Cousin Hester's, and a little sitting-room with a piano, 'the dunces' den,' as Judy called it, where they did their practising and had their French lessons, then up again and along a similar passage on the second floor, where were their own bed-rooms.

'And now we are here, we may as well get our garden hats,' said Judy, with sudden forethought. 'There! my elastic's undone, and Cousin Hester told me to mend it yesterday, and I forgot, and I don't know where my thimble is; I never do seem to know—I believe my things walk away by themselves.'

'Well, here is mine,' said Fando, going into the next room. 'Will you come in and sit down a minute, Dulcie?'

'Dulcie,' said Judy, as if a sudden thought had struck her, 'what is your real name? is it Dulcibel or Dulcibella, or what?'

'Dulcibel is one of the things Nebuchadnezzar's band played on!'

'No, it isn't, Alick, that's *dulcimer; is* it Dulcibella, Dulcie? whoever gave you such a queer name?'

'I don't know,' said Dulcie, shortly.

'Well, you might at least have said your godfathers and godmothers! I am glad mine didn't give it to me. Dulcibella! that's four syllables. I think I shall call you Dulcibella, when I am not in a hurry,' pursued Judy, leaving Fando to sew her elastic; 'do you like it?'

'No.'

'Well, I rather do; it wouldn't suit me, but it suits you. Don't you think people are like their names?'

'I don't know.'

'I suppose Dulcibellas never do know anything!' said Judy, impatiently.

'Judy, how can you be so rude?'

'I'm not rude, Fando; it's not rude to say what's true, and I am sure Dulcie has said 'I don't know' half a hundred times this morning already. What an age you are! haven't you done yet? the boys are down in the garden by this time.'

'Well, there it is, and now let us get Dulcie's hat and go out;' and as they went downstairs, Fando added to Dulcie in an undertone, 'Judy ought not to be so rude, but I hope you won't mind; nobody ever does mind her, for she is just like a fly, and it is no use at all trying to stop her, she is back again directly; but she doesn't really mean to be unpleasant, it is only that she is such a tease, and the best way is not to take any notice. She won't go on if she sees you don't care.'

'Dulcie, do you know,' began Judy, as they went into Dulcie's room, 'but of course you don't, and you couldn't know this unless Aunt Mary told you; well, do you see that picture up there over the chimney-piece? Who do you think it is?'

'I don't——' began Dulcie hastily, but then she suddenly stopped short. She had not noticed it before, but, now that she did look at it, she saw that it was the portrait of a lady in white, and it suddenly flashed upon her that it must be the one Mr. Beaumont had spoken of, so that she could not quite truthfully say she did not know.

'Well?' said Judy; '*do* you know?'

'How should she, Judy, when she only came last night.'

'I believe she does, or she wouldn't turn red, and Aunt Mary might have told her. It's the White Lady, the Dame Blanche who haunts Plancöet, or at least she used to. Antoine's father saw her, and Antoine says she would be sure to come again if any of the De Beaumonts, that it used to belong to, were to come back. Should you like to meet her in the avenue one evening, Dulcie? I should.'

'I think Cousin Hester would say it was very silly to talk about such things,' said Fando; 'and besides, even if it were true, which of course it isn't, we don't know that there are any of the old family left, do we Dulcie?'

But Dulcie only coloured again uncomfortably, and murmured something indistinct, while Judy it was who answered—

'But there are! Antoine says he knows there are, and it can't be all nonsense if his own father saw it.'

'If!'

'But he did!'

'I dare say he thought he did; perhaps it was a cow or an owl!'

'A cow or an owl! as if they were the least bit like a wóman! What nonsense you do talk, Fando!' said Judy, in an offended tone.

'Yes, it's *all* nonsense,' said Fando, good-humouredly; 'but it might frighten Willie for all that, so I hope no one will say anything about it to him.'

'Well, I shall go and find the boys, they are much better fun;' and thereupon Judy marched away, and Fando took Dulcie up to the rather untidy garden and showed her the heaps of red-cheeked apples lying piled together under the trees waiting to be taken away and made into cider. As for flowers, there were not many, and what there were looked as if they had been left to grow together as they liked for years past in the three narrow beds, which was all the space allotted to them.

'Cousin Hester would like some flower-beds in front of the house,' remarked Fando, as they went down again, 'but it would spoil the grass for croquet. This is the way into the tower, but there really is not anything to see. Victorine, that is one of the maids, has the lowest room for her work, and we have the top ones to "mess," and play in. I think Judy and the boys must have got the donkeys, and we shall not see any more of them until dinner-time, so we might sit quietly in the avenue, if you like, and we can fetch our drawing, and I will ask Cousin Hester for "La Garaye;" but, first of all, we will go quite to the end. It is a beautiful long avenue, and it looks as if it ought to be the drive up to the house, instead of the short bit at the back; but there isn't room even for a donkey-cart, for it dwindles away into a foot-path, and a very uneven one, too, with a dear little brook by the side, and at last it disappears altogether in the copse-wood on the hills. There are so many little streams and pools about here, where parties of women come and kneel on flat stones or in wooden boxes to wash their clothes, and beat them with flat pieces of wood; they even come and wash in the duck-weedy pond, but they turn out very clean somehow. Down there in the meadow we have found several springs in little dark nooks; the water tastes very nasty, some of it, but the ferns and forget-me-nots don't seem to mind, and they do grow so beautifully, drooping down over it and almost covering it up. And isn't the avenue nice? But I do wish Judy wouldn't talk about the "White Lady's" walking about here, because, *though* of course it is nothing, the people here are so superstitious and they do believe it, and Judy never stops to think, and if she frightens my brother Willie, mother will be very much vexed. I can't think what makes her so fond of teasing, for she really is not ill-natured, and the boys are very fond of her, though they do have great fights sometimes.'

'How old is she?' asked Dulcie.

'Twelve; and I am very nearly fifteen—not quite a year older than you, Cousin Hester said; and Cousin Hester is two or three and twenty. Next to mother, I like her better than anybody in the

world, and I do think she is so sweet-looking, don't you? I like brown hair with gold threads in it. And Uncle Russell is very nice too, isn't he? Ah! you haven't had time to find out yet, but he is.'

And then Fando pointed out a shady seat, where the brook she had spoken of ran gurgling over the stones, and there they established themselves for the rest of the morning, and Dulcie soon became so interested in the 'Lady of La Garaye,' which Fando fetched for her, that she forgot everything else, and was quite surprised when she found that it was time to go in for the early dinner at half-past twelve.

In the afternoon, there was a walk to La Garaye, with Marie the French maid, who wore the whitest of frilled caps and kept up a continual chatter, now about a 'scorpion' which she declared that she had seen in the hay upon which they were sitting to rest, now about the carelessness of the farmer in leaving the same hay out so long, and then about the Seigneur of La Garaye, whom, much to Fando's and Dulcie's horror, she declared to have been a bad man, who kept a great many dogs, hunted over the fields and spoilt the crops, for no one dared to remonstrate with him.

'Oh, yes, he became good afterwards,' Marie admitted, 'and the Lady tended the sick with her own hands;' but it was quite evident that the Seigneur's early misdeeds were what remained uppermost in Marie's mind.

While the 'boys,' including Judy, wandered off by themselves, the two girls enjoyed the ruin—only a few fragments of wall and part of the front of the château—and lamented over the onions and other unpoetical vegetables which were planted close up to it on all sides, looked regretfully at the deserted hospice, where once the 'Lady' had nursed the sick, and were very much disgusted with the little farmyard, which had presumed to come so near, and looked so very much out of place at the end of the long grassy avenue with its stately trees. Tourists, however, had not yet invaded it to any great extent, no sous were demanded for admission, and they had the place quite to themselves.

'It seems very difficult to find out the real truth about things,' said Fando, as they settled down to their sketching. 'I suppose Mrs. Norton thought it was fair to alter the story, but I wish she hadn't. Cousin Hester says she has been told that the Countess was not even disfigured by her fall and was beautiful to the very last. In fact, I don't see how she could have been such an invalid with more than a hundred patients to look after, though, of course, she had nurses to help. But she and the Count went for two years to Montpelier to study surgery, and she was one of the best oculists in those days. Don't you think you should like to do something like that?'

'Have a hospital? I don't know; I never thought about it.'

'It would be so beautiful, I think, to be always helping to cure people and send them away well and happy.'

Fando. I want to do all I can for her and give her a pleasant holiday to look back to, for I am afraid she has not had very many, poor child!'

It was Judy's turn next.

'And what sort of day have you had?' asked Cousin Hester, sitting down by her.

'Splendid—splendiferous!'

'Well, do you know I am a little surprised and sorry to hear it?'

'Are you?' said Judy, as if she too were very much surprised; 'why, I am sure the donkeys were lovely this morning, and Jack and I have not had more than two or three scrimmages the whole day, and then it was quite his fault.'

'Well, but how have you behaved to Dulcie? Not very pleasantly, as far as I have seen and heard; in fact, you were decidedly rude more than once.'

'Oh-h, *Dulcie!* I don't like her, and I believe she is underminded and doesn't speak the truth.'

'My dear Judy, I don't believe you have the least reason to think so, and it is not a thing to joke about.'

'Well,' said Judy, her eyes twinkling, 'she shouldn't get so red then.

'I should think she never met such a rude little girl before, and can't help blushing for you.'

'Humph! well, she might save herself the trouble, for I can blush for myself if I want to! But, Cousin Hester, you don't know what fun it is to see her get scarlet all over.'

'Well, I suppose I don't; I am not fond of seeing people made uncomfortable, and I am afraid you are: you are a sad tease, Judy.'

'It is only fun!'

'Fun to the boys, and death to the frogs!'

'There!' cried Judy, delighted, 'now you have called her a frog; that's as bad as my cow! I'll tell her!'

'Very well, good-night.'

'You are not going, already?'—and Judy flung both arms round Cousin Hester's neck to detain her. 'I won't tell her, if you had rather not; I was only joking.'

'I am afraid I shall not get any sense out of you to-night if you stay. Where has it all got to, Judy? for I know there is a little something besides froth in you if I could only find it.'

'It's the weather; the heat makes all the froth get to the top, now see! I'll be as grave as—as Dulcibella.'

'Does Dulcie like being called Dulcibella, do you think?'

'Oh no, I am *sure* she doesn't,' said Judy, cheerfully; 'but it *is* her name, and I didn't give it her, so that isn't my fault! Alick calls her Dulcimer, for he says she makes him think of harps and sackbuts and all kinds of music; and Jack calls her Sweetly-lovely, for he says that is what it means.'

'Judy, you are incorrigible; but now remember, I did not invite Dulcie here to be made fun of, and I expect you to behave properly to her as my visitor, if you can't on your own account.'

'I shall never like her.'

'I don't ask you to like her, I ask you to *love* her.'

'Love her! why, that's a million times worse!'

'You know what I mean, Judy. Some people are pleasanter to us than others, and we can't pretend not to like them best of course; but we can at least try to do to all men as we would they should do to us, and that is loving them. Now I should think probably Dulcie likes Fando better than she does you—*I* should in her place, but she has not said or done anything disagreeable to you, has she? No, and I have noticed that she has tried to be good-natured to you once or twice.'

'Well,' said Judy, trying to turn the conversation and lifting her face to be kissed, 'I love you and I like you too!'

'Not if you don't try to please me.'

'Well, I will, I really will—but I wish she hadn't come.'

'I don't think you are quite so selfish as that really, Judy. You know Dulcie has had no happy home like yours, and I thought you would be glad to try and help to make her holiday pleasant to her.'

'So I would, but—oh, you don't know, there is something about Dulcie that just *makes* you tease her, when you mean to be as good as good!'

'If I were you, I wouldn't be made then; you may hurt her more than you have any idea of, even though you don't really mean to be unkind. Good-night! I am not going to talk any more; you can just think over what I have said, and you know what else you can do without my telling you.'

And Cousin Hester went down to Dulcie, doubtful whether she had made the impression she wished, and thinking that Judy, with her comical looks and the mischievous twinkle in her eye, was a very difficult little person to deal with; it was almost impossible to get her to be serious, and even when she was, or seemed to be trying to be, she looked all the while as if she were bubbling over with fun and could not help a little of it showing through her eyes. But she was far from being a bad-hearted child, though her heedlessness and delight in teasing sometimes led to her giving more pain than she was at all aware of.

Meanwhile Dulcie lay awake for a few minutes, first thinking how pleasant it was to have some one coming in the last thing to say 'good-night;' then wondering when Mr. Beaumont meant to come and 'assert his rights,' and finally wishing with all her heart that she had never known anything about the rights and wrongs of the Beaumonts; for when the dreadful truth came out, they would be sure to think that she had been deceitful, and yet how *could* she speak out?

(To be continued.)

AN ANSWER TO MY CRITICS IN THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

BY E. M. SEWELL.

THE following remarks, in reference to some criticisms passed upon an article in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled (though not by my own choice, but that of the Editor), 'The Reign of Pedantry in Girls' Schools,' ought, strictly speaking, to have appeared earlier. Various circumstances have caused delay, and I should not now have trespassed upon the kindness of the Editor of the *Monthly Packet*, by asking for the insertion of this paper, if I had not been really anxious to put an end to the misconceptions which I find have arisen as to certain objections raised by me on the modern system of education and instruction. There is a saying, with which we are all familiar, 'Self-preservation is the first law of Nature.' I will venture to alter it into, 'Self-defence is the first impulse of Nature.' This is the only excuse for the contests of words with which the public are so often wearied in the speeches of Parliamentary orators, and I hope it may be accepted for private individuals.

My friendly opponents (for I hope we are friendly, although we do happen to encounter one another in the educational tilt-yard) have done me the honour of considering my observations worthy of notice and reply. I have read and pondered upon their criticisms, and the effect upon me has somewhat resembled that which I can imagine to have been produced on the mind of the worthy Squire of the renowned Don Quixote, when he saw his master setting his lance in rest, and rushing as fast as Rozinante could gallop to attack a windmill, under the full belief that it was a giant.

Don Quixote would, no doubt, have been disappointed (if he had been quite sane) when he found that the giant he had been attacking with such eagerness did not really exist, and my critics may perhaps own to a somewhat similar feeling when they are told that the upholder of the style of instruction of fifty years ago, and the decided opponent of modern ways, is a creation of their own brain. They have been led to an erroneous conclusion by a want of caution on my part, for which I would express my regret. I forgot that, when persons have been working earnestly for a special object, and think they have attained it, it is very irritating to have a cold criticism passed upon their efforts. For the suggestion of defects, especially when offered by one who belongs to an older generation, is likely to be looked upon as destructive of all that has been done; though the

same suggestion, if made by a fellow-worker, might be received with interest and taken into cheerful consideration.

I would therefore at once set the minds of my critics at rest. I may be rather alarmed at Charybdis, but I am not therefore prepared to fall back into the arms of Scylla. The very fact that the past has been represented by me as Scylla might have been sufficient, I should have thought, to have prevented such a misconception; but my own words will be the best confirmation of my assurance that I am by no means blind to the good points of the present day.

When stating the changes I should suggest in certain schools which I think might advantageously be established, I say, 'In these schools I should follow the present course of instruction up to the age of fifteen,' and I add further on, 'The subjects taken up for the Junior Examinations at the age of fifteen should by no means be put aside.'

Surely this does not imply that I wish to go back to the lessons of my own days—'Pinnock's Catechisms' and the much maligned 'Mangnall's Questions.'

It has been said that I recommend epitomes, and that I would have dates learned, either by simply committing them to memory, or perhaps by some system of *memoria technica*. I have looked through my pages carefully, but I have been unable to find the recommendation, or any passage which mentions a particular method of acquiring the knowledge of dates. What I do say is that I learnt 'Pinnock's Catechisms' myself, and could go through the dates of the English Kings without a mistake, and that in reviewing my early instruction, I find that I had at the age of thirteen 'acquired very much what carefully-taught children of the same age acquire now.'

Another writer in the *Journal of Education* says, 'Miss Sewell is uncompromising. The educational idealogues are fools for their pains . . . We must begin again on a lower plane and take society for our law-giver: what will "tell" is to be the object of our ambition, and intelligent ignorance our be-all and end-all. In her (Miss Sewell's) own words "I am not ambitious or sanguine as to the result of our educational efforts under any circumstances. Intelligent ignorance is the utmost we can expect as a general rule."' As a comment upon these words I venture to ask whether it is quite sound reasoning to confound the object of our efforts with the results to be expected from them. We all, I suppose, make moral perfection our object, or at least we are required by the Highest of all authorities to do so; but I am perfectly sure that no sane person will be so ambitious or so sanguine as to look for perfection as the result of his efforts.

But it is useless, and, indeed, would be a mere waste of time, to attempt to correct misapprehensions of this kind which do not affect the main questions at issue; they tend, however, to confirm me in an idea which has of late frequently suggested itself to my mind,

that in the higher classes of schools for girls the late Mr. Stanley Jevons' 'Lessons on Logic' might be usefully introduced for those students who have no facility in mathematics, and yet need some special mental training.

The founders and supporters of the present system of instruction may be perfectly assured upon one point—High Schools are an established fact, and if they are what they profess to be, and do the work which they claim to do, there is not the most remote reason to fear that anything which can be said for or against them will really influence the public mind. 'The tree is known by its fruits;' for myself I freely and heartily grant that much which is said of the modern schools is true. They have done well—my only desire is that they should, if possible, do better.

We have all one object at heart. We all alike desire that the women of the rising generation should be *women*—the noblest and purest of their kind, not merely *cheap editions of men*. With this view every suggestion which may lead to the improvement of the educational theories and practice of the day may fairly claim to be well considered and either accepted or rejected without reference to the peculiar views of the individual from whom it emanates.

And here I venture to suggest that in discussing these educational questions we are really arguing in a circle, in consequence of neglecting the warning of Pascal, 'Il seroit inutile de proposer ce qu'on veut prouver, et d'en entreprendre la démonstration, si on n'avoit auparavant défini clairement tous les termes qui ne sont pas intelligibles.'

We talk of Higher Education. What do we mean by it? What does it include? Is it a fixed curriculum of studies suited for all human beings alike?—or, is it that which is specially fitted to sex and position? In other words, is Higher Education precisely the same for boys and girls—for the future sailor, the soldier, the clergyman, the shop-girl, the daughter of a country clergyman, etc.?

If not, then surely we are using a misleading expression, for we speak of it as of something which every one understands, and about which all are agreed. Again I would quote Pascal, 'Il faut enfin, en démontrant, substituer mentalement les définitions à la place des définis, puisque autrement on pourroit abuser des divers sens qui se rencontrent dans les termes.'

Following this suggestion I would therefore ask, not, 'Is Higher Education desirable,' but, 'Is *advanced* classical and mathematical knowledge necessary for the special education of girls of the middle and upper classes?' I say *advanced*, because elementary Latin is unquestionably very useful, and some knowledge of geometry really important.

The question is one which I greatly desire to hear discussed by competent authorities, for I am quite open to conviction in reference to it. It has been said that a knowledge of mythology is 'worthless

and dead if taken apart from the literature of antiquity;' yet I cannot but doubt this assertion. To judge from my own experience, the mythological information required in order to enter into and admire a picture in the National Gallery, or to understand such a poem as the 'Epic of Hades,' or even to read 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Lycidas' comprehendingly, may easily be acquired by young girls who have no opportunity of studying the literature of antiquity in the original.

Probably we have all sometimes marvelled at the classical knowledge of Lady Jane Grey. At sixteen she seems to have been a miracle of learning; it only struck me the other day that she had nothing but classical literature to turn to. The works of Shakspeare, Spenser, Bacon were not in existence. Books were by no means to be procured easily. Roger Ascham when he undertook to be her tutor could only appeal to classical literature, and very valuable no doubt it was; but it does not follow that because it was all important then, it is all-important now. Yet, the fact that I have a doubt upon this point and should like to see a wider scheme of studies introduced, no more implies that I wish to return to the vague uninteresting style of instruction which prevailed when I was young, than the fact that I think there were good points in the feudal system, and should like to see the principles of loyalty and reverence connected with it more fully recognised at the present time, implies that I desire to bring back the days of William the Conqueror.

It will, I think, be seen that these remarks refer to the subjects of study rather than the form of instruction now in vogue. In the latter I fully allow there has been lately a vast improvement, and it will probably surprise the earnest supporters of the schools to which I am sometimes supposed to be antagonistic, to be told that scarcely a day passes in which I do not wish that I had received the same careful training which is bestowed upon the pupils of the high schools.

There is, however, one point on which I should like to say a few words, because the misapprehension connected with it involves a grave principle.

It has been asked whether I really think, as my words are supposed to imply, that the *raison d'être* of historical teaching for school-girls is that of enabling them 'to join intelligently in conversation.' In answer to this question I would say that my idea of the *raison d'être* of mental improvement of every kind lies very far beyond any motive or object of earth. It is indeed to be found only in the Will and Wisdom of the Almighty Being who has given us our intellects, who has placed us here to be trained for another world, and who in that other world has, we may be assured, a place for each to occupy, and a duty for each to fulfil, for which this mental cultivation is in some way a preparation. This is the only reason for study which fully satisfies my own mind, as it holds good at all times and under all circumstances, and is an inducement to work as earnestly alone, and without the prospect of any definite worldly advantage, as in a world-famed

university, with the admiration of hundreds and the hope of a successful career in after life, placed before us as the guerdon of our efforts.

But whilst accepting this fundamental and all-embracing principle of intellectual exertion, and acknowledging fully that the only worthy object of education is to make our pupils 'better, wiser, abler,' I must still state my opinion that with a view to such an end there are certain lesser objects, such as the gratification of personal tastes, sympathy with the interests of others, and the power of being agreeable in society, which may be legitimately cultivated although they may not always be directly placed before the mind. To avoid misconception I will define my words.

By Society I mean not merely balls, dinner-parties, and lawn-tennis parties, but every form of intercourse with our friends and acquaintances for the purposes of courtesy and recreation. By agreeable, I mean not so much being interesting as interested,—sympathetic, responsive.

Society in this sense of social intercourse is surely as much a part of the Divine Will for the ordering of the world, as business or family duties. We cannot live without it; it has direct claims upon each individual, and to neglect those claims is to neglect one of the greatest means of influence for good which has been placed within our reach.

I appeal to common sense and every day experience. Is it not winning, helpful, does it not brighten social intercourse, when we find that conversation can be carried on easily by a reference to matters of public interest at home and abroad? Is it not attractive to us when we discover that the persons whom we meet accidentally know something of the subjects which engage our own attention, and show that they are interested in anything we have to tell them? Does not a traveller like to talk about his travels to those who know something of the places he has visited? Does not a man of science feel it easier to 'get on,' as the expression is, with a person who has some acquaintance, however slight, with the studies which to him are all engrossing? And is not such superficial conversation or discussion often the beginning of real cordiality, and even of true friendship? If we cannot in this way pierce the crust of English reserve, can we ever hope to reach the treasures which may be hidden below?

Set two people side by side at a dinner party, and let them be absolutely ignorant of each other's pursuits, how can their intercourse be anything but dull until they manage to find some topic of mutual interest?

Personal experience always comes home to one in these matters, and one of the most lasting impressions resting in my memory as connected with Society in my young days, is that of a large dinner party in a large house—one of my first experiences of the kind—when I found myself side by side with an old Admiral. Soup and

fish had disappeared, time was going on, we neither of us spoke. He was, I have no doubt, as much afraid of me as I was of him, but his sense of duty was strong, and about the middle of dinner he broke the painful silence, which evidently pressed upon his conscience, and turning to me suddenly, said, 'Are there many Balls in —?'

I hope I did not laugh outwardly, but certainly I did inwardly. The poor gentleman's perplexity was so evident. What I replied I cannot remember, but I am tolerably sure I was not encouraging, for I was too shy and inexperienced to carry him back to his own element, by turning from Balls on shore to Balls on board ship; and so, as by mutual consent, we relapsed into painful silence, and were both of us, I feel convinced, equally rejoiced when dinner was over, and we were set free. The case may be an extreme one, but the same kind of painful, unsympathetic, hopeless intercourse—if intercourse it may be called—meets us perpetually in the ordinary assemblages of persons who are brought together without any definite purpose of business or benevolence.

Common ground is, however, to be found in matters of public interest. The moment we touch upon these we are on the borderland of history, geography, art, literature, and it needs only a little tact to discover on which territory we may enter with the greatest chance of meeting a response, and having a conversation which will leave a friendly impression and enable us to feel that we have advanced some steps on the road to real kindliness.

But with this object in view we must have been educated or have educated ourselves by an acquaintance with, if not a very deep knowledge of, a variety of subjects. Latin, Greek, algebra, and mathematics are doubtless very valuable and important, but interest in subjects of a less learned and abstract character is also required for general conversation—or silence will be our necessary refuge. And how trying the attempt is to carry on a conversation which meets with no response we must all know too well from our own experience. The young girl or the young woman may be a prodigy of learning, and an angel of goodness, but the less gifted turn from her in despair. Society, like commerce, demands small coins for its satisfactory working. Gold pieces are more to be prized for themselves, but if we have nothing of inferior value to offer, we must continually find ourselves in a difficulty.

Few, indeed, think how important on the highest grounds that power of being agreeable is. It was strongly brought home to my own mind on one occasion when I had a first visit from a newly-married pair—a very young woman and a man of the world, in the best sense, who was some fifteen, or it might even have been twenty years older than his bride. I was a little anxious about the marriage, for I was deeply interested in the young lady, and earnestly desirous that she should be happy. When I was alone with the gentleman, a few words passed between us in reference to

her. He spoke of her good qualities as might have been expected, for he was unquestionably in love with her; but the remark which under the circumstances satisfied me that he had not made a mistake as regarded the intercourse of daily life was that with which he concluded, 'and she is such an agreeable companion.' The words require no comment. How much domestic fret, to say nothing of graver disagreement, might be avoided by the power of being an agreeable companion, I need scarcely say.

As regards reading also, a fact which has often been brought home to me lately, is the amount of general information which is necessary before we can enter into modern books of biography and travels, or even read a leading article in the *Times* so as to pronounce a fair and correct judgment upon it.

I will give instances of what I mean. There is a well-known saying of Prince Bismarck's, 'We will never go to Canossa.' The few words embody a striking principle, based on very important historical facts. We, of the older generation, who may have waded in our young days through Russell's 'Modern Europe,' or those of a less antiquated date, who may have gone through Miss Yonge's 'Landmarks of History,' can understand the event referred to. But if the mind is a blank as regards continental history, they can present no meaning.

Again, not long ago there was a leading article in the *Times* which referred to the Spanish domination in Italy. It would be hopeless to give an idea of all that is involved in this reference, except by an outline of the history of the Norman kingdom of Naples and Sicily. But the history of the Fiji Islands is quite as likely to be known to many young people of the present day, as that of the South of Italy in the Middle Ages.

And what must be the result? Ignorance is the parent of ignorance. What we do not in some degree understand, we cannot take an interest in. Books requiring general historical information are in such cases put aside, for they are written, as it were, in an unknown tongue.

It can scarcely be necessary to multiply examples of the advantage afforded by an acquaintance with the alphabet of any subject.

Merely to know the Greek letters will enable us again and again to follow an argument in which Greek terms are quoted. To know the elements of geology will render a book of travels interesting which otherwise would have been dull and perplexing.

It does not, however, follow that because a girl's information is widened, she is not to follow any one subject more particularly. Let her study English history by all means, let her take a period and make herself thoroughly acquainted with it, but let her also find time for some general outline of European history; and some detailed account of the events connected with France, Germany, Italy, etc., so that she may not grow up with the idea that England

is the only country worthy of notice, and the English constitution the highest effort of human wisdom. We are already more than sufficiently insulated by our geographical position; it will surely be unfortunate if education should tend to increase this narrowness, and foster our traditional self-appreciation.

Still further,—general historical information will be found to be all important in travelling. To visit a country or a city without any previous knowledge of its history is for the most part trying and fatiguing, simply because it requires an effort to read up Murray or Baedeker, and continual reference must be made to one or the other if we wish to understand what we are seeing; whilst the fact that a guide book is not a regular history, must often leave us in perplexity, by taking fundamental knowledge for granted.

Romance and poetry and feeling will unavoidably disappear in the process of such research. People do not understand this until they begin to travel. Some friends of mine not long ago formed a party to go to Holland. One of the number, a near relative, learned in the names of Indian dynasties, but not having troubled himself much with European history, told me of the plan, and expressed great pleasure in the prospect.

We were discussing the arrangements when I said to him, 'Do you know anything of the history of Holland?' 'Nothing at all,' was the reply. 'And you mean to go to Holland without knowing anything about it?' I asked. He was very humble. It had never struck him before that his ignorance would be a drawback to his pleasure. It was too late to advise him to read Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' I could only put into his hands the 'Landmarks of History,' picking out and putting together the special chapters which concerned Holland (for this valuable elementary history sorely needs an index), and also giving him a very charming little 'History of Holland,' in the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia' of forty years ago; and with these treasures I sent him away.

When he returned from his travels I asked him to give me his experience. 'Had the history been useful to him?' Oh yes, of course; the expedition would have lost half its charm but for the historical information. He had indeed been obliged to give up the 'Landmarks' to his friends. They had seized upon the book continually.

This is a very trivial anecdote. I bring it forward merely as an illustration of the fact that for every day life and interest, modern knowledge and literature are all important.

One thing must be remembered when we are speaking of the so-called Higher Education of Women. Persons are accustomed to talk of girls in the abstract, to reason about them as if there was but one type, and that the most intellectual. The rest are noticed *en masse*.

But God has a system of training and teaching for all girls. He

recognises varieties, and gives scope for small talents, even more than for those acknowledged to be great; and if we were to inquire into the lives of the young people who are not in any way distinguished, I think we should find that the larger portion of the world's work is done by them. They are the rank and file of the army, and everything which tends to cultivate the powers they possess, and to render them practically useful must be important. My own experience of girls, which is rather large, leads me to believe that the majority of girls are intelligent, and many quick, (that is, they acquire readily and forget as readily), but that few will be found who can really be said to *think*. I have come to this conclusion from observing the great difficulty which girls of sixteen or even of seventeen, who possess fair abilities, have, as a rule, in condensing any thoughtful book or essay so as to give the meaning in other and fewer words. They seem unable to discover the points to be noted. Very intelligent and receptive as their minds unquestionably are, the reasoning power is slow in developing. At nineteen or twenty years of age the faculty of thought seems to me to grow unconsciously, and almost without external help, though if such help be given it is received gratefully and with avidity.

The question, therefore, which presses upon me, and which I hope may be discussed by others more competent than myself, quite apart from the merits of School or Home Education, is what is the best way of cultivating the minds of *ordinary* girls, who will never be clever, and can never be expected to be distinguished, so as to make the most of their moderate abilities.

With regard to the basis of such cultivation, I will venture to make two remarks, the result of experience. One has reference to composition, which some girls find a great difficulty, whilst others rush into it without the least idea of what they are undertaking. I have myself found it most useful to practise young people in mastering and condensing the thoughts of great writers, by reconstructing the actual words used, so as to be perfectly accurate in presenting the meaning of the author, instead of leaving them to give their own impression of what has been said in their own words.

And, as a second remark, I would remind my young friends that, although dates and epitomes are in themselves very meagre and unsatisfying, they are, nevertheless, of essential use as a foundation for more valuable knowledge. Life is not long enough to enable us to learn everything in detail, and even those subjects which we desire to study thoroughly must have a basis of mere facts on which to raise the superstructure. We may possess curiosities of art and paintings of priceless value; but if we have no shelves on which to arrange our treasures, and no nails on which we may hang our pictures, they will lie on the ground like confused lumber. The intelligence awakened by general information will, moreover, prepare the way for the time

when the mind may be capable of making good use of it, and when argument and discussion will be voluntarily sought for and appreciated. Sharp but shallow questionings, and arguments based on an ignorance of facts must be fatal to any one, more especially to a girl who is in general treated with more consideration than a man, when she is supposed to be clever, and who is therefore more likely to be mistaken as to her own powers, and to form crude opinions upon subjects with which she is quite incompetent to deal—for 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

At a later age lectures, classes, anything in fact which may tend to concentrate and deepen thought and give a taste for special subjects, will, I am sure, be found most valuable. And with this view there can be no doubt that colleges of some kind for elder girls may in many cases be of great value.

The need of some such assistance to intellectual cultivation was recognised as far back as the days of Fuller, who, speaking of 'the civil benefits, and the temporal conveniences accruing to the state by the continuance of abbeys,' says, 'Nunneries also were good she-schools, wherein the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work; and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them (virginity is least kept where it is most constrained), haply the weaker sex might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained. That sharpness of their wits, and suddenness of their conceits, which their enemies must allow unto them, might by education be improved into a judicious solidity; and that adorned with arts, which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but are not taught them. I say, if such feminine foundations were extant nowadays, haply some virgins of the highest birth would be glad of such places; and, I am sure their fathers and elder brothers would not be sorry for the same.'

I fear, however, that although we may highly appreciate the modern *she-schools* by means of which the 'sharp wits' of the young girls of the present day will, as it is hoped, 'be improved into a judicious solidity'—it will be found upon inquiry that comparatively few can afford the time and the expense which such institutions demand, and therefore I heartily welcome the efforts which have been suggested and carried out by the University Extension lectures, and which I believe will gladly be accepted by young people living at home who have passed out of the schoolroom.

But the life which is to foster such efforts must really be home life: not, as is unhappily too often the case, the life of girls who have been taught to make a Court presentation and admission into the gaieties of the world the immediate object of their hopes, to be followed in due time by a so-called good marriage.

It is not amongst the followers of fashion and frivolity that we

can hope to find supporters of that which is the Higher Education of women in the true sense, of both mental and moral training. In a quieter sphere, however, there is no doubt that much may be done.

The time which immediately succeeds the subjection of the schoolroom has a special value, for in it will in many cases be found the final determination of life's course for good or for evil. But even regarding it only in reference to the growth of the intellect, I believe that at this period the affairs of daily life—home duties, labours of charity and social intercourse—when carried on upon really high religious principles—will be found to assist materially in the work of education, so that the mind will become more and more capable of grasping abstract ideas.

By the Beauty of Holiness and the Strength of Duty the Almighty Spirit of Wisdom multiplies the intellectual powers. The result may be seen when the girl who in the schoolroom may have appeared dull and backward develops, as we may all sometimes have seen, into the cultivated, helpful and sensible, though not the clever woman.

How pleasant to the teacher or the friend it is to watch such a development I need not say.

The satisfaction indeed is scarcely greater than the surprise. We have perhaps watched the tender plant, trained and watered it day by day, and the growth has been unrecognised, the bud has been long in blossoming into the flower.

> 'The gazing eye no change can trace,
> But look away a little space,
> Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.'

And even apart from this fuller development, I have learnt at the end of life to respect, cultivate and cherish small talents, I care not how small; the least is from God. I have known a talent for needlework become the solace of an invalid life, and the talent of good handwriting form the groundwork of extensive usefulness; and I have seen the pleasure given by artistic and musical efforts so small that they could never be brought forward as worthy of notice; whilst—with reference to direct mental cultivation—I have marked the keen intellectual enjoyment of persons having no claim to be brilliant, but who having had a wide education, were able to enter with intelligent interest into subjects with which they had just sufficient acquaintance to be desirous to know more; and I have felt that even if nothing more than this amount of interest could be awakened and this desire for knowledge developed in the majority of our young girls, it would be a result of education worth striving for because it would really tend to draw away their thoughts from frivolities, open their minds by degrees to the marvels and the problems of their own mysterious existence, and give them that sympathy with their contemporaries which is in the end the most assured means of influence for the highest good.

The girl stands on the verge of Womanhood, what do we desire to make her? The learned classical Scholar? The advanced Mathematician? She needs special gifts for these attainments, and it may be she does not possess them. But she is nevertheless—

> 'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveller 'twixt life and death.'

And that which is in our power, (through God's help,) is, so to enlarge and inform her mind, that as she gains experience by the discipline of life, her powers of thought may deepen, and her character expand, until at length she may attain—

> 'The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,'

which will make her, so far as is compatible with human infirmity—

> 'A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command,
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXVIII.

1695–1701.

THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT.

QUEEN MARY'S death was not counted as 'the demise of the crown, and did not break up Parliament; but for a month the King could not attend to public business, and sat in deep melancholy over the fire in his closet at Kensington Palace. There, however, he saw Archbishop Tenison, who delivered to him a letter left by his wife, in deference to which he broke off his open intercourse with Elizabeth Villiers, who had been the bane of Mary's life. He likewise allowed the Archbishop to bring about a reconciliation with the Prince and Princess of Denmark. Anne herself was anxious for it, being greatly softened and affected by the loss of her sister; and it was most important to William not to be on bad terms with her, since in the eyes of those who still held the warming-pan theory, and who rejected James and his son, she was the true queen, and had she or her husband been ambitious, factious, or spirited, they could have easily caused a civil war. However, in view of the extreme frailness of William's health, they were content to wait for his death, especially as he was really very fond of their son, the little Duke of Gloucester, a delicate child, and as ill-managed as possible, but full of spirit.

The Marlboroughs were forgiven, and from that time only kept up a complimentary correspondence with the Court of St. Germains, and were not concerned in any fresh plot against William. He had to prepare to take the field again on the Continent, and with so heavy a heart, that he declared that he felt utterly unfit for military command, but that he must do his duty.

He had no faithful Queen to reign as his other self; but the Government was to be carried on by Lord Justices, seven in number, namely, Archbishop Tenison, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lords Somers, Pembroke, Devonshire, Dorset, and Godolphin, the only reputed Tory of the seven. It had begun to be recognised that for a Ministry to act harmoniously, they must all belong to one party.

The period of the King's absence passed quietly, and the result of the Siege of Namur raised the hopes of the country. On his return Parliament was dissolved, and there was a general election, lasting fully six weeks. Such was the feeling for the name of Russell, both

for the sake of the sufferer, William, and of the Admiral who, in spite of himself, had won the battle of La Hogue, that the widowed Lady Russell was implored to let her fifteen-years-old boy stand for the City of London. She was too wise a woman to hear of so doing; but the Admiral really had only to choose the place for which he would sit. At Exeter the poll lasted five weeks, during which the freemen drank and revelled with all their might. The importance of elections had become thoroughly recognised, and therewith had begun all the arts of treating, bribery, intimidation, and the like, which in two centuries have been first promoted, then discouraged, and finally rendered well-nigh impossible.

For the most part the elections went in favour of the Whigs; but immediately after the assembly of Parliament, great offence was taken at a grant from the King to his friend, Bentinck, Earl of Portland, of a considerable estate in Denbighshire, with privileges connected with it which were thought to trench on the estates of possible Princes of Wales, and as, moreover, Bentinck was a Dutchman, a clamour arose, which made Portland beg the King to revoke his gift, which was accordingly done. The displeasure of the country at this attempt was, however, changed into sympathy and indignation on the discovery of a plot against the King's life.

It had been brewing for the last year, almost immediately after the death of Queen Mary had left her husband's throne unshaken.

The chief plotter was Robert Charnock, one of the few fellows of Magdalen College who had submitted to the violences of James II. Afterwards he had become a non-juror, and had been employed on secret errands from St. Germains. Besides a few worthless fellows, ready for any crime, were Sir William Parkyns, a lawyer, who held an office in the Court of Chancery under William III., and Sir John Fenwick, a fanatical Jacobite, who had insulted the Queen when fleeing from the fire at Whitehall. These men laid before James a plan for the assassination of his nephew, and there was another for a general rising in England. To this latter, in which almost every Jacobite of consequence was engaged, James naturally gave full consent; as to the other, very few knew of it, and James had certainly once forbidden it; but these adherents of his put their own construction on a commission authorising them to use such acts of hostility against the Prince of Orange as might be necesary for his service. This was extracted from him by Sir George Barclay, who had served under Lord Dundee, and had since lived chiefly at the exiled Court. This man was to repair to London, and walk on Mondays and Thursdays in the Piazza of Covent Garden with a white handkerchief peeping out of his pocket, when his fellow-conspirators would meet him. He sailed in a privateer regularly employed by the Jacobites, carrying with him £800, and arrived at Romney Marsh, where dwelt a smuggler, named Hunt, who often received bales of French silks and lace, without suspicion, and thus became the agent

of the numerous Jacobites, who brought over arms and papers. Even the Duke of Berwick thus came over to be ready for the rising. At Romney, one after another arrived from France, among them one Ambrose Rookwood, whose name reminds us of the Gunpowder Plot. There were more than twenty of these, all ruined men, some fanatically enthusiastic, some desperate, and to these about as many more already in England were to be added, most of them having been indicated to Barclay by a monk who heard their confessions.

After many consultations, it was decided that the attack should be made by the Forty, as they called themselves, when William was returning from hunting on the 15th of February in Richmond Park, when he would land from the ferry, close to Turnham Green. Berwick was to raise the country, and James came to Calais to wait for the signal for crossing. It was only too plain that both knew what was to happen, though not the details, and this is a blot in Berwick's otherwise noble and upright nature; but he was still very young, and acting under paternal authority.

However, among the Roman Catholic gentlemen to whom the plot was confided, was one Mr. Prendergrass, a brave and resolute man, ready to fight, but not to murder. He heard the scheme on the 13th of February. On the 14th, he carried the warning to the Earl of Portland. 'My lord,' he said, 'as you value King William's life, do not let him hunt to-morrow. He is the enemy of my religion, but my religion constrains me to give him this caution; but I am resolved to conceal the names of the conspirators.'

Portland had already had a hint from Fisher, one of the lower stamp of the plotters whom he had not thought worthy of attention; but Prendergrass was evidently a man of honour, and he went to the King, who was, however, with great difficulty, persuaded to believe it worth while to give up his day's sport; but as the weather was cold and rainy, no alarm was taken, and all was deferred for another week. Before that week was out, the heart of another of the meaner sort of conspirators had failed, and he came with a story that tallied exactly with those of Fisher and Prendergrass. The King then, later on the Friday evening, sent for Prendergrass, and saw him in the presence only of Cutts and Portland. The King showed how much he respected Prendergrass, telling him that he saw him to be a man of true honour, but representing that to withhold the names of the conspirators was only to lay every one under suspicion. Prendergrass held out for half an hour, and at last only yielded on the personal word of the King, that his evidence should not be used against any one without his own free consent. After he had most unwillingly written down the names, the King bade him go to the tavern in Maiden Lane, where the last measures were to be taken by the assassins.

They were drinking there in full mirth and security, and Mr. Prendergrass was hailed with the news that there was a musquetoon

to carry eight bullets ready for him, and that he was not to be careful as to breaking the coach windows.

Thence they went to the *Blue Posts* in Spring Garden, and were taking breakfast there when one of their scouts came in with the news that the Guards, who had been sent on to Richmond, had been hastily recalled, and had come in with the flanks of their horses white with foam. He had spoken with one, and heard that there were strange reports about.

The party felt that it was time to break up, but they would not do so without the favourite Jacobite toast, 'Confusion to the rotten orange,' the fruit being actually squeezed in tune to the words!

The bravado could not raise the spirits of the Forty, though Charnock tried to console them by attributing the King's change of purpose to his health, and tried to arrange a plan previously discussed for attacking him on Sunday on his way from church. However, many took alarm and stole away, and on the night between Saturday and Sunday, Charnock was arrested in his bed, and nineteen more in different places in and about London, while expresses were sent in all directions to put the military on the alert, and to recall troops from Flanders in case the insurrection should be attempted. The Council sat on Sunday morning and evening; and on Monday, all the city train bands were called out, and the King himself went to both Houses of Parliament to tell them of the personal peril that he had providentially escaped, and of the danger of a Jacobite rising backed by French troops.

Nothing could have been devised more calculated to secure his crown. English hatred of assassination, and English horror of a French invasion, both alike were inflamed, and an association was instantly formed in both Houses for the protection of His Majesty. The whole country was on the alert to seize the traitors, and such was the suspicion, that it was hardly possible to move from one place to another without a passport. Before many days had passed, all the chief conspirators were taken except Barclay, who succeeded in making his escape to France.

Some of them were willing to turn King's evidence, and the trials began on the 11th of March, Charnock being first tried with two companions. The evidence was clear, they were found guilty, and sentenced. Charnock then begged hard for his life, offering to disclose all that he knew of Jacobite plots; but the King would not accept the offer, and he suffered with the other two.

When Sir William Parkyns and Sir John Friend were executed a little later, three nonjuring clergymen, of whom the most noted was Jeremy Collier, accompanied them to the scaffold, and with their hands on their heads, gave them Absolution from the Form of Visitation of the Sick. Great offence was caused, because the prisoners had shown no sign of repentance for the intended murder, whence it was inferred that the priests approved of it. The inference was

hardly a just one, but the proceeding was judged treasonable, and as Collier would not acknowledge the existing Government enough to offer bail, he was outlawed, and so remained during the remaining thirty years of his life. He wrote a Church history, which was the first that ventured to show that the Protestants of the Reformation days were not all immaculate. Two others of the persons proscribed for conscience sake, wrote histories at this time: Dr. Carte, who had been chaplain to the great Duke of Ormond, and the Huguenot Chevalier Rapin de Thoyras, each of whom wrote a full and excellent history of England down to their own times, and as complete as could be without the mass of contemporary documents that have since come to light.

Only three more of the Forty were put to death. Indeed, the King could afford to forgive, for the association for his protection was being signed all over the kingdom and in the colonies, and many a chivalrously-minded Tory was alienated from the cause of James by finding that murder was contemplated. Though loyalty, and still more the passive obedience of the English Church, had been on the side of the Stewarts, the atmosphere of intrigue and plot in which those lived who expected to effect their restoration, disgusted many honourable minds, and made them willing to transfer their passive obedience to the monarch *de facto*, who, whatever his faults, was far more merciful to his enemies than ever James had been.

There was still one of the chief conspirators at large, namely, Sir John Fenwick, not, indeed, one of the Forty, but still deeply implicated in the murder plot. He thought he should be safe if he could procure the absence of the persons who were likely to accuse him, and his wife, Lady Mary, a sister of the Earl of Carlisle, began the attempt by promising Porter, one of the Forty who had turned King's evidence, three hundred guineas wherewith to escape to France, a recommendation to King James, and a handsome annuity when he landed there. He accepted, but informed Government of the whole, and the moment the three hundred guineas were laid down, his agent was arrested.

Fenwick then tried to escape by means of the Romney Marsh smugglers, but while waiting for the privateer that was to take him off, he was arrested. He tried to save himself by writing a letter to the King with a partial confession, accusing everybody with more or less truth, especially Marlborough, Godolphin, Shrewsbury, and Russell.

The baseness and spite of this letter merely made William indignant, and as he was then with the army, he directed the Lords Justices to have Fenwick immediately tried. But before this could be done reports of his letter had got about, and Godolphin felt himself obliged to resign. The other persons implicated by the accusation met at Admiral Russell's house, and made it their entreaty that the King, who had returned to Kensington, would

himself see and examine the prisoner, so as to clear their characters. To this William reluctantly consented, and Fenwick was brought to him. William asked for a full confession of what he had himself seen and done, not vague hearsay accusations. This Sir John would not give; indeed, he was buoyed up with hope that he could not be convicted, as only one witness, Porter, had been secured against him, and the other, Goodman, had been induced to abscond.

However, the Commons decided that Fenwick should be brought before them to answer for the accusations that he had brought against Russell, a member of their body. He asked for time for preparation, but was answered, as the King had told him, that he could not want time to recollect what plots he had been engaged in. It was decided that as he gave no further particulars than in his letter, his confession was false and scandalous, and a Bill of Attainder was brought forward, and though the Tories protested against it, calling it a violation of the principles of justice, it was carried.

There was a tremendous struggle over the Act of Attainder, which was really a trial before Parliament. That the accusations in this so-called confession were false every one agreed to grant, and the nobles and gentlemen implicated contradicted on their word of honour that they had had any intercourse with him, no doubt with perfect truth; but this was not high treason, and the attainder against him was for the participation in Barclay's plot, including an invasion of England.

This could only be technically proved through an intercepted letter to his wife, and through the one witness, Porter. The defenders of Fenwick argued with all their might from the Bible that 'at the mouth of two witnesses must every word be established,' and spoke of the contradictions of the evidence of the elders against Susannah, in which there was a cry of 'Apocrypha! Apocrypha!' But it was argued that if the two witnesses were Oates and Bedloe, and the one Ken or Tillotson, which would be the most credible? In point of fact, there was no reasonable doubt of Fenwick's treasonable practices, though the technical evidence was wanting which would have convicted him before an ordinary court of law; but the Act of Attainder was decided by Parliament, and therefore it could not but be held that when the majority in both Houses decided against him, and the King confirmed the Act, there was hardship in the matter. He suffered on the 28th of January, 1697, the last person who died under an Act of Attainder, and in deference to his wife and the noble families with whom he was connected, his execution was conducted in the same manner as if he had been a peer.

Of the noblemen implicated, Russell and Marlborough were held to be cleared, and so was Godolphin, but he gave up office. So did Shrewsbury, but though acquitted by King and peers, his conscience was uneasy, and he left England to travel in Italy. The Earl of

Monmouth was shown up by the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Mary Fenwick's brother, as aware of the correspondence and actually engaged in it. He made a vehement defence, but was sent to the Tower and severely censured. He raged and talked wildly, but after he had regained his liberty and succeeded to the title of Peterborough, a new career was open to him, and what he had done under his former name was forgotten.

The Jacobite plans were thus disconcerted and were kept in abeyance for many years. The signature of the Peace of Ryswick was also a great blow, though William did not insist on Louis expelling the Stewart Royal Family, and accepted the stipulation that the dower of Mary Beatrice should be paid to her. In England there were great rejoicings at the peace—culminating in the consecration of the new St. Paul's by Bishop Compton, at which William himself was present.

By a secret article in the treaty, he had proposed to Louis XIV. to adopt his nephew, James Edward Francis, and make him heir; but the proposal was not accepted by the parents, involving as it did the formal renunciation of right by James II., and likewise that the boy should be educated in the English Church.

Thus Princess Anne and her little son, the Duke of Gloucester, remained next in the inheritance. Of this child we have full accounts through his faithful attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who kept a sort of journal of his life, a piteous record of mismanagement accounting for the infant mortality of the period, so that the only wonder is how any one succeeded in growing up, and probably poor little William, Duke of Gloucester, suffered all the more because he was regarded as the most valuable child in the kingdom.

He struggled through a sickly babyhood by the help of a fine healthy young Quaker foster-mother, who domineered over everybody in Campden House, Kensington, where he was nursed. He had a long large head, which Jenkins says made it very difficult to fit him with a peruke—poor child—when he was not quite five years old. He had symptoms of water on the brain, and a blister was constantly kept on the nape of his neck at this time; but he is described as bright and handsome, active and lively, though, no doubt from giddiness, he could not go up or down stairs alone. On Easter day, 1694, when he was five years old, he was put into male attire, of white camlet, with silver loops and buttons, but beneath were stiff stays which hurt him; and he was very near punishing the poor tailor by mounting him on 'the wooden horse,' which was supposed to be part of military discipline.

For the boy had a regiment of little fellows, somewhat older than himself, in uniform, and provided with toy implements of war; and his great diversion was commanding them in mock battles and reviews. Sometimes he had grand field days in the park, which amused the King himself; but they ended in annoyance to the

neighbourhood, as the boys on the way home considered themselves licensed to maraud in any house they chose to enter.

The poor little Prince was finally forced into walking up and down stairs alone by a severe beating with a birch-rod from his father, whose ideas were all of the hardest, roughest sort of discipline, while his mother was in constant alarm about him.

He had a chaplain, who daily read the Morning Service before him; but nobody seems to have taken the trouble to give him any explanation of the foundation of the faith till the summer when he was six years old, when he was sent for his health to Twickenham, where he was lodged in some houses belonging to Mrs. Davies, great-aunt to his governor, Lord Fitzhardinge. She was a noble, open-handed, open-hearted old lady of more than eighty years old, and the little boy became devoted to her. It was she who taught him what prayer meant, and likewise to say the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Commandments, and so worked upon him that he became fairly attentive to the prayers at home, and, by his own wish, went to Church with his parents.

His tutors seem to have gone on the principle of teaching him nothing themselves, and preventing any one else from doing so, for there was a great uproar when he repeated some stories from history told him by Lewis Jenkins, and showed some geometrical figures taken from his pocket. The usher was contemptuously forbidden to fill the Duke's head with such stuff, and was very near being disgraced.

By eight years old the boy could read and write well, and had picked up a good deal of knowledge of different kinds, for he seems to have been a very intelligent child. He began to be catechised, together with all his little regiment, by Mr. Pratt, and whichever boy answered best was rewarded with a new shilling from the fresh coinage. When the Duke was asked, 'How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?' his answer was, 'I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in His ways.'

He was made a Knight of the Garter, and admitted in full chapter, spending a good deal of his time at Windsor, and being placed under the tuition of Bishop Burnet, who seems to have prescribed a very severe course of study, in which the boy made excellent progress; but in 1700, immediately after the rejoicings on his eleventh birthday, he was taken ill with scarlet fever. He was bled, and Dr. Radcliffe, on seeing him, said: 'You have destroyed him. You may finish him, but I will not prescribe.' In five days more he died, on the 30th of July, 1700.

And his mother no sooner had left his side than she wrote a long letter to her father, full of the keenest penitence, and declaring that she felt the bereavement that left her childless a judgment from God for her undutiful conduct.

The King was at the time in Holland, at his favourite abode at Loo. He had been greatly hurt and displeased in the previous year by the remonstrances of Parliament against his grants of Crown lands to the foreign officers who had served in the army, not only Dutch but French Huguenots; but it was unfortunate that, coupled with these, was a huge grant to Elizabeth Villiers, Countess of Orkney, the woman who had been the bane and misery of Queen Mary's life. Through the power over the supplies, the Commons had likewise insisted on the dismissal of the King's faithful Dutch friends, a very serious mortification to them. He pleaded their cause in person, and when he failed, was heard to exclaim, 'By Heaven, if I had a son, the Dutch guards should not go!' It was even said that only Lord Somers' strong persuasions prevented him from abdicating in favour of Anne; and he was greatly depressed and displeased with the whole course of affairs in England, and the fresh aggressions that he saw in preparation in France.

Marlborough was sent with the official information of the little Duke's death to Loo; but William, having been told of Anne's letter to her father, was too much displeased to make any response for three whole months, from July to October, nor to send formal announcement to the King of France, without which, as there was at present peace, it was not etiquette for the Court to go into mourning. That Anne might yet have an heir was still far from improbable, for a babe had been born to her that very spring, which did not live long enough for baptism; nevertheless, the Electress Sophia of Brunswick made a visit to William at Loo, ostensibly to bring her daughter, the Electress of Brandenburg, to consult him on erecting the margraviate into a kingdom, but no doubt with a view to discovering how the land lay with regard to a kingdom for herself. A letter from her is extant to one, Mr. Stepney, a small poet in London, where she observes, 'If I were thirty years younger, I should have sufficient good opinion of my blood and my religion to believe that people might think of me in England; but as there is little likelihood that I should survive two persons (King William and Princess Anne), both very much younger, though more sickly than I am, it is to be feared that my sons will be regarded as strangers.'

It was true that the Whigs were universally looking to her and her family. After one more vain attempt on William's part to adopt the Prince in St. Germains, there seemed to all who dreaded a Roman Catholic sovereign no other alternative. After all, the measure was brought forward in Parliament by a Tory, in order to forestall the Whigs, and though the idea was so distasteful that the members came to the House in very small numbers, there were enough to carry the motion that the Crown, failing heirs of Princess Anne or King William, should be settled on the Electress Sophia of Brunswick and her heirs, being Protestants and in communion with the Church

of England. The Lords passed the Bill, and the King ratified it, at the same time sending Lord Macclesfield to carry the Order of the Garter to Duke Ernest of Hanover. The Duchess of Savoy, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the next in regular order of hereditary succession to Anne and William himself, sent a protest, which was disregarded, as her religion excluded her as entirely as her cousin in France.

A MEDIÆVAL CITY.

'GRAVEN ON STONES.'

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE, AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSES AND LILIES OF CHRISTENDOM.'

II.

We now come to the hundred and fifty years that saw the zenith of Nuremberg's artistic glory, and the beginning of her political decline. Round the earlier part of this period cluster the names of her greatest artists, poets, and craftsmen, and to it also belongs the name of one of the most renowned and celebrated of the German Emperors, Maximillian I., at once a striking and romantic figure in mediæval history. Taking the events of the first seventy years of this period in their chronological order, we find the following noteworthy occurrences. In 1471, Albert Dürer was born, and three-and-twenty years later saw the birth of Hans Sachs, the famous cobbler poet. In 1500, Maximillian visited (not for the first time, however) the city for which he always had a great affection, and for which he did much, and was received with great pomp and rejoicing on the Festival of S. Simon and S. Jude; and in this year also Adam Kraft finished, after five laborious years, his celebrated 'Sacramentshauslein,' or 'House of the Sacrament,' the most beautiful of all his work, and the glory of the Lorenzo-Kirche. I may, perhaps, be permitted to make a brief digression to describe this wonderful carving, which was projected, it is said, in a spirit of friendly rivalry to Peter Vischer's shrine, that S. Lorenzo * might not be behind S. Sebald in the honour of the people. It was intended, as its name implies, for the reception of the elements of the blessed Eucharist. I quote the words of the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* referred to before, as the most beautiful description I can find:—'It stands upon a richly-carved base, beneath which kneel the effigies of Adam Kraft and his two assistants. Its canopied roof raises itself to a height of sixty-four feet against the pillar, bending at the top to conform itself to the turn of the vaulting. Its graceful curves might have been copied from the unfolding leaves of the young fern, or the stalk of the lily of the valley. On its sides and in its storied niches are represented the scenes of the Passion. Lowest is the Earthly Suffering, the Last

* It is difficult to see any reason why S. Laurence, patron-saint of students, should have been selected by the Nurembergers as the joint-guardian of their city. Probably it was the beauty of his legend which was the attraction, or there may have been some local association with his memory, now forgotten.

Supper, the Agony, the Scourging, the Parting from the Mother, the Crown of Thorns. Above is the supreme sacrifice of the Cross, and higher still, the glory of the Resurrection and the peace of Heaven. . . . . The designs are entwined and interlinked with garlands and fretted borders of stone, and in the many nooks about it stand saints and angels to protect it.'

But to return to our chronology. In 1500 also one Peter Hele invented the celebrated 'Nuremberg eggs,' as from their shape the first watches were called. Mr. Whitling quaintly remarks that he had always, even as a boy, intended visiting this city, if it were 'only to see the dungeons, and eat some of its famous "eggs," without being then aware that the "Nuremberg egg" was the same kind of vegetable novelty as the "English turnip."' A mistake frequently made, I imagine, by many a child before and since.

In the year 1517, Melchior Pfinzing, Canon of S. Sebald's, and secretary to Maximillian, published the poem of 'Theur-dank,' in which he sang the praises of his Imperial master, and recorded the story of his marriage with Mary of Burgundy. He composed it perhaps, sitting in the beautiful oriel window of S. Sebald's parsonage, overlooking the busy square. In 1519, Peter Vischer, as we have seen, finished the shrine of S. Sebald, and the Emperor Maximillian died, while the year 1528 witnesses the death of Dürer, taken, as those who loved him best could not but feel, from the evil to come. To this period also belong the quaint doings of the Meister-sänger, the life and labours of Michael Wolgemut, of Veit Stoss the carver, of Hirch-Vögel and his three sons, potters and glass painters, and many another worker in bronze, and gold, and wood, and stone work, and in the domain of art and invention, of whom we have now no particular mention. It would be impossible here to give a detailed account of all the noted men of this period, and I must, therefore, content myself with a brief sketch of the two whose influence was the most marked upon their times, whose genius was the most exalted, and whose labours will keep the name of Nuremberg in honour as long as art and song hold their rightful place in men's esteem. In considering, however, Dürer the artist, and Sachs the poet, it is rather with their lives than their works that we shall be concerned. Like all men who really *deserve* the epithet 'great,' the latter was the expression of the former. For a full and adequate conception of their genius, a far more exhaustive and detailed study would be necessary;* but a few pictures drawn from the every-day life which they lived in the busy city of Nuremberg, may, perhaps, serve to make them less of abstractions, to give them for us a more definite personality, than a word description of works

* I would refer the student who desires to make such a study to Thausing's beautiful and exhaustive work of Dürer, from which the materials of this sketch are drawn. There is yet to be found the biographer who will do for Sachs what he has done for Dürer.

we have never seen or read, for the most part, could do. And, after all, it is the life that most nearly concerns us. We are not all artists and poets, but we have all the same humanity, and every noble and right life is not only an immense psychical force in its own day and generation, but, like an electric battery, thrills into quickened life all that shall at any time come in contact with it.

In the year 1455 a young Hungarian goldsmith, of the name of Dürer, came and settled quietly down at his trade in Nuremberg. In the most obliging and romantic manner he married his master's daughter, Barbara Holfer, by whom he had a goodly family of eighteen children. In 1471, on the 21st of May, was born to him his second son, named after him Albert, who was destined to become so famous in after-years. The very strongest attachment seems to have existed at all times between Dürer and his parents. The reverent love in which he speaks of them, and the tenderness he showed them in their old age, mark a beautiful trait in the character of a man of whom it may be said, as he himself said it of his father, 'he fear'd God.' Writing of that father, he recorded that 'Every one who knew him spoke well of him, for he led a worthy Christian life, was patient and gentle, and at peace with every one, and always thankful to God. He did not seek worldly pleasures, was a man of few words, kept little company, and feared God.' Of his mother he writes in the same strain of touching and tender affection. 'Her benevolence to all, her gentleness of spirit under all crosses, and her good repute, are themes of which her son never wearies. He, on his part, watched over her with the utmost tenderness and care.'

It seems probable that two older children died in infancy, and that Albert, as eldest of the family, received a more careful education than would otherwise have been the case. He says himself—'My father was particularly fond of me, and when he saw that I was diligent in my studies, he sent me to school, and as soon as I had learnt to read and write, he took me away and taught me the goldsmiths' trade.' At the age of thirteen he would appear to have begun to learn his father's craft. Mr. Thausing thus comments on this epoch in his career—

'Though none of his, or indeed of his father's goldsmith work has been preserved, it is certain that the study of the trade must have been of the greatest importance for his artistic career, since through it he gained early familiarity with plastic art, and first became conscious of a feeling for material form and delicate modelling, and of a restless desire for that correct perspective and sense of proportion which he was the first to introduce into German art.' But the goldsmith's workshop proved too narrow a field for the dawning genius of the young artist, and in 1486 we find him apprenticed for three years to Michael Wolgemut, a noted Nuremberg artist. During these years, as he quaintly said of himself, 'God gave me diligence, so

that I learnt much.' At the expiration of this period he was sent from home, and spent four years in travel. Whither he went is not exactly known, but that the time was not spent unprofitably is shown by the well-filled portfolios with which he returned. At the close of his travels an important event occurred to Dürer, which he thus briefly records :—

'When I returned home, Hans Frey entered into negociations with my father, and gave me his daughter Agnes with a dowry of 200 florins, and the wedding was celebrated on the 14th July, 1494.' The Freys were a wealthy and important family, and the match must have been a good one for Dürer in a worldly point of view. His marriage has, however, become a byword for an ill-assorted union, and it is therefore with intensest satisfaction that one finds so learned an authority as Mr. Thausing has by careful sifting of conflicting evidence been enabled to prove that the charges against Dürer's wife were without foundation, and were the result of the passionate dislike entertained towards her by Pirk-heimer, one of Dürer's oldest friends, and of that contemptible spirit of detraction and scandal which takes pleasure in finding out the flaws in any life that is at all exalted above its fellows; and having little to say against Dürer himself, circulated and handed on the stories against his wife, representing him for us as a man who, however great in other respects, was not the master of his own household. Instead, therefore, of the termagant, who by her temper and avarice made his life a burden and shortened his days, one is relieved to find that, although Dürer was twenty-seven years married, in all his own writings there is no mention of any jar or discord between them. He frequently drew her picture, both as a portrait and as a subject study, and seems to have taken pleasure in portraying a face which had no small share of comeliness and beauty. His correspondence with his wife during some of his absences bears no trace of unhappiness, and he was on the most intimate and friendly terms with all her relatives. On his death, which did not occur till his 57th year be it said, his 'avaricious' widow made over to his surviving brothers the fourth part of his property, which, according to Nuremberg law, she had every right to retain until her own death. 'Of her own desire,' as she herself has said, 'on account of the friendly feeling she entertained of them, for the sake of her husband, and as her dear brothers-in-law.'

The real cause of the bitter charges made against her appears to have sprung from a very trivial incident. After Dürer's death his widow disposed of various household effects, and, among other things, of a pair of very valuable stags' antlers, for which there was a great craze among the Nurembergers. The Councillor Pirk-heimer, born within a few months of Dürer, and between whom there had always existed a close and most intimate friendship, was a most indefatigable collector of such antlers, and it seems he had set his heart on obtaining this particular pair, doubly anxious no doubt because they had

belonged to his dead friend. When, however, the Frau Agnes sold them without reference to his wishes, his fury and rage knew no bounds, and in a letter to Tscherte, Imperial architect at Vienna, all his pent-up prejudice and passion burst forth.

There are hints that there had never been any love lost between the rich councillor and the burgher's wife, and now, sick and way-worn and at war with all the world, grieving bitterly over his friend's death, and within a few weeks of his own, he was in no mood to deal justly with the woman who—quite unintentionally probably—robbed him of the thing on which his collector's heart was set. It is on this letter that the popular estimate of Agnes Dürer's character has been formed; in it he declares that she was jealous of all her husband's friends, 'and tormented him to such a degree as to shorten his life, for he withered like a bundle of dry hay; he dared not seek any amusement away from home, nor go into society. . . Moreover, she drove him day and night to his work that he might earn money to leave her when he died,'—that very money that she had so generously restored to his family. Thus the words of a man, sick unto death, of a violent and prejudiced nature, and at variance not only with himself, but with the whole conditions of life, social, religious, and political, have been remembered long after they should have been forgotten and discredited, and have served to blacken with undeserved blame the character of a woman of whom in this very same letter he is forced to observe 'she and her sister are not vicious, but, as I do not doubt, pious and thoroughly God-fearing women!' 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' The whole story points a painful moral of the mighty power for ill of a few ungoverned angry words, and the lasting, often widespread influence of what seem to us at the time but 'little things.'

'We shall do well,' says Mr. Thausing, as he concludes what is truly a labour of love, 'to regard Dürer's married state, not as exceptionally ill-assorted, but rather of that every-day nature which may be inferred from his writings and drawings. With the untenable tradition of his poverty the whole fable of his avaricious wife falls to the ground. We ought rather to do honour, at any rate by an eloquent silence, to the faithful companion of his life.'

Agnes Dürer survived her husband eleven years, and died in the December of 1539, their union having been a childless one. During the twenty-seven years that followed his marriage, the fame of Albrecht Dürer spread and grew like a mighty tree. He was not only a great artist, he was also the chosen and honoured friend of the learned and noble of his day, and closely connected with all the questions of religious reform which were so deeply stirring men's minds at this time. A profound thinker, an acute and reverent observer, a marvellous master of all the technique of his art, and above all a man of deeply religious character, he left an impression on his age that long outlasted his death.

'No painter ever more fully realised the two-fold character of the greatest event in the world's history, the life and passion of our Lord. He seems to have had a special mission of proclaiming the power of Christ in elevating the every-day life of man; and accordingly he depicts him with all the realism of Schongauer and Wolgemut, as if he were living in the Nürnberg of his own day. But more than this, he grasped the idea of the redemption of man by the sufferings of Christ, and hence the marvellous conception and impressive treatment which the Passion pictures display.'*

'It is impossible that he who has lived well can quit this world untowardly,' wrote Dürer; therefore we may be sure that his somewhat unexpected death, to him was not a sudden thing. For some years he had been subject to severe attacks of illness which seem to have been of the nature of intermittent fever, and of periodic occurrence. These had greatly wasted his strength, yet no immediate change was anticipated, but on the 6th of April in the Holy Week of 1528, Nuremberg was startled by the intelligence that Albert Dürer was dead. The end had come with so little forewarning that no account of his last moments remains to us. Probably there was no one with him but his faithful wife, but he who had prayed at his mother's death-bed, 'O Lord God, vouchsafe that I may also have a happy end,' and who all his life had stayed his mind upon God, must have been kept 'in perfect peace at the last.'

'The news of Dürer's death,' writes Mr. Thausing, 'awoke a painful echo far and wide, and the manner in which the foremost men of his time and country expressed themselves with regard to him on this occasion, shows fully the position he occupied in the world. Nuremberg was the most nearly affected by his loss. Helius Eobanus Hesse announced, in a letter to the preacher of Erfurt, Johannes Lang, that the death of the incomparable man had placed nearly the whole city in mourning.' Pirk-heimer laments for his friend, 'the best half of his soul,' in pathetic terms. 'It was not granted to me even to touch thy dear head, or to grasp thy hand, and to say a last word of farewell to thee; for hardly hadst thou laid thy tired limbs down to rest, when death snatched thee hastily away.' Martin Luther wrote of him: 'With regard to Dürer it well becomes the pious to mourn for the best of men; but thou mayst esteem him happy, inasmuch as Christ having truly enlightened him took him away in good time from these stormy days, destined soon to become more stormy, so that he who was worthy to see nothing but what was best might not be obliged to look upon the worst.'

* 'Albert Dürer,' by R. Heath (London, 1881), p. 53.

(To be continued.)

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

X.

After this there was a respite of thirty years from persecution from the Roman government, but the outlying provinces suffered much from the incursions of the enemies over the frontiers.

Numerous generals in different parts of the bordering lands made resistance, some calling themselves Cæsar or emperor, and at Rome the joke was to term them the Thirty Tyrants. One was a remarkable person, and had a still more remarkable wife.

Long ago, Solomon had built 'Tadmor in the desert,' on an oasis about one day's journey from the Euphrates, to form a stage for travellers. *Tadmor* means a palm-tree, and from this name, or from the date-groves that suggested it, the Romans who later colonised the place termed it Palmyra. Mixed with the Romans were the more civilised of a tribe of Arabs, who were beginning to be known by the name of Saracens, so familiar to us in mediæval history, and meaning *eastern* according to the best authorities. Of this Saracen blood was a Palmyrene, called by the Romans Odenatus, with his beautiful wife Zenobia, clearly the Arab Zeenah. To protect his house from Sapor, he put himself at the head of his tribe, and defeated the Persians, pursuing them up to the walls of Ctesiphon. Sapor was obliged to make peace with him, and he endeavoured to stipulate for better treatment of the poor old Emperor Valerian, who was reported to be made to go down on hands and knees whenever the Shah mounted his elephant. The effect of this supplication was, however, to incite the Persians, always the most cruel of nations, to flay the unhappy man alive, salt his skin and stuff it with hay, in order that it might still be put to the same use.

Odenatus was called King of the East, and continued to hold Sapor in check until 266, when he was murdered by his nephew. Zenobia then showed herself to be one of those wonderful women whom all the seclusion and contempt of Oriental habits cannot quell. Her sons were young children, so she at once took the command of her armies, sharing the toils of her troops on foot and on horseback, and winning their devotion by her beauty, courage, and ability.

She defeated Sapor, and kept him within the mountains of Persia, and she was acknowledged as queen from the Euphrates to Bithynia —the city of Antioch, the wild tribes of Arabia, the hills of Armenia, owning her dominion. She had acquired a considerable an

of culture, and had been instructed by the philosopher Longinus, who continued to exercise a great influence over her in political matters. This man, whose native country is uncertain, had studied many systems of philosophy, and at one time had been a pupil of Origen, but he settled down into that Platonism which tried to maintain Christian morality without Christian mystery, and the like opinions seem to have been held by Zenobia, so far as she had leisure to occupy herself with any religious theories at all. St. Athanasius says she was a Jewish proselyte; but she favoured all forms of belief—Pagan, Jew, and Christian—and especially Paul of Samosata, a man of low origin, who had become bishop of Antioch about the year 260. He was the first instance of the worldly and magnificent prelate, and not an encouraging one. He was appointed Procurator Ducenarius, an office which was a kind of police magistracy, with a considerable salary, and he shocked the reverent by setting up his tribunal in his church, and trying cases there. Moreover he amassed great wealth, and lived in great pomp and state, always followed by a numerous retinue when he went out, and affecting to write and dictate letters on his way as if he had not a moment to spare. In church he had a throne apart and veiled, unless he preached, and then it was with the gestures of a heathen orator, and he expected to be applauded with shouts, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs for sermons which were alleged to be in dispraise of his saintly predecessors, and in praise of himself; and those who manifested their disapproval by silence or otherwise, were apt to feel the weight of his resentment. Moreover, to the choristers, who were considered to form a minor order in the Church, he added a band of women, whose singing only too closely resembled the music of idol worship, and whose hymns and hosannas the faithful declared to be more in praise of Paul than of any one else.

It was probably what would be now called liberalism that recommended him to Zenobia; but the bishops around were shocked, and there was reason to believe him, in secret, guilty of crimes of a grosser sort. The available point, however, on which to assail him was his doctrine. There was evidence that he preached the heresy called Sabellianism, after a person whose date and history are uncertain, but whose teaching was, in fact, Unitarian, 'confounding the Persons' of the Holy Trinity.

On this account Firmilian, the great bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, convened a synod to which he invited Dionysius of Alexandria, likewise a correspondent of Cyprian, and who had narrowly escaped perishing in the Decian persecution. He, however, could not come on account of his great age, but he wrote a letter to the Church of Antioch. There seems to have been much arguing and fencing; judgment was reserved, and a second council was called at Tarsus. Firmilian died on his way thither; but the meeting deposed Paul, and appointed Domnus in his stead. Queen Zenobia, ignorant of Christianity, thought the grand liberal bishop persecuted by narrow

dogmatism, and used her power to maintain him in his see, upon which the Syrian bishops issued a circular to the Church at large explaining the grounds of his deposition.

But Zenobia's power was not to last much longer. Under the indolent Gallienus, her husband's kingdom had risen, and, when that emperor was killed in 268 by his own soldiers, his successor Claudius either was too much occupied nearer home to molest her, or else thought her civilised realm a barrier against the Persians, until the queen was invited, as it is said by Longinus—actually to measure her new-born power against that of Rome—the growth of five years against that of a thousand, like the thistle against the cedar. She invaded Egypt, beat the Roman governor, and, after a long siege, captured and destroyed Bruchium, the citadel of Alexandria. In spite of what Gallienus had said, the harvests of Egypt were needed at home, and the province was esteemed one of the richest gems in the Imperial crown. Claudius was about to march against her from Pannonia, where he had been driving back the Goths, when a pestilence broke out in his army, and he himself became infected, and died in 270.

After a short interval, Aurelian was invested with the purple. He was a gallant soldier, commonly known in the army as *Manu ad ferrum* (Hand-to-sword), and much loved and respected by the troops, though he was a strict disciplinarian. He was a thorough ancient Roman in character, though, as he was a native of Pannonia, he probably had but little Roman blood. After driving back the Teutonic tribes on his northern frontier, and taking possession of Rome, Aurelian decided on reducing Zenobia, who was making considerable conquests in Asia Minor. He fought with her at Antioch and defeated her; and a second time Roman discipline prevailed against her at Emesa. Then she retreated to her oasis at Palmyra, and made alliance with the Persians, who advanced to her support, but were defeated by the Romans; upon which the Armenians and Saracen Arabs likewise went over to the winning side. On this, Zenobia, after having once repulsed a general assault on her city, resolved to leave it in secret, and persuade Sapor to send more efficient succours. She set forth in the dead of night, with part of her jewels and treasures, her three children, and a small retinue; but she was overtaken just as she was embarking in a boat to cross the Euphrates, and brought back to Aurelian.

As the noble, beautiful woman stood before him, he asked how she had dared to take up arms and insult the Roman emperors.

'Thee, who canst conquer, do I own as Imperator,' said the undaunted queen. 'As to Gallienus, Claudius, and the rest, I never deemed them worthy of the name.'

The troops clamoured for her blood; but the softening Christian spirit that was abroad in the world made Aurelian spare her life, though, when Palmyra surrendered, he put Longinus to death as her chief adviser, and on his return to Rome caused her to

is said to have been the grandest of all the Roman triumphs. First came a gold and silver chariot given to Odenatus by the Persians, another splendid Persian one, then Zenobia's own, and a Gothic chariot drawn by four stags. Captives of many nations followed; and then Zenobia, in golden chains, supported by friends, and so loaded with pearls and precious stones that she could hardly move along in front of the Emperor's triumphal car, which was followed by all his army, with laurel crowns and palms in their hands.

It surely was a triumph of Christianity that, instead of the slaughter of the prisoners in the cave below the rock of the Capitol, the only victims of the procession were the four stags, which were sacrificed to Jupiter; but the populace, who had required the humiliation of Zenobia, likewise had to be propitiated with games, gladiatorial shows, and sea-fights in the Colosseum.

Aurelian gave Zenobia an estate near Tivoli, where she lived with her children as a dignified Roman matron, greatly respected. How unlike the time, three centuries ago, when Cleopatra slew herself to escape the triumph of Cæsar, and Vercingetorix, the noblest of captives, was sacrificed.

Though neither Aurelian nor Zenobia was a Christian, both owed much to Christianity.

Palmyra, after one attempt at a revolt, fell into decay, and became unknown, except as a camping-place for wandering Bedouins. When the spirit of modern exploration set in, the first European travellers were utterly astonished at the sight of magnificent columns and porticoes rising among palm-trees in the midst of the desert, all in utter silence and desertion.

> 'Thy form, pale city of the waste, appears
> Like some faint vision of departed years;
> In mazy cluster still, a giant train,
> Thy sculptured fabrics whiten on the plain;
> Still stretch thy column'd vistas far away,
> The shadowed dimness of their long array.'

The wonder and romance are increased when they are known to be the material witnesses to the short-lived splendour of the brilliant Queen of the East. The remains are, of course, of late and debased architecture; but their effect among the palms is wonderful; nor has familiarity lessened the charm, since they can only occasionally be visited, when the Arabs are propitious.

Paul of Samosata, being deprived of Zenobia's protection, was again assailed by the orthodox clergy of the East and deposed. He appealed to the emperor, and Aurelian consulted the Italian bishops, who were unanimous against Paul. The emperor gave sentence accordingly, and deprived Paul of his magistracy, after which nothing more is known of him.

This first appeal to the secular arm is memorable.

Among the judges of Paul of Samosata was Gregory, known as

Thaumaturgos, or the Wonder-worker. He was a native of Neocæsarea, which was in Cappadocia, on the banks of the river Lycus. He was bred a Christian from his infancy, together with his brother Athenodorus, and was instructed in classical as well as Christian learning, studying at Athens, Alexandria, and at Cæsarea in Palestine, where the brothers spent five years under Origen; and Gregory bewailed leaving that great master as passing from Paradise to Babylon. His panegyric upon Origen is still in existence.

Neocæsarea was a large city, and almost wholly pagan. Phædimus, bishop of the neighbouring city of Amasea, designated Gregory, while still a young man, as a fit missionary bishop to accomplish its conversion. He was accordingly consecrated, and, on repairing thither, found only seventeen Christians there—whereas at his death, at the close of a long and holy life of exertion, he left only seventeen idolaters—and he caused a large and handsome church to be built.

Of this there is no doubt; but the stories of his miracles rest on the authority of Macriana, a girl of his congregation, who in her old age related them to her grandsons, SS. Basil and Gregory of Nyssa, by whom they have been preserved, for Eusebius does not mention them; but the title Thaumaturgos is a testimony to the universal belief in his powers. It is certain, too, that the miraculous powers promised by our Lord to strong faith were continued in the Church. Just as the periods of miracles among the Israelites coincided with great crises in their career, when the supremacy of God was to be established in their minds, so the miracles of the Church were at her most critical moments, and when the heathen needed to be convinced by some tangible proof, and the faith of the Christians to be upheld. And surely a man in a city of idolaters, while the persecutions of Decius and Valerian were going on, might well be supported by such testimony.

The first of such wonders recorded of him is that, when returning from an expedition, night came on, and with it a storm, driving him and his companions to take shelter in a heathen temple, where they spent some hours in their accustomed devotions. In the morning, when the priest of the temple made his accustomed offerings, it was manifest to him that his dæmon—as the second Gregory calls it—had deserted it. In great wrath, he appealed to the magistrate to force the visitor to recall the dæmon, which the bishop refused to do on any threat; but, when entreated to show whether he had the power, he wrote down the words, 'Gregory to Satan. Enter.' On this, the dæmon manifested his return, but the priest perceived him to be subject to the saint, and became a convert.

The credibility of this story depends on whether we accept the idea that actual dæmons reigned in the heathen temples and spoke through the oracles. The primitive Christians certainly thought so, adducing the verse, 'They sacrificed their sons and daughters unto devils,' repeated again by St. Paul, though, on the other hand, he spoke of the idols as nothing. The belief was that real devils were

worshipped as the gods of the heathen, spoke in oracles, and produced lying wonders. Milton showed them thus in his legion of fallen angels—

> 'The chief were those who from the pit of hell,
> Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
> Their seats long after next the seat of God,
> Their altars by His altar, God's adored
> Among the nations round.
> So Jove usurping reigned,—these first in Crete
> On cold Olympus ruled the middle air.'

We cannot tell whether these Satanic forces ruled through the sin of idolatry and its attendant abominations, or by positive spiritual interference. But to these early Christians it was an absolute victory over an evil spirit when an oracle was silenced by faith in Christ. This wonder is said to have convinced many, and, while the great body of citizens were halting between two opinions, there were some public games and shows which were so crowded that the people were nearly stifled, and there was a cry, 'O Jupiter, give us room.'

Gregory said that those who uttered the imprecation might soon have only too much room; and immediately afterwards there was a terrible pestilence, which almost depopulated the place.

To a like prediction, coupled with rebuke, given in one of the Melanesian islands, and followed by a visitation of sickness, a missionary of our own day owed his death. Gregory probably knew of the danger of over-crowding when fevers were rife in an eastern city, when he thus spoke; but it was thus that St. Basil heard the story from his grandmother, who attributed the cessation of the plague to his prayers, and declared that many of the survivors were convinced of the truth. Macriana's recollections seem to have been of rather a severe character. One tale was that two Jews saw the saint passing. One fell down, pretending sudden death. His fellow ran to implore the bishop to give him something to cover the corpse. Gregory gave his cloak; the Jew returned, exulting at his successful trick, and found his companion dead in reality.

This, however, could not be called a work of the saint, any more than what happened when he was in hiding, during the Decian persecution, in a village. Soldiers were sent to seize him; the peasants gathered round him in prayer, and were surprised at no attack being made. The men, returning empty-handed, declared that they had only seen a grove of trees.

Another of her stories was, that when the city and country were in danger from the overflowing of the River Lycus, Gregory planted his staff in the ground, and bade the torrent come no farther. It obeyed, and the staff grew into a great tree, nor had the water ever passed the boundary when the two brothers knew it.

Asia Minor was greatly harassed by the Goths. They burnt the great temple of Diana at Ephesus, the wonder of the world, which Demetrius and his craftsmen had defended against the effects of St. Paul's preaching, with such furious energy for the sake of their

trade, but which had become neglected and almost deserted. A letter of Gregory is extant about the Christians who, having been plundered by the Goths, had in compensation robbed their neighbours. 'Because the Goths have misused us, are we to be Goths to our fellows?' he asked.

Gregory, the Wonder-worker, does not seem long to have survived the condemnation of Paul of Samosata. He died praying for the conversion of the last seventeen pagans of Neocæsarea, and bidding his friends not to buy a place for his burial, but to lay him in the common cemetery, that there, as in life, he might be a stranger and pilgrim on earth, with no private abiding-place of his own.

A confession of faith in the Holy Trinity drawn up by him is still extant in the original Greek, and is a strong ante-Nicene witness to the doctrine; though we are not required to believe, as did the grandsons of Macriana, that it was personally communicated to him in a vision by the Blessed Virgin and St. John.

The Christian faith had at this time a noted assailant in the person of Porphyry, a native of Batanea, the Bashan of Scripture, highly educated in all Greek learning, and apparently bred a Christian, for his first master was Origen at Cæsarea. At Athens, where he next studied, he formed a close friendship with Longinus, and fell away into Neo-Platonism as taught by the philosopher Plotinus, who committed to him the care of his works. Porphyry was the author of an attack on the Christian religion, in fifteen books, which has been lost, but is known to have been the most able and virulent of those of former times, and to have furnished many of the stock arguments, refuted again and again, but always freshly produced. From quotations, and from his other works, we know that one of his special points of controversy was the Book of Daniel. The precision of the prophecies of the battles between the kings of the north and south, Syria and Egypt, and their exact accordance with the histories of the Seleucidæ and Lagidæ, made him spend many arguments to shew them to be forgeries after the event, whereas Jews, as well as Christians, could prove them to have existed when the Septuagint was translated under Ptolemy Philadelphus.

We also find that he based his arguments on the exaltation of reason, and adopted the morality learnt from Christianity, allegorising the old myths, and twisting them from their original version to back up his own philosophy. Many of his works are still extant, and he is often alluded to as one of the chief opponents of the faith.

A more remarkable and original person arose at this time, whose doctrine is still often referred to. Mani was a Persian by birth, of the sacred caste of Magians, but he seems to have been bred a Christian, and to have been admitted to the priesthood, before he devised a strange system in which he seems to have expected to blend together Christianity and Zoroasterism, and even the Brahminism of India. What people term Manicheism in these

merely the distrust of everything material as coming from the principle of evil, an idea prevalent among the Gnostics before the time of Mani. His system was an elaborate one, adopting the Magian notion of good and evil, light and darkness, spirit and matter, and likewise despising all forms of idolatry.

Like some of the Gnostics, he thought the God of the Old Testament the same with the spirit of evil, and like them, too, he believed our Lord's death unreal, and separated Jesus from Christ, who, like the Persian Mithra, dwelt in the sun. Like the Brahmins, he believed that imperfect souls underwent a second birth into this world to be purified, and like them he forbade slaying any creature, and therefore all animal food; he proscribed all indulgence—even the bath—and despised marriage.

He seems to have tried to be a prophet, and had twelve apostles, but Shahpoor drove him out of Persia and he retired to a cave in Turkestan, where he produced a book called the 'Ertang' or Gospel, beautifully painted by his own hand with allegorical illuminations. He had many followers, and the customs he gave them approximated enough to Christianity for his religion to be regarded as a heresy. Finally he was seized by the Magians, and suffered the same horrible fate as the Emperor Valerian; but his disciples were numerous for many years after, and the Albigenses of the Middle Ages, in the Pyrenean hills, have been connected with them by many scholars.

During this long interval of peace the Church had prospered much. Open profession of Christianity was made in all employments and offices. Churches were built and endowed with lands, and in one case, where there was a dispute as to the estate between the priests of a Christian and of a heathen temple, the Emperor Aurelian gave judgment in favour of the former.

The basilica, or judgment-hall, was the model of the church. It had the frequently semi-circular end raised on steps, where the judge would have sat, but which became the sanctuary, always, if possible, with remains of martyrs buried beneath the altar. The bishop generally sat in the centre behind the altar, the priests on either side. Singers of psalms occupied the rest of the raised portion, and there were generally two projections for the readers or preachers to occupy. Beneath was the narthex, or nave, for the body of the faithful, a portion at the end being shut off by an open rail for the catechumens and those under penance. The ornament was chiefly in Mosaic work and coloured marbles, and the sacred vessels and robes of the clergy were often very valuable, as the piety of the congregation presented them.

Of written liturgies as yet there are none preserved; but they existed, and formed the germ of those later in full use. Every city around the Mediterranean had its bishop. Paganism was fast dying out, and the Church making progress everywhere, so that, to the mind of a Greek or Roman, it must have seemed that the Gospel had been preached to all nations.

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH AND HIS TIMES.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

IV.

THE PROPHECIES IN JOSIAH'S REIGN.

BEFORE beginning the first long prophecy, or series of prophecies, of Jeremiah (chs. ii.–vi.) which apparently belongs to the time of Josiah, it is interesting to consider the question whether in the shape in which we have these prophecies now, we see them as originally given, or as edited later by Jeremiah in his Egyptian exile, with passages added here and there for the benefit of those whom he could then persuade to listen to him. Some commentators take one view, others another. I am inclined to think that the latter is the most reasonable: Jeremiah was not likely to be actuated by any regard to the historical or literary value of his prophecies, if it appeared to him that there were any of his fellow-exiles to whom the words that had been given to him to speak were now applicable, and could be shown to have an application specially pointed by their present circumstances. Thus, for instance, it seems not unlikely that in ch. ii., vv. 14–17 may be a later addition especially addressed to the exiles in Egypt, for they seem not only to interrupt the impassioned argument of vv. 13 and 18, but to allude to the desolation of Jerusalem. Those who hold otherwise think it refers to the captivity of the Ten Tribes; but this seems to be forcing a slightly unnatural interpretation upon it.

Every one who has tried to study the Book of Jeremiah must have found that the greatest difficulty is in its utter want of chronological arrangement. Is it possible that this may be accounted for by its having been produced in a written form piece-meal, so to speak, as the needs of the Egyptian exiles caused Jeremiah to bring out now one Divine message, now another? Otherwise, it seems unnatural that the ordinary sequence of time is not more closely followed; but this may perhaps be taken as a hypothesis to account for the fact until a better one can be found.

The prophecy we are now contemplating belongs apparently to the latter part of Josiah's reign. As far as we can gather from internal evidence, the circumstances under which Jeremiah began to prophecy publicly were these.

Josiah, the last reformer of the kingdom of Judah, came after two bad kings, Manasseh and Amon, the former of whom reigned longer

than any other king of the Davidic dynasty. From Hezekiah's time downwards, there had been a powerful party in the state with Egyptian leanings, who had swayed Manasseh during his minority, and made him a heathen persecutor of the Jewish religion. His Egyptian proclivities went so far that he called his son Amon by the name of an Egyptian deity, and the latter followed in the same steps during his short reign. The fact, however, that the Judæan monarchy was founded on popular consent caused the King to find it impossible ever to crush out of the country, by persecution or otherwise, the minority of the two religious parties, whether they stood up for the religion of Jehovah or that of Osiris. In Josiah's reign the anti-Egyptian party came to the fore, and supported him in the state reformation which he carried through; but the Egyptian party, though beaten for the moment, was yet strong. The aristocracy seem to have been Egyptian almost to a man, and whenever Jeremiah mentions the Egyptian party he speaks of them as 'the princes.'*

Egypt, at this time, was a tempting ally to look to. Between the Ethiopians and the Assyrians, she had sunk into decadence in the earlier part of the century, but Psamatik (more familiarly known as Psammetichus), a Libyan adventurer, had succeeded in putting new life into her effete being. He had shaken off the Assyrian yoke, conquered the Scythians who menaced Egypt, rebuilt the ruined towns and temples, repaired the roads, restored agriculture, and entered into a commercial alliance with Greece. Morally, however, the revival of Psammetichus was a loss to Egypt. The task of defence of the country was taken off the Egyptian inhabitants and laid upon foreign mercenaries; the contact with Asiatic Greeks degraded the hitherto lofty status of womanhood; and the general influx of Greek and Oriental ideas disturbed the old ideals of right and wrong which had been unusually powerful in Egypt as ideals, though less acted up to than might have been desired.

The hints given us in the Book of Jeremiah appear to show that the Egyptian party in Judah—the Princes—were politically highly despotic and tyrannical to their poorer countrymen. Possibly there may have been an oligarchical tendency under Psammetichus and Necho, which still further attracted this Jewish party to the Egyptian alliance, while the party of Jewish religion fought also to keep the old political freedom of their forefathers, of which, at the very beginning of the kingdom, Samuel had foreboded their loss. The energy, impulse, stir, and novelty of the world must have been

* Dean Stanley gives an interesting table of the three parties during Jeremiah's life: the Egyptian party, the Princes; the mixed party, 'Priests and Princes,' who seem not to have been so persistently Egyptian in their sympathies as the others, and were inclined to temporise; and lastly, Jeremiah and his friends, the representatives of Jewish religion. It is curious in looking at this table to see how the same names occur in the different parties, so that Jeremiah has friends and enemies alike named Maaseiah, Shemaiah, and Gedaliah, and this complicates the narrative still further.

represented to the court of Judah by the enterprising dynasty of Psammetichus and his son Necho, with their Ionian mercenaries and Phœnician sailors. Necho actually sent an exploring expedition round Africa from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, which took three years, but succeeded in its object—and it is scarcely wonderful that the conquerors of Assyria should have seemed not only the most attractive, but the safest allies.

As has invariably been the case, however, it was found impossible to 'make the best of both worlds,' and though the Jews have proved themselves remarkably successful in the pursuit of riches, and not to be despised in more intellectual careers, their unique 'speciality' was morality applied to religion, and the Prophets saw clearly enough that the two lines were incompatible. This would have been the case even if the Egyptian popular religion had been nominally the same as their own; but when to this was joined the dangers of Hamitic nature-worship, it is plain that there could be no compromise in the Prophet's mind, and everything that touched Judaism with an Egyptian tinge must be dangerous, and worse than dangerous.

The five chapters (ii.–vi.) which contain the prophecies of the time of Josiah may be divided into two parts, of which the first is ch. ii., a denunciation of the Egyptian proclivities of the nation, considered with regard to the spiritual dangers it brought upon them. The following are some of the most striking passages—

'Wherefore I will yet plead with you, saith the Lord, and with your children's children will I plead. For pass over to the isles of Chittim (Greece), and see; and send unto Kedar (Arabia), and consider diligently, and see if there hath been such a thing. Hath a nation changed their gods, which yet are not gods? but My people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. . . . And now what hast thou to do in the way to Egypt, to drink the waters of Nile? or what hast thou to do in the way to Assyria, to drink the waters of the river?* Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and a bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that My fear is not in thee, saith the Lord, "Jehovah Sabaoth."'

With regard to the second prophecy, iii.–vi., it is thought by some commentators that the note of time in v. 6, 'Moreover the Lord said unto me in the days of Josiah the king,' should come before v. 1, which begins in the original, 'Saying, if a man put away his wife,' etc. The subject evidently begins here. The metaphor used is that so frequently taken by the Prophets, the likening of the nation of Israel to the faithless wife of a loving and forgiving husband. The

* Euphrates.

first part is the denunciation of the faithlessness of Judah in spite of the example of the doom of Israel—the ten tribes carried away by Sargon and Sennacherib. Then come touches of pleading which may have suggested Bishop Wilberforce's beautiful allegory, where the wanderer hears the far-off voice whispering 'return,' 'return,' 'mercy,' and 'forgiveness.'

'Surely as a wife treacherously departeth from her husband, so have ye dealt treacherously with Me, O house of Israel, saith the Lord. A voice is heard upon the bare heights, the weeping and the supplications of the children of Israel: for that they have perverted their way, they have forgotten the Lord their God. Return, ye backsliding children, I will heal your backslidings. Behold, we are come unto Thee; for thou art the Lord our God. Truly in vain is the help that is looked for from the hills, the tumult on the mountains' (the Phœnician hill worship which had always been so great a danger to the northern kingdom): 'truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel.'

It is plain that in this prophecy the point of the rebuke to Judah is given in v. 10: 'Yet for all this her treacherous sister Judah hath not returned to Me with her whole heart, *but feignedly*.' Josiah's force-supported revolution was only an external one, as was abundantly proved when his death and his son's captivity placed the crown on the head of a successor with Egyptian sympathies.

Chapter iv. goes on with the exhortation to repentance, which passes into the prophetic prediction of the 'evil from the north,' differently interpreted as referring to the Scythian and the Chaldæan invasion. With regard to the Chaldæans, it is true that they had suddenly sprung, after a long pause of exhausted quiescence, into a great military nation, and were soon to do to death the great Assyrian empire, whose greatness had suffered a fatal blow at the hands of the Scythian invaders: and it is urged that the expression 'chariots as the whirlwind' would apply to them rather than to the Scythians, whose methods of warfare were more like those brought before the eyes of Europe in the time of the Crimean war by the Cossacks. But on the other hand, it is hardly likely that Jeremiah should have represented Nabopolassar as this instrument of utter annihilation at this period, when he was so strongly endeavouring to persuade the nation to become vassal to Chaldæa, and when Assyria had not yet fallen. It seems on the whole more appropriate to apply this, like the seething-pot in the first chapter, to the danger then most imminent: and it is possible that though the Scythian devastation was mostly committed by nomad horsemen, they may have had a more regular army as a nucleus, equipped with chariots, which may have been used in taking cities like Bethshan on the plain, but would not be dragged up the hills of Judæa. Perhaps the swift and passing nature of these Scythian raids, which seem to have devastated the country of Palestine, but to have left the fortresses untouched, may

account for the silence in which they are passed over in the historical books of the Bible. Secular history, however, together with the tone of their mention in the prophetical books, agrees in suggesting their importance at the time. Certainly the wholesale desolation produced by the nomad hordes, which in these days of civilised warfare we can hardly realise, would be well described in the following passage—

'I beheld the earth, and lo, it was waste and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved to and fro. I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled. I beheld, and, lo, the fruitful field was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and before His fierce anger. . . . The whole city fleeth for the noise of the horsemen and bowmen; they go into the thickets, and climb up upon the rocks: every city is forsaken, and not a man dwelleth therein. . . . For I have heard . . . the voice of the daughter of Zion, that gaspeth for breath, that spreadeth her hands, saying, Woe is me now! for my soul fainteth because of the murderers.'

When the great desolation had come upon Jerusalem, we may well imagine that the Egyptian exiles would forget the brief period of Scythian devastation, now past and over, and apply these words to that which was fresh in their own hearts and memories. Chapters v. and vi. go on with the foreboding of the great national calamity, which, however, was still in the future, and might still be averted by national repentance; but the denunciation of the coming punishment is mingled with lamentation for the prevailing corruption. He tells his audience to 'run to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem' and see if they can find one man neither unjust, untruthful, nor perjured, and it will be in vain; then with the excuse for these that they were poor and ignorant, he turns to the nobles: 'but these with one accord have broken the yoke and burst the bonds;' idolatry and its accompanying immorality and injustice had made them even worse than the common citizens. Nay, even the priest and the prophet shared in the universal rottenness. 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and My people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?'

Whatever the nation might be, Josiah seems to have followed the Prophet's counsel, and became a vassal to Nabopolassar, though it seemed more and more obvious to the superficial observer that strength and safety lay as temporarily as no doubt they did in the Egyptian alliance. Necho had succeeded his father Psammetichus, the conqueror of the dreadful Scythians, and now that Assyria had fallen, he desired to make Egypt supreme in Syria and Palestine. The key to Syria was the old Hittite capital, Carchemish on the Euphrates; and Necho collected a large army and marched up

thither along the Philistine plain. The way to Carchemish led across Josiah's dominions, in the plain of Esdraelon, and Josiah, faithful to his suzerain Nabopolassar, came out to oppose him, in a manner which evidently seemed to the chroniclers of a later age simple madness. He was killed in the battle of Megiddo, Necho marched on his victorious way to Carchemish, and the party who had followed Jeremiah in his anti-Egyptian policy must have been inclined to feel that God Himself had forsaken them, since might had thus been allowed to conquer right.

They did not, however, give in at once. They took Josiah's second son, Jehoahaz or Shallum—the eldest had cast in his lot already with the Egyptian aristocracy—and by a popular movement, probably roused to enthusiasm for the memory, and therefore for the policy of the beloved King who had 'done judgment and justice,' the 'people of the land' rose and set Jehoahaz on the throne. This reign lasted for only three months. Necho returned, after taking Carchemish, carried the young King who represented the Chaldæan alliance away to 'Riblah in the land of Hamath,' imposed a heavy tribute, and set Josiah's eldest son, Jehoiakim, the Egyptian sympathiser, on the throne, and a new rule began.

The lamentation which the chronicler tells us of, as if it had been handed down to his day with Jeremiah's name traditionally attached, does not exist in the book of Jeremiah. Probably it was a popular national song, perhaps in the style of the Carchemish lyric of ch. xlvi., and may have been so well known on the lips of the people that it was not thought needful to preserve it with the rest. It is easy, however, to imagine how severe a blow this great catastrophe must have been to Jeremiah. The belief of generations in the connection between goodness and temporal success must have made it especially trying to his faith to see the defeat and death of one whom he must have regarded as the champion of Jehovah, and his place taken by the arbitrary, cold-hearted, selfish, tyrannical Jehoiakim, who shows a stubborn and deliberate antagonism to the religion of which Jeremiah was the exponent, which reminds us a little of William Rufus. Perhaps it was owing to the crushing effect of the blow that we find the Prophet silent during these national troubles, probably 'learning in suffering' what he was hereafter 'to teach,' if not in song, in the utterance of prophetic inspiration.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Arachne. Here is a book to be read in deep earnest.

Spider. Miss Wordsworth's *Illustrations of the Creed* (Rivington). Is not she the Principal of Lady Margaret Hall?

A. Yes; it and its daughter, St. Hugh's, are the women's colleges which endeavour above all to secure that, when women receive a university education, their secular learning should not swamp religious training.

S. Is that so very difficult?

A. Yes; in the keen intellectual interests of the place, to which girls come with a certain emancipation from home habits and influences, and often with a very shallow sub-structure of religious knowledge to meet the various novelties of opinion, and the new impressions of the place.

S. But is it a good thing?

A. So far as it is well that those who have the opportunity should cultivate their powers to the uttermost, and avail themselves of all advantages. But it is not advisable unless there are real powers, and it is not a thing to be done because it is the fashion; but when a girl has the taste, strength, and application to profit by such instruction, it is well for her to have it. Only it should be well enforced on all those concerned in education, that a thorough previous religious training in intellectual, historical, and devotional theology is the best safeguard a girl can have before she is launched into this Athens of Oxford, where all are telling and hearing some new thing—where sceptical and semi-sceptical opinions are broached and discussed in conversation, in popular literature, and even, alas, in sermons! And the actual mental work is so severe, and so much takes up time and brains, that there is no time then to think the matter out, and go beyond the surface.

S. But would you have one study sceptical objections beforehand?

A. No; but I would have the fabric raised so strongly that the objections should beat against it in vain, and this may certainly be done if the Sunday hours, and a certain proportion of the week-day ones, are properly employed before a girl is eighteen or nineteen, and her interest in and affection for sacred subjects be awakened. These short readings are thoroughly fitted for an intelligent person of either sex.

S. Are they controversial?

A. No; but intended to lay the foundation before controversy. They are based upon *Pearson on the Creed*, and Miss Wordsworth herself has had the preparation of growing up under the constant direction of her father, one of the most deeply learned of English divines. As Professor Shairp said of her: 'She was not brought up at

a ladies' college, and the real highest education is to be brought up under the shadow of a great mind and heart as she was.' This book dwells on each article of the Apostles' Creed in detail, bringing much of modern thought and enlightenment to bear upon it, often with extreme beauty. For instance, let me read you this:—'Some of us may have thought of the Book of Genesis and the Book of Revelation, standing at the two extremes of the Bible, as a sunrise and sunset at the two extremes of the day. Both are instinct with the highest poetry; in both a kind of mysterious golden light glorifies, while it partially veils, those outlines which at other times would perhaps have been more definite, but less ideally beautiful. Both seem for us the threshold of the invisible, the unutterable and the incomprehensible, yet both speak to our deepest and inmost hearts with a solemn and affecting earnestness peculiar to themselves.' And again, the chapter upon the words 'His Only Son,' is very striking, showing the practical effect, in life and death, of the denial of the mystery of our Blessed Lord's Godhead. Again, the thought brought out from 'Our Lord' is wonderful: 'We mean,' the author says, 'that our Lord's relation to us is far more intimate than that which exists between God and the physical universe.' Then comes a quotation from Huxley, comparing man's struggle with the forces of nature to a game of chess; in which the man succeeds who plays well, but is unpityingly requited for the least mistake. Man alone in creation struggles against nature. She shows us the Prometheus of Æschylus as the type. Yet even he had hope of a Deliverer. He is silent as to the name, 'But it is on the lips of every little child to-day, as, with clasped hands and serious eyes, it stands beside its mother, and repeats, in small and silvery tones, the words, so full of sublimity, so full of tenderness, "I believe . . . in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."'

S. That is very beautiful.

A. Strengthening of faith by real study is most needful in these days. I should like to say to all young people, 'Make a great point of not frittering away your Sundays in any amusements your conscience or the family habits will allow; but take some religious subject, devotional or intellectual, and give it a proportion of your time. Even if you have to teach in Sunday-school, such reading is wanted, and it is so unlike your work there, that it is the change that is refreshment. The sceptical allusions and sneers lie about in so much of ordinary popular literature, in reviews and magazines, besides the miserably foolish talk of girls who wish to be startling, that it is better to be armed against them, as it is almost impossible to avoid them entirely.'

S. But one need not read them, knowing what they are beforehand.

A. Certainly not; but I fully believe that, though when an evil question or doubt is started, it is better to learn the answer to it, it is the will that really guards the intellect. The safety is in study of the perfect cohesion of the Scripture, and, above all, in living devotion

and faith. Then there is the witness within that cannot be staggered by a few attempts to pick holes in the outworks.

S. One hears of all that criticism of Scripture.

A. Of which it may be said, 'Neither so did the witnesses agree together.' No two do agree of all these enemies; and their suppositions would require the existence of such superhumanly astute forgers as would be far more miraculous than is the fact.

S. Tell me of some more books.

A. Dawson Chapman's *Catechism of the Church of England* (S.P.C.K.) puts things in a ready and clear light that may be helpful to many.

S. This is hardly the time for new books.

A. We can, however, rejoice over the biographies which show us what men we have had within these last years.

S. You mean such as Gordon or Bishop Hannington?

A. There seems to have been, within our own generation, a really wonderful amount of great and good men. Think only of Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men*, besides Bishops Wilberforce and Wordsworth, Lord Shaftesbury in one line, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in another, Forster, Principal Shairp, young Rodolph de Lisle, and, we may hope, still living, Stanley. Many of the best biographies have lately been published in a smaller form. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's, also the life of the great Bishop George Augustus Selwyn, which has been re-written by Canon Curteis. Livingstone's and Gordon's are published in abridged form by Macmillan, and there are also two series of lives of statesmen in hand, one put forth by Macmillan, the other by Allen. I must own, however, that neither the lives of Henry V. nor Henry VII. strike me as quite so good as they might be.

S. And story books?

A. Mrs. Sharpe, by Miss Feilden, is a very clever story of a domineering woman, who has the faculty of over-mastering the better sense of whoever she comes across. They recoil afterwards, and dread her; but the moment they meet her she has them in hand again, though she is neither young nor beautiful. It is very clever, though perhaps the poor squire is a little too weak. The descent upon him, in his defenceless state, when he only wishes to be alone after losing his good wife, is really capitally done; but I am very sorry she makes her good man a Universalist.

S. Then there are two stories of Sara Tytler's that I have read lately.

A. There always is thought in them.

S. A Houseful of Girls is very good, especially the way the other sisters teased Dora out of finding out her love for her really good man, and the way in which that youngest sister could be both very clever and very silly. But I wish Miss Tytler would be more accurate. In this book she refers to Princess Elizabeth Stewart as actually apprenticed to the button-maker, and in the *Blackhall Ghosts* there are three great mistakes. She gives St. John a rabbit instead of a partridge, and speaks of '*les beaux yeux de sa casquette*.'

A. Instead of *casette?* Yes, *casquette* is the wicker frame French babies learning to walk wear round their heads. However, that may be only a misprint.

S. The other is worse; for she makes her vicar cite Job as having met with a spirit. Now it was not Job, but Eliphaz, and he distinctly says that it was in a dream, in deep sleep, so that it was no evidence of ghost-seeing awake.

A. Yes; that is an unjustifiable bit of carelessness where verification was so easy.

S. The story is on a good idea, of the daughter who carried her weak mother away from home to save her from a brutal father, finding when she returns that she has, after all, done irremediable harm. But the sister, Celia, is too horribly impudent and outrageous altogether to be in keeping, and Miss Tytler had better have kept to her Scotch and not attempted dialect.

A. Nobody can deal with dialect without being bred up in its country. You know Alice Weber's pretty story *In the Spring-time* is published again.

S. Yes; and there is a child's story of Alice Weber's, too, called *When I'm a Man*, which I think the best altogether that she has written.

A. Sunlight (Trubner) is an excellent scientific book on the action of Light on the universe. The writer holds that the changes, even earthquakes and volcanic action, are due, not to internal heat, but to natural sinking together of the earth through the action of water, friction causing the gases, when there is inflammable material, to burst out in flame; and there is also a very nice little book called *The Children's Faith*, by the Rev. Edward Osborne, published by Rivington. And I wish I had more time to recommend, as an admirable book of positive dogmatic teaching, Dr. Maclear's *Introduction to the Creeds* (Macmillan). It should be well and thoroughly studied as an excellent theological compendium. Here, too, is a letter about a good book:—*Last Words to Girls*, by Maria Grey (Rivington's), teaches us that from the youngest to the oldest, the dullest to the most brilliant, we are all simply preparing for service. It carries us step by step through the paths of obedience, attention, and the necessity of trust, till the school-life is ended, and the more difficult one of Life after school has begun. Here, we are warned 'that the petticoats be long enough to hide the blue stockings;' to let true womanliness add grace, and purity, and refinement of honour, to truth and strength of character. Thus we are bidden to be faithful in all work, to avoid fashionable lawlessness, to remember that in all our different callings our highest rank as children of God is to do with all our might the work He our Father has given us to do. The ultimate aim of true education, as Mrs. Grey tells us, is to learn to obey the highest and to love the best; to this education there is no finishing. It passes from Time to Eternity.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

DOES the imitation of our social betters lead to good or evil?

Chelsea China has received well-written papers from *Cotton Grass*, *Blackbird*, *Semibreve*, *Chalk-Hill-Blue*, *Marigold*, *I. M. D.*, and *Spermologos*. As Chelsea China entirely agrees with *Spermologos's* view, she will content herself for the present with the remark that if 'I am as good as you are,' is an undesirable thought, 'You are, you ought to be, and you *shall* be, worse than I am,' is, to say the least of it, no better. Differences there are, and must be, in *degree* between different ranks; but we have no right to suppose that there are differences of kind, or that the general course of improvement must stop at any particular point. The papers mostly argue in favour of a moderate amount of imitation of our betters, somewhat grudgingly granted. *Chalk-Hill-Blue's* is given as being the strongest on the unfavourable side. Chelsea China only asks what the writer supposes the daughters of small farmers do think about that would be better and safer than standard poets? Chelsea China believes that *Spermologos* has hit the golden mean; but a good hearty democratic answer to *Chalk-Hill-Blue* might give life to the debate, and should the subject be continued, extracts might be given from some of the other papers.

What a question! How can the humble followers of Chelsea China ever hope to cope with it? And yet, it is a social problem which presents itself at every turn nowadays. On every side, one sees people striving to seem what they are *not*. Small farmers ape the country gentleman. They drive smart dog-carts, they insist on the Esquire being tacked on to their names, their daughters go to boarding-school, talk French, study Chaucer and Spenser, and have too much 'education' (save the mark!) to do a hand's turn at any work connected with the farm.

The professional classes strive to be considered 'county,' and many is the heartburn because such and such a great lady has never called on Mrs. Jones, or has omitted to invite the Misses Jenkins to her last dance.

We are all straining after something out of our reach; we are all standing on tiptoe in the endeavour to make taller people believe

that we are on their level. And to what does all this tend? We deceive nobody, and what good does it do to either our minds or our bodies? The catechism (rather an old-fashioned book of reference, perhaps some may think) says that we should do our duty in that station of life to which it hath pleased God to call us.* People never, somehow, now seem to find time to discover which is their station and what their duties, so much are they engaged in trying to get into somebody else's station.

So far, so bad. Such a state of things may be very natural, but we can all see that it is wrong. But on the other hand, there are certain advantages to be gained by this state of emulation. The small farmer may make himself very ridiculous by his desire to pass himself off as a gentleman, but, at least, that feeling of *noblesse oblige*, which we none of us can define, but all feel more or less, keeps him from many low and undesirable habits which were formerly but too common amongst his class.

Anthony Trollope was very fond of scoffing at the desire of the middle classes to imitate their betters. But he often charged upon its shoulders burdens that were, after all, simply the effect of the vagaries of Dame Fashion. And I, for one, deny that the last-named lady owes her existence to pretension in any shape or form. We all experience a desire for change. It is an outcome of civilisation and of education. And we are all anxious not to differ from our neighbours. And then Dame Fashion steps in and shows us how to change and what to change to. Just imagine what a world this would be, if, for instance, we all dressed according to our own sweet will. No, no! I, for my part, wish to stand up for that much-maligned person, the Fashion. She is made up of good and bad, I will allow. But who isn't? This very desire to imitate our social betters, from which this digression sprang, has component parts of good and evil. People and things are very much alike, and perfection is unattainable in this world. All we can do is to strive after the best, and if we succeed in keeping from the worst we ought to thank humbly the Author of all good, and pray that He will help us all, the strong as well as the weak, to fight the Battle of Life.

CHALK-HILL-BLUE.

Imitation of social betters is, like chivalry, one of the world's substitutes for the true spirit of Christianity. As the perfect Christian is the perfect knight, so is the perfect Christian the perfect gentleman or gentlewoman. But as a matter of fact, human nature is such that the warrior without the stimulus and restraint of chivalry became a ruffian, so the person devoid of the example of and emulation towards superiors is apt to sink into coarseness and barbarism. As a matter of fact, a society,

* Does it say so?—Chelsea China.

where social superiority is lacking, degenerates into a contented condition of rudeness, and the lower forms of self-indulgence, sometimes with money-getting superadded, sometimes with the mere delight of the 'dolce far niente.' The Boers of South Africa, and some of our own factory districts, or villages where there are no resident gentry, show this tendency.

'Social betters' come from a wider field, they bring with them a higher standard, better taste, and a sense of refinement, which the susceptible accept for its excellence and loveliness, the vain and frivolous out of ambition. But after all, both sorts are improved by the introduction, and lifted up.

Of course there are the miseries of blind imitation, sometimes of an absolutely bad example, as—to take a strong instance—when Louis XIV. demoralised almost all the princes and nobles of Europe. Or there is the ambitious extravagance that ruins whole families, though this is more apt to come of vieing with equals than imitating superiors. Absurdities may be perpetrated, there may be apings of appearances and neglect of essentials, especially when there are mischievous or ridiculous examples; but, take it for all in all, imitation of the upper class has worked for good, and has been the chief instrument of civilisation in the masses.

Coming to individuals, religious principle first, and secondly common sense, have to be called in as judges of what is to be imitated. But it is needful to be very lenient in our judgment of what seems to us the manifestation of ambitious aspiration, when it is really an endeavour at refinement.

Forks, tea, umbrellas, have all been denounced as absurd refinements. We recollect the old Highlander who kicked the snowball from under his son's head as a vain luxury; but we do much the same when we find fault with the railway guard's wife for keeping a parlour with Edith's prize books on a round table, and perhaps her piano. Observe, if proper sleeping room be sacrificed, if there be a debt incurred, or there be no judicious saving—if Edith have no real love for music, or if she play when she ought to be useful—the imitation is blind, and the act mistaken and wrong in the individual family. Yet altogether it is well that Mrs. Railway Guard's mind in general should be directed to the keeping of a little temple of refinement in her home, rather than to mere eating, drinking, and dressing, or hoarding like her French contemporary, who lives in a hovel in order to save. The institution of parlour and piano have filtered through infinite links—mechanics, farmers, tradesfolk of all degrees—and though each generation murmured as the lower step adopted it, has not the general effect been a lifting above mere animal enjoyment? The danger is lest the flesh be only exchanged for the world.

SPERMOLOGOS.

The Claims of Friendship.

Two more papers have been sent in by *Spermologos* and *Elcaan*.

The whole question appears to Chelsea China to be part of the much wider one, which has been already discussed in various forms, how to adjust the claims of the individual self to those of others. No general solution can be given to this problem. Difference of circumstances, as *Spermologos* truly says, and still more difference of age, alter the conditions of it. Unselfishness and self-control are needful in all cases; but that each soul has a right to its individual affections, which were not intended to be bounded by the family circle, cannot be denied.

There is no law of nature that brothers and sisters, or even parents and children, are to be *all* to each other. That is as false a view of life as the one that the ties of friendship should be exclusive in the same sense as those of husband and wife, and equally likely to lead to unreasonable claims, and vain efforts to fulfil them.

Elcaan's paper is interesting, but too long for insertion. *Spermologos's* is given; Chelsea China considers that all the cautions which have been given as to the difficulties attending ardent friendships apply with infinitely greater force to such relations between men and women, where marriage is out of the question. And if the friendship is not of an ardent character on either side, the safety of it is surely a matter of course.

Has the inequality of friendships been enough considered in the answers? I do not mean in station, but situation. The solitary girl depends far more on her friend than the member of a large congenial family can on any outsider. The one has to guard against being exacting and jealous, and to *know* that she must be content to give more than she can receive; the other must make her affection, even if enthusiastic, subordinate to family claims. It is altogether a matter of balance and self-control, often adjusted by experience. But on the whole it will generally turn out that she who makes her friend a nuisance to her family will drop her when marriage has given more absorbing interests, while the more balanced nature will find heart for both friend and family through life. The well-regulated spirit, too, will be able to have friendships with men, quite apart from sentiment on the one hand, or Pope-culture on the other. After all, it is only the old story. Self-control is the way of safe enjoyment of all blessings.

Spermologos.

SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

Is it well to be stern in our judgment and dealings with those who forfeit our esteem?—*Arachne.*

Chelsea China thanks all suggesters of subjects, and also, and most especially, the correspondent who would like to see Debatable Ground re-published. That seems hardly desirable; but it is very pleasant to feel that the discussions are of use.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before November 1st.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

IV.

EVEN in French writers of the Middle Ages we perceive those qualities which by-and-by made French the clearest and most epigrammatic of living tongues. It is true that as yet it lacked that polish and concision which later it attained; even De Commines, whose style is much more studied than that of his predecessors, is lengthy and jerky; but, on the other hand, the French of that day had a raciness and vigour allied to that of our best Elizabethan writers. No one has ever given such a genial translation of Froissart as did Lord Bowers. Unfortunately these qualities disappeared in proportion as the language fell more and more into the hands of scholars. In the sixteenth century written French altered very much under the influence of Italy, now glorying in her three great authors, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and that of classic writers, both Greek and Latin, introduced to modern Europe by the learned men who fled from Constantinople, when the imperial city was taken by the Turks in A.D. 1453. Swarms of foreign words were dragged in, some of which took root, such as 'courtesan,' 'charlatan,' 'carosse,' and many more, all dating from the time of Catherine de Medici, when everything Italian, the habit of poisoning an enemy included, was in fashion at Court.

If this had been all, it might merely have enriched the language; but there was an absurd desire to replace terms already existing by new-fangled Italian ones, and the fashionable world talked of 'baster,' instead of 'suffire,' 'la première volte' instead of 'la première fois.' Much more serious was the effort made by the leading scholars of the day to destroy the national character of French by a close imitation of classic models, and the wholesale introduction of Greek and Latin words. This project was urged by Jean du Belloy in his inappropriately named 'Défense et Illustration de la Langue française,' where he also bids poets cast aside the rondeau and the dizain, and such trivial forms of verse, and betake themselves to the Horatian, etc. Mistaken though he was in the way in which he would have worked out his system, his aim was sound; he sought to reform and strengthen rather than to alter the language, and his advice that his countrymen should study long and patiently before publishing, instead of being satisfied with having nothing worth saying in nine verses, so long as in the tenth there is 'le petit mot pour rire,' was very much to the point.

Du Belloy was one of the group of seven scholars known as the 'Pléiade,' who devoted themselves to the improvement of their own language, and who did excellent work, in spite of some absurdity and blunders, which were greatly counteracted by the spring and energy which filled French literature at the time. Du Belloy has a special interest for English readers because an infinitely greater poet than he, our own Spenser, thought his 'Ruins of Rome' worth translating. It is to be feared that most English readers know as little of the translation as of the original. The 'Envoy' shows that Spenser counted Du Belloy as a true poet—

'Belloy, first garland of free poesy
That France brought forth, tho' fruitful of brave wits,
Well worthy thou of immortality,
That long hast travelled by thy learned wits,
Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decays;
Needs must he all eternity survive,
That can to others give eternal days.
Thy days therefore are endless, and thy praise
Excelling all that ever went before;
And after thee 'gins Bartas high to raise
His heavenly muse th' Almighty to adore.
Live, happy spirits! th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never-dying fame.'

Du Belloy was not merely a scholar, but a great noble and an ardent Huguenot statesman, whose voice was heard and listened to in every German Court where the anti-Spanish policy of France could be advocated.

Du Bartas, whose name is introduced into the 'Envoy,' was the author of the 'Divine Sepmaine,' or 'Work of Creation,' a poem which, though containing really eloquent passages, seems very dull to the modern reader; yet Bacon and Milton both studied and admired his writings, as well as Spenser. He, like Du Belloy, was a fervent Huguenot, while most of the 'Pléiade' were either free-thinkers, or, at least, strongly dashed with the lax indifference of the Renaissance to faith and conscience. To him the Roman Catholic party opposed Ronsard, a very favourite poet at the Court of Charles IX., where he lived much more than at his abbey of Crois Val. His own party hailed him as 'Prince of Poets,' a title which, indeed, was very generally conceded him out of France as well as in it, and for half a century Ronsard inspired all French literature, though he is now as little read as his rival, Du Bartas. It was greatly owing to him that the natural flow of French poetry was checked; though, of course, had there been a strong poetical vent in the nation, this check could only have been temporary. As it was, he succeeded in imposing classic models on France for the next two hundred years, with disastrous effect, although he himself had real poetic gifts and enthusiasm, but enthusiasm unenlightened and misdirected. Like the rest of the 'Pléiade,' he broke with the literature of the past, as in England and the

generation who followed Milton. Such violent divorce is always an ominous sign, and brings its own punishment. We may be thankful that Ronsard did not influence language as he did poetry, when we find him and his school bringing in such horrible words as *oligochronien*, *ocymore*, *vindiquer*. Happily the ingrained French sense of the ridiculous was soon touched by these wholesale affectations, and Malherbe stood up and protested against it, and in favour of genuine French words.

Another member of the 'Pléiade,' Jodelle, brought in the Alexandrine line as the only medium of serious verse, and set the fashion in tragedy for a couple of hundred years with his 'Cléopatre Captive,' which was acted by the 'Pléiade' before Henri II., his Court, and all the illustrious men of the day during the carnival of A.D. 1552. A tragedy being inappropriate to the season, they also acted a comedy written also by Jodelle, called 'Eugène, ou la Rencontre.' So great was their success that they took Jodelle home in a triumphant procession, seized on a he-goat, crowned it with a chaplet of ivy, and sacrificed it in honour of Jodelle, while Ronsard improvised a pæan to Bacchus. The peasants of Arcueil, where Jodelle lived, hearing of this, were vastly scandalised, declaring that a heathen and idolatrous ceremony had taken place, and the 'Pléiade' would have fared ill had the king not protected them.

Jodelle boasted that he wrote 'Cléopatre' in a fortnight, and 'Eugène' in four mornings. His fame might have been more lasting had he spent a longer time upon them; there are fine lines and even fine passages, but the plots are of the slightest, and the style is careless. In the first scene of 'Cléopatre,' the ghost of Antony appears, lamenting his own woes and predicting his death; Cleopatra then enters with two slaves, who implore her to live; a chorus of Alexandrian women lament over the ills of life and the fleetingness of all pleasure. Next, we have Octavius, bent on leading the Egyptian queen in his triumph, and the chorus lament over the woes brought about by pride. After this there is an interview between the conqueror and his captive; her fascinations fail to move him, as do her offers to reveal where her treasures are hidden. Seleucus taunts her with intent to give up only a part of her wealth, and the chorus laments the ingratitude of courtiers; then we have Cleopatra swearing before the tomb of Antony that she will soon rejoin him, after which her suicide is described, and the chorus sings a hymn in her honour.

'Eugène' is not much better as to composition, and is extremely immoral. It is strange to find an abbé the hero of it in days when the Church had full power to protect herself. Later it would have been held impossibly bad taste to bring an ecclesiastic into a comedy. Jodelle degraded such talent as he had by taking money to write, after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, against Coligny, and died as he had lived: 'la vie ayant été sans Dieu,' wrote a contemporary, 'la fin

fut aussi sans lui, c'est à dire très misérable et espouvantable . . . despirant et maugréant son Créateur avec blasphèmes et hurlements espouvantables.'

A far more graceful writer is 'le gentil Belleau,' as his friends called him; his 'Avril' still appeals to the modern reader, partly from its prettiness and partly from its tripping measure. Here are a few verses of it—

'Avril, l'honneur et des bois
Et des mois;
Avril, la douce espérance
Des fruicts qui sous le coton
Du bouton
Nourissent leur jeune enfance.

Avril, c'est la douce main
Qui du sein
De la nature desserre
Une moisson de senteurs,
Et de fleurs;
Embausmant l'air et la terre.'

But, of all the verses written by the 'Pléiade,' none can compare to Ronsard's—

'Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers et vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étois belle.

Lors vous n'aurez servante ayant telle nouvelle,
Desjà sous le labeur à demi sommaillant,
Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aille resveillant,
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je serai sous la terre, et fantosme sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos:
Vous serez au fouyer une vieille accroupie!

Regrettant mon amour et votre fier desdain,
Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain;
Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.'

His 'Mignonne, allons voir si la rose . . .' is quite as graceful, recalling our own Herrick, and suggesting that Ronsard has been the model for some of Sully Prud'homme's charming verses in our own day. It is a proof of how unfixed the French language still was, that as yet every writer of mark made his own style and vocabulary, as to a great extent was until of late years still the case in Germany. Ronsard's idiom is quite unlike that of Marot; Rabelais', that of Montaigne. It was a period of ferment both in thought and politics; prose was coming to the front, poetry falling into the background. The language was fast simplifying itself; by the sixteenth century the lingering Latin declension had disappeared, and *s* became the sign of the plural; the characteristic *t* which ended every third person of the verb, a fragment of a lost personal pronoun, vanished from the first conjugation; *il parlet* became *il parle*, but

the present participle was still regarded as an adjective, so that Lafont could write—

'Et les petits en même temps,
Voletants et culbutants.'

The rule of making the past participle agree with a régime preceding it came in, and words began to be agglomerated, e.g., *dores en avant* becoming *dorénavant*, and *des ores mais*, *désormais*. Locutions now confined to the peasantry were still used by polished writers. 'J'avons espérance,' wrote François in a letter, and there was a curious softening of words, 'chouse' being said and written instead of 'chose,' etc., probably under Italian influence which lasted down to the time of Henri Quatre, when everything Spanish came into fashion; the courtiers swore Castilian oaths, and used Spanish words until Sully wrathfully declared that the whole court was Spaniardised.

There were not wanting learned men who protested against these affectations, and against what was much more serious because it went much deeper, too close imitation of classic models. Henri Estienne showed that French need not bow to Latin or Greek in his 'Précellences de la Langue française,' and that literary dictator Malherbe deliberately set himself to overthrow all that the 'Pléiade' had done. Born in the sixteenth century, he yet in spirit entirely belonged to the seventeenth, and was clear, prosaic, and arrogant. When the Princesse de Conti told him she was going to show him some of the most beautiful poetry ever written, which she was sure he did not know, he replied, 'Excuse me; I must have seen it, for, if these are really the finest verses ever written, they must be my own.' Such a speech shows a robust belief in himself, but then, though a versifier, he had a very poor opinion both of poets and poetry. He did one good service to French by banishing the strange and unhappy words dragged in by Ronsard and his school; and, though unworthy to be named on the same page as a poet with that Ronsard whom he utterly despised, he did excellent work by showing that writing well is an art requiring real study, choice of words, and logical sequence of ideas. Balzac was his disciple, Corneille and Lafontaine both owed him much, and his name ought never to be forgotten, though he never was more mistaken than when he wrote, 'Ce que Malherbe écrit dure éternellement!'

It has been well remarked by Roche in his 'Histoire des Principaux Ecrivains français' that eight authors mark and resume the progress made by the language in the sixteenth century. It acquired pliability, a rich vocabulary and vivacity in 'Rabelais'; Calvin gave it strength, precision, and limpid clearness; Montaigne made prose popular by his witty and lively style; Marot, first valet-de-chambre to Marguerite de Valois, and then to her brother, Francis I., delighted France by his poetry, and, though his metrical version of the Psalms brought him into suspicion and exile as a

heretic, it was so popular that Catherine de Medici and her ladies—save the mark!—used to sing them. Ronsard polished the language, and gave a stately grace to verse; Régnier introduced the satire, and in Bishop Amyot there is a certain classic charm united to great pithiness. His translation of 'Plutarch's Lives' must have been known to Shakespere, for in 'Antony and Cleopatra' we find a passage which *is* in Amyot's very fine version, and is *not* in Plutarch. Amyot's 'Lives' found a worthy translator in Lord North. It is a great pity that neither this fine work, nor that of Amyot, is accessible to the general reader, who probably hardly knows the very name of the writer of whom Vaugelas said, 'All the stores and all the treasures of the true French tongue are in the works of this great man, and we have scarce any noble or magnificent manner of speech that he has not bequeathed to us;' while Racine added, 'Plutarch has a grace in the ancient style of Amyot which I do not think can be equalled in our modern tongue, a sentiment echoed by Fénélon, who wrote, 'I find in the old speech of Amyot something terse, naïve, bold, and vivacious, which one regrets to have lost.'

FRENCH LITERATURE.—IV.

Questions for October.

20. Explain the influences which modified French in the sixteenth century.

21. Who composed the 'Pléiade'; state their aim and method, and how far they succeeded or failed.

22. Quote the lines of Boileau ('Art Poétique,' Chant I.) condemning Ronsard. Are they just?

23. Give a translation in prose or verse of Ronsard's 'Quand vous serez bien vieille.'

24. Show Malherbe's aim and how it suited the tendency of the time.

25. What were the gains and losses of the French language in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries?

26. On what grounds has the sixteenth century been called the palmy time of both poetry and prose in France?

27. Name and briefly characterise its best writers.

Marks for August.

Cripps	70	Iris	55
Lambda	65	Feu Follet, L.	50
M. M. C. C., Hermione, Pertheiren	60	Les Verges	45
		Carlotta	30

Will Carlotta send address?

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Retrospect of the Councils.

Questions for October.

37. Define an Œcumenical Council; mentioning some Councils which failed to be such.

38. Mention the words which became Tests of Catholicity, and any Symbols adopted by the Six Councils.

39. Show how Arian, Nestorian, and Eutychian doctrines are condemned in the Athanasian Creed. (A Prayer-book may be used while answering this one question.)*

40. A Life of St. Gregory the Great.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by November 1st.

July Class List.

First Class.

Cocksmoor, Kentigern . . . 40	Decima, Countess . . . 33	Erica, Charissa, Verena . . . 31
Etheldreda . . . 39	Veritas	Heliodora, Portia, Cox
Speranza, Water Wagtail, Patience . . 38	Ierne, Violets, Fidelia	Vorwärts, Box . . . 30
De Maura . . . 37	Hispania . . . 32	
Polypodium . . . 35	Andromache (Miss Bill)	
Papaver . . . 34	Vivia	

Second Class.

Bluebell, Miss Muffet, Malacoda . . . 29	Hegesippus . . . 27	Espérance, Evelyn, Theodosius . . . 20
Cecilia . . . 28	Καθολικος, Trudel . . . 25	
	White Fox . . . 24	

Third Class.

King Cole . . . 19	Mervarid . . . 19	Elk . . . 7

Marks unfortunately omitted from June Class List:—

Snapdragon . . . 26	Decima . . . 24

* No question as to the earlier date of the Creed is involved, as the germs of the two latter heresies existed previously in the Schools of Antioch and Alexandria, and are undoubtedly met by the Creed.

REMARKS.

25. The Fall of the North African Church is given most thoughtfully by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, *Polypodium*, and *Hispania*. A deeper cause for it should have been sought by *Verena* and *Hegesippus*, than the external ones of the Vandal invasion and the Persecution (sweeping and continuous though it might be). The hideous moral degradation of Christians in the great towns was a surer cause than the Vandals. But *Cocksmoor* alone alludes to their failure to be a missionary church. The Moors in their midst remained heathen, and polluted the Christians with their impious rites. And the barbarous tribes to the South seem to have been left to themselves till the confessors under Genseric fled among them. Had these races been converted long ago, the African Church might have found a shelter among them till better times. But the conversion of Africa is left to our own century, and North Africa remains a warning to all Churches who would not have their candlestick removed. 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.' *Vorwärts*, *Countess*, *Andromache:* St. Cyril of Alexandria and Clemens Alexandrinus did not belong to the African Church. Egypt was a part of the Eastern Empire, Africa of the Western. *Mervarid* hopelessly confuses East and West. *Elk:* The fall of the African Church and the rise of Eutychianism happened at the same time, and had no connection with each other. *Andromache:* No Canon of Chalcedon gives supremacy to Rome.

26. The Rise of Eutychianism is best done by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, and *Patience*. *Elk* should give fuller answers; the rise of Eutychianism, with the heresy left out of it, is defective. *De Maura* is right; Eutyches is called seventy at the time of his appearance before Flavian in 448. Seventeen years before (when fifty-three or a little more, if seventy means septuagenarian) he accompanied Dalmatius to the Emperor. The 'fifty years' of retirement in the monastery seems to be passed on to Eutyches by Crake, from his older friend Dalmatius; still, monks of five years old were not wholly unknown. *Bluebell:* He was not at the Council of Ephesus in 431. *Malacoda:* Not 'frequently,' but once only had he left his monastery. *Hispania:* He was not condemned for denying 'Two Persons' in Christ; the orthodox did that; he denied Two Natures after the Incarnation.

27. The Latrocinium is well done by all, especially *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Speranza*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Charissa*, *Violets*, *Countess*, *Polypodium*, *Patience*, *De Maura*, *Heliodora*, *Portia*, *Vivia*, and *Box*. *Mervarid* should not include the Council of Chalcedon under the heading *Latrocinium*.

28. Best lives of St. Leo by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, and *Andromache*. Leo's very important interviews with Attila in 452, and Genseric in 455, are omitted by *Speranza*, *Hegesippus*, Καθολικος,

Trudel, Evelyn, and *Theodosius*. *Cecilia:* It was Attila, not Alaric, who was King of the Huns; and Leo's are not the first extant writings of a Bishop of Rome. We have St. Clement's Epistle to the Corinthians. *Bluebell:* The date of his Pontificate is 440, not 449. *Mervarid:* What St. Leo did about Confession was to substitute private confession of sin to a priest, for the same confession of individual sins made in public before everybody, which had become unedifying. General public confession, such as in our daily and Communion Offices, has always been used as well. *Vivia:* St. Leo was not at Chalcedon, and so far was he from calling that Council, that he tried to prevent its being summoned. *Box:* No Pope ever sat in an Œcumenical Council. It should be noticed that when the Holy See put forth its claim to Supremacy by the mouth of Leo, no one knew anything about it. It astonished Africa, Gaul, and the East. It was never submitted to even in Gaul till much later. If it were Apostolic, none of the Apostles seem to have taught it to the Churches they founded. We shall see that Leo's legates (after a fashion) presided at Chalcedon. Had Leo been there, undoubtedly he would have presided, as the first Patriarch in Christendom; it was no great wonder that his legates were courteously given the same place. But Primacy must never be confounded with Supremacy. It is as one member observes, very consoling to us in our Anglican position, to note that there is no sign of Papal Supremacy being exercised, or claimed in earnest, before the middle of the fifth century; the present autocracy was not dreamed of for another thousand years.

Heliodora must not write on both sides of her paper. Members are again begged to write and spell correctly. Some of the best papers are disgraced by such errors as 'spoked' for 'spoken.'

It has been suggested that a holiday month is desirable. If the Society goes on next year, Bog-Oak will do as the members wish. Will they put 'yes' or 'no' at the end of the October papers, and if 'yes,' then which month? Bog-Oak reserves a casting vote.

Subscriptions received from *Patience*, *Λαμβδα*, and *Andromache*.

Notices to Correspondents.

R., who sent an advertisement, with payment, is requested to send her address, which has been mislaid.

C. H. would be glad if some one would tell her the rest of the words of the poem, or poems, where these occur—

'What is my duty? The claims of to-day.'

'Know that each duty makes its claim
Upon one soul, not each on all.
How, if God speaks thy brother's name,
Dare thou make answer to the call?'

'A place in the ranks await you,
Each man has his part to play,
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.'

Emma.—The words

'They say what they say: Let them say,'

are often found on old rings. And the Greeks had—

Λέγουσιν ἃ θέλουσιν Λεγέτωσαν.

But I cannot give the origin of this.

L. S. D., *Sarum.*

It is the motto of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and is thus inscribed over the gateway—

'They say
Quhat say they
Let yame say.'

The tradition is that the Keiths had incurred odium by seizing the Abbey lands of Deer, and that when giving charter and site for the College in 1592, the Earl Marischal thus expressed his views of public opinion.

Lucciola.

A. E. asks where to find—

'Thou comest not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee.'

A. E.—The cards had once Spanish names. The Kings were David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles; the Queens, Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas. Argine is an anagram of Regina. The Knights or Knaves were named from famous warriors. La Hire and Xaintrailles both fought in the 100 years war. Ogier was a famous hero of Carlovingian romance. The four orders were men of the choir, *Coro;* of the sword, *Espada;* merchants, of the tile, *Quadrillo;* peasants of the club, *Basto.* The Spanish cards have chalices, swords, square tiles, and sticks. In the progress through France they became *chœurs, piques, carreaux,* and *trèfles.* The *chœur* (choir) was confounded with *cœur,* and figures as a heart; the *pique,* or lance-head, was adopted instead of the sword; the trefoil instead of the stick for the peasant. England took the

heart and the lance-head, but called the latter, by a corruption of the Spanish name, Spade; termed the square tile a Diamond, and, while adopting the French trefoil, called it by the old Spanish name translated into *Club*.

M. F. P. would be obliged to any one who would tell her the names of some interesting modern Italian novels and biographies.

Wordsworth's line—

'Light that never shone on sea or land,'

is in the poem 'On a Picture of Peel Castle.'

Amidst the multitudes of appeals on behalf of worthy objects that press from all quarters on the liberality of Church people, an apology is needed for an appeal that comes before the public claiming 'urgency.' That apology in the present instance will probably be most fittingly framed in a brief history of the School. It was opened seven years ago in union with that large and important group of schools in the Midlands, known under the general title of S. Mary and S. John of Lichfield; known more familiarly perhaps as S. Chad's, Denstone, and in common with these schools was founded on the principle of offering a sound education in secular matters on the foundation of thorough training in Church doctrine and practice.

The distinctive feature of the School is the class it is intended to reach. It was opened as an experiment to see if it were possible to offer to the daughters of gentlemen of small means, farmers and tradesmen, board, lodging, and thoroughly good education and training for the small sum of £21 a year. It is obvious that if such a scheme could be made to succeed financially, that is, could pay its own way without being in any sense a charity school, it must prove a great boon to that very large class of parents, who, while they shrink, for many and obvious reasons, from sending their daughters to a National or Board School, are yet unable to afford the expense of a good boarding-school.

The venture, having been set on foot in a hired house, proved from the first a success. It was entirely self-supporting, and very soon the house was full and additional accommodation had to be secured by renting some neighbouring cottages, to meet as far as possible the many applications for admission. Fifty boarders are at present received and are accommodated in these makeshift quarters, further applications having to be refused for lack of space. As soon as the success of the scheme seemed assured, efforts were made to obtain a site for permanent buildings, and as a result of those efforts a piece of ground admirably adapted for the purpose was secured and paid for close to the sister school of S. Anne, and the school Chapel, the use of which the two schools have in common. The site being obtained, it becomes imperative that the buildings on it should be commenced if possible at once; the present temporary quarters, besides being over full, afford totally unsuitable accommodation alike for working, recreation, and sleeping. The lack of proper class-rooms presses especially on the ladies who have the charge of the school. And the constant applications for admission seem an urgent call to do all that can be done to meet them by affording additional room.

Mr. Carpenter, the Architect, has drawn out plans for a building which, when completed, will accommodate 100 pupils. He has studied economy in his estimate as far as is compatible with good workmanship and a well-arranged plan, and the probable cost of the whole will be between £8,000 and £10,000, but he is prepared to have his idea carried out in sections as far as funds will admit, and this appeal, while not losing sight of the whole scheme, pleads more especially for help to enable the first section of the work to be taken in hand at once. Already £1,400 has been given or promised, and it is a source of satisfaction that the school itself, by careful housekeeping, is able to head its own subscription list with £63, the result of its own savings and a pledge that it has done its best for itself before appealing to others.

With from £2,000 to £3,000 a start could be made; but, as it is a rule of the schools in union with S. Chad's, Denstone, that nothing shall be begun for which the money is not already in hand, the friends of Church education are asked, and asked very earnestly, by contributing sums, large or small, to enable the order to issue for at least the first section of the building. Is it too much to ask that friends of Church Educatiou will make an effort to raise £500 before October 3rd, when the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram has kindly consented to lay the first stone of the building?

In conclusion, it must be apparent to all that to such girls as S. Mary's is striving to benefit a sound religious training and a thoroughly good practical education must be the greatest blessing that can be offered; and more especially is this apparent to those on the spot, who see the effect of that training in elevation of character as the children respond to the Church teaching and homelike influences around them. Girls who for the most part will have to work their own way in a world where the struggle for a livelihood is so hard, start at a great disadvantage unless they have received a good grounding, are neat and skilled needlewomen and book-keepers, and, in fact, have been trained to teach others in a practical manner. All these things are carefully and successfully aimed at in the schoolrooms of S. Mary's, whence many high-minded young women have already gone out to the battle of life.

Subscriptions, payable at once or annually in five years, may be sent to the Lady Warden, S. Anne's, Abbots Bromley, Rugeley. Cheques, etc., payable to order of Alice M. Coleridge.

H. E. Victor,
Chaplain.

Abbots Bromley,
August 15, 1889.

Mottoes found on Houses, etc.

'Ut migraturus habita.
Nunc mea, nunc hujus; postea nescio cujus
Janua patet. Cor magis.
Non quam late, sed quam læte habites refert.'

For a rectory house:

'Non rego nisi regar.'

On Castle Ashby, and on a house at El Bara, near Antioch:

'Dominus custodiat introitum tuum et exitum tuum: ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.'—*Ps.* cxx.

Wymondham, Norfolk:

'Nec mihi glis servus, nec hospes hirundo.'

On an old house in Edinburgh:

'East, west, home is best.'

At Millbeck Hall, Underskiddaw:

'Tecum habita,
Quorsum vivere? Mori,
Mori? Vivere.'

'Præcipe domui tuæ.'—4 *Reg.* xx.

For a clergy house:

'Liber laicorum, vita clericorum.'—*Synod of Tours*, A.D. 1537.

'Ad serviendum venisti non ad regendum.'—*De Imit. Christi*, I. xvii. 2.

'Non est aliquis ordo tam sanctus,
Nec locus tam secretus, ubi non
Sint tentationes vel adversitates.'—*Id.* I. xiii. 2.

Under a crucifix in the Prioress's Room in the old Dominican House at Clifton:

'Labour, labour, labour;
And I will do the rest.'

Boughton House:

'Ne sis Argus foris et domi Talpa.'

'All household duties, loves, and joys,
Crosses, and cares are given
To train the sons of God to reach
Their Father's Home in Heaven.'

Cleeve Abbey, *temp.* Rich. II.:

'Porta patens esto,
Nulli claudaris honesto.'

Grafton Manor, Worcestershire:

'Plenti and Grase
Bi in this place.'

'While every man is pleased in his degree,
There is both Peace and Uniti.
Solomon saith, There is no accord
Where every man would be a lord.'

By Sir Lewis Watson, *temp.* Charles I., on a beam of the Hall of Rockingham Castle:

'The house shall ever be preserved,
And never will decay,
Where the Almighty God is served,
And worshipped day by day.'

In Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's house at Westminster:

'Hospes, in his foribus paulum dum sisteris ora;
Orantis fidei cœlica porta patet.'

FOR A DINING-ROOM.

'Bene comedatis et bene bibatis,
Et bene et devote Deo serviatis.'
S. Hugh of Lincoln, Girald. Camb., Dist. i. c. viii. p. 107.

'Sive manducatis, sive bibitis, omnia in gloriam Dei facite.'—1 *Cor.* x.

'Quisquis amat dictis absentem rodere amicum
Hanc mensam indignam noverit esse sibi.'—*S. Augustine.*

'Serve God and be cheerful.'—*Bishop Hackett.*

'Euthymias fons est bene convenire cum Deo.'
Refectory of ——, near Sidmouth.

'Vir racione bibas
Non quod petit atra voluptas;
Sic caro casta datur,
Vis linguæ suppeditatur.'
On the Cup, Oriel Coll., Oxon., temp. Edw. II.

FOR THE INSIDE OF A PULPIT.

'Cujus vita fulgur, ejus verba tonitrua.
Fare, Fac.'—*Motto of Fairfax.*

'Ut vitam habeant et abundantius habeant.'

'Unde vivo, inde dico:
Unde pascor, inde ministro.'—*S. Augustine.*

SUNDRY MOTTOES.

For a fishing-house:

'Vita bona est quasi esca,
Verbum quasi hamus.'

For a workhouse:

'Christo in pauperibus.'—*At Berne.*

Over a letter-box:

'Ab auditione mali non timebit,
Paratum cor ejus sperare in Domino.'—*Ps.* cxii.

On a conservatory:

'Exiguus spatio, variis sed fertilis herbis.'—VIRG. *Moretum.*

In a nursery, or school playground:

'Where christened children sport is holy ground.'

For a sacristy:

'Mundamini qui fertis vasa Domini.'—*Is.* lii.

For a gymnasium:

'Civium vires, civitatis vis.'

On the garden gate, Welwyn, Herts, Dr. Young, author of 'Night Thoughts,' wrote:

'Ambulantes in horto,
Audiebant vocem Dei.'

On a collection of autographs:

'Omnibus est nomen, sed idem
Non omnibus omen.'

L. S. D., *Sarum.*

DEAR MADAM,

I am disposed to think that as there is so much to be said for the views of both your correspondents on the subject of the 'Losses and Gains of Fifty Years,' the truth must lie between the two somewhat extreme conclusions at which they have arrived.

May I, at all events, in a very few words recount my own experience? I was brought up on the Spartan lines so valued by Miss Twining, and suffered quite as severely as your August correspondent, though in a different way. In looking back on my childhood, I feel very strongly two things.

First, I have suffered, and shall suffer all my life, from the effects of the repression and want of sympathy which cowed a naturally reserved and submissive disposition.

Secondly, I shall always be thankful for the habits of self-control, order and industry, which become a second nature under such discipline.

OVER FIFTY.

J.'s question is perhaps best answered thus—

HOUSE OF SAVOY.

Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy m. Anne Marie of Orleans, dau. of Henrietta Anne of England.

- Charles Emmanuel III., K. of Sardinia.
  - His great-granddaughter and co-heiress, *Mary Beatrice*, m. Francis IV., Duke of Modena, and died in 1840.
- Victor Philip, P. of Piedmont.
- Marie Adelaide, Duchess of Burgundy.
- Marie Louise, Queen of Spain.

(The present K. of Italy descends from the younger branch of Savoy-Carignan.)

HOUSE OF MODENA.

Francis III., Duke of Modena, m. Charlotte, dau. of Regent Orleans.

- Maria Fortuna, m. Louis P. de Conti, d. s. p.
- Ercole d'Este, D. of Modena, m. Maria Teresa de Massa-Carrara.
  - Beatrice, m. Archd. Ferdinand of Austria.
    - Francis IV., D. of Modena, m. Mary Beatrice of Sardinia, d. 1840.
      - Francis V., ex-Duke of Modena, d. s. p. 1875.
      - Victor, m. Elizabeth of Austria.
        - Mary Theresa, m. Louis of Bavaria.
      - Theresa, m. Henry V. of France.
      - Mary, m. Juan of Spain.
        - Carlos family.
- Matilda and Elisabeth, d. s. p.
- Charlotte, m. duc de Penthièvre.
  - Alexandre P. de Lamballe.
  - Louise, m. Philippe Egalité.
    - House of Orleans.

By this it will be seen the present Princess Louis of Bavaria not only represents the elder line of Savoy, and the Este of Modena, but

is lineal descendant and representative of the Stuart family, the elder line of England. By a strange fatality her two aunts married respectively the legitimist heirs of France and Spain. The heiress of the Stuarts has eleven children. *The Descendants of the Stuarts*, published about 1860, and still, I believe, in print, gives all these genealogies most elaborately.

Leslie.—Swithun sends the poem asked for in January—

IO VICTIS.

'I sing the Hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim,
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day;
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down on their failure, and all but their faith overthrown;
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun;
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of the day?
The Martyrs or Hero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?'

W. W. S. in 'Blackwood.'

M. W.—'They learn in suffering what they teach in song,' is from Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo.*

L. H. D.

E. B. would be very glad to know the author of two verses beginning and ending as follows—

'The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare,
As years on years roll by,' etc.

The Monthly Packet.

4 NOVEMBER, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ST. GEORGE.

CHERITON had to spend part of his evening in coming to an understanding with his 'fellow-aspirant,' as Jack, rather to his aggravation, called Humfrey Bevan.

His first proceeding was to swear him to secrecy as regarded Jack and Gipsy; for Humfrey, in his fervent admiration for Gwendolen, cared very little about the character of her father, an indifference that could not possibly be shared by any Lester, however passionately in love.

He further explained, that, in his opinion, the matter ought to be confided to the Miss Despards' trustees, and that they should be asked to advance the money to pay Mrs. Maxwell, security being given that it should be repaid for the benefit of their heirs.

This security, as far as Maisie's share was concerned, it was in Cheriton's power to give without difficulty, and out of money which he would otherwise have settled absolutely on his wife, so that no contingency of his own death or hers could affect it. Family property, he explained, he should not have thought himself justified in possibly alienating for such a purpose; but he had never spent all his income, and, even should the trustees refuse to be accommodating, the thing could be done. It would of course be so much finally out of Maisie's fortune.

Humfrey, who was not accustomed to feel responsible for large sums of money to his ancestors or to his descendants, did not quite appreciate these scruples, and secretly thought Cheriton rather cold-blooded for entertaining them. He gave into the proposal, however, so far as finding sufficient security to satisfy the trustees was concerned, and though he would not have found it easy himself to advance the money, it could be done by borrowing on a life insurance. Cheriton further

insisted that Mrs. Maxwell must be told of the transaction, that there might be no need of obtaining her signature on false pretences, or of allowing Henry Ingleston in any way to carry on a system of deceit.

'And now look here,' he said finally, 'I am going over to-morrow to tackle Ingleston. Let Gwendolen alone till I have done so, and till we can tell her how we have settled these points. Don't let her pledge herself to any wild renunciations, and then common sense will show her that her marriage will work for justice and not for injustice.'

'I don't want to owe her to common sense,' muttered Humfrey.

'I expect you'll owe a good deal to hers in the long run,' said Cheriton wickedly; but Humfrey took the speech for encouragement, and passed over the satire it contained.

When Henry Ingleston, on the next day, at the hour appointed, found himself face to face with Cheriton Lester, in the private room at the Paul's Warrendon Bank, he felt, as he expressed it himself, 'thoroughly up a tree.'

Cheriton meant to be lenient, as, indeed, he was pledged to be; but his wrath at the man who had so worked on Maisie's conscience, and his contempt for the shuffling excuses which Hal began to make, were hardly to be concealed; and his very courtesy of manner made him seem the more severe as he stood up by the mantelpiece evading the request to sit down, and mastering so much of his righteous indignation, that he did not know how much remained to point both his sentences and his looks. He asked short, searching questions, till the whole transaction was perfectly clear to him, and he was obliged to own the truth of Hal's faltering excuse, that he had acted under great pressure from Mr. Despard.

'So I understand,' said Cheriton, 'in the first instance; but I fail to see at whose suggestion you allowed your young cousins to place themselves in so false a position, why you permitted them to risk not only their happiness, but even their good name for your sake. *You* must have known the risk of the scheme you proposed to them, and I do not see who forced you to take advantage of their conscientious scruples.'

'It would be so fatal for my father to find out,' said Hal.

'Yes, to you,' said Cheriton; 'not to the Miss Despards.'

'I shouldn't think that you would yourself wish such a secret to be known of your wife's father,' said Hal, with more defiance.

'Since I have determined that it shall be made known to the person chiefly concerned, you may therefore perceive that I consider even secrecy less important than honesty,' said Cheriton.

He did not mean Hal to get capital out of his wish for secrecy; but spite of himself, there was a sting and flash in the tone in which he accented the word 'even,' that found its way through the thick self-love that buried Hal's self-respect. The Inglestons all thought a good deal of the Lester connection, and with that reflection of family feeling which is often found in the most unworthy members of a

worthy family, he suddenly felt it intolerable that this haughty fine gentleman should be ashamed of being connected with the Inglestons.

'You need not think,' he said violently, 'that no one else cares for honour and honesty. My father would have been the death of me if he had known it. The Inglestons have as good a name as your own.'

'I know it,' said Cheriton, with a change of tone. 'I have a great respect for your father; if this transaction is put an end to at once, it will never come to his ears, or to those of any one else.'

'It will if you insist on telling Mrs. Maxwell,' said Hal; 'she can't keep a secret.'

'I'm afraid it must be done,' said Cheriton; 'her securities must be accounted for in some way. I should be glad to think otherwise. I don't wish to underrate the—the discomfort of the situation for you.'

'But,' said Hal, turning his back, and evidently making his last appeal, 'it's not only that I am afraid of my father, but—but if my children—my boys should ever know——'

'If ever they should,' said Cheriton, dropping all his severity, 'if ever any old scandal should come to the ears of your little sons, they will also hear that, with much personal pain, you confessed and repented. We can none of us do more.'

'I had almost forgotten,' said Hal, with what he meant to be a compliment, 'that you were a parson.'

'I am afraid,' said Cheriton, 'that I have not found it easy to remember that I am more bound than most men to patience and consideration. What I have said has been from the most ordinary point of view; but you will perhaps allow me to say now that I fully feel that you cannot retract this false step without much regard to a higher one. I am sorry if I did your—your sense of right—injustice.'

'Who is to tell my aunt?' said Hal, silently yielding the point. 'Maisie would do it best—she likes her.'

'No,' said Cheriton again sternly, 'I could not allow that. They shall neither of them have any further hand in the matter.'

'Then do you mean to tell her?'

'I think, Mr. Ingleston,' said Cheriton, 'that it would be infinitely better if you told her yourself.'

Hal looked considerably taken aback. He did not see that Cheriton meant to show confidence in his power of telling the truth, and demurred considerably; but Cheriton continued—

'It will be much less of a shock to her from your own lips.'

'Well, at a favourable opportunity.'

'Excuse me, but I wish to be able to tell Miss Despard that the matter is settled. I am not hurried, and can wait your convenience.'

Hal had no alternative and departed, leaving Cheriton to the discomfort which always follows the sense of harshness, however salutary, in a tender nature. He sat down rather wearily and waited, feeling the wave of wrath rise up again when he recalled Hal's proposition of putting the confession upon Maisie. Suddenly the

door was flung open, and Mrs. Maxwell rushed in, followed at a distance by Hal.

'Mr. Lester! is it true that all my money has been taken out of the Bank and spent, and that Hal and the Despard girls have been all in a league to deceive me, only that you have told them you won't allow it?'

To see Mrs. Maxwell wrathful was rather like seeing an angry rabbit; it was so impossible to attribute any strong emotion to the weak and foolish woman, who certainly had no Ingleston strength about her.

'Sit down, Mrs. Maxwell,' said Cheriton politely and authoritatively, setting a chair for her. 'I assure you that you need not be at all alarmed about the safety of your capital. As for the Miss Despards, they have been doing their very best to undo their father's fault, and to replace the funds he most improperly took. If you feel, as I dare say you do, that they ought to have made the confession before, you must remember that they were young inexperienced girls, hampered by a promise to their dying father—and they have made sacrifice of much more than money in order to repay his debt.'

'Then I shall get it back again. Are you quite sure, Mr. Lester? You can't think how angry my brother would be with me if he knew I had taken it out of the—the Three per cents., wasn't it, where he advised me to put it? I am such a poor creature at understanding business, Mr. Lester!' and Mrs. Maxwell laughed in her own characteristically silly way.

'As far as I can assure you of anything,' said Cheriton, 'I can assure you that the whole sum will be safely restored to you as soon as the transaction can possibly be carried through; and it will be the kindest thing you can do to your nephew not to let the thing be breathed to any one else, including Mr. Ingleston. But when you have got it back and want to re-invest it, I should strongly recommend you to put it back in the same securities Mr. Ingleston advised you to put it in originally, or else to consult him about fresh ones. I am sure,' turning to Hal, 'you will agree with me that that is the best thing Mrs. Maxwell can do.'

'And meantime, Aunt Laura,' said Hal, 'do please remember that it will ruin me if you let it get about at all that there has been anything the matter. I'm sure you have no notion what I've gone through about the whole thing; and, after all, it was Despard who was most to blame. He over-persuaded me.'

'Well then,' said Mrs. Maxwell, 'why shouldn't we all put it upon him, poor man? it won't hurt him.' And she gave a feeble giggle. Hal rejoiced to see that her wrath was already diverted from his own head; but Cheriton looked sterner than before.

'Because,' said he, 'I think the Miss Despards, on whose behalf I am acting, can plead having gone through so much to save their father's name, and at the same time tasked themselves to repay your

debt, that you will see that you can't do less for them than pledge yourself to keep their secret.' He flushed hot as he remembered that he was, as it were, pleading for the covering of a disgrace which touched him personally, and went on again. 'Besides which, your nephew's share must become known if you attribute the deed to Mr. Despard, who could not have got at your capital without him.'

'Well, Mr. Lester, if you make so much of it, I'll do my best to keep the secret,' said Mrs. Maxwell benignantly; 'I am sure I should be sorry to ruin poor Hal, and so I suppose bygones must be bygones. We'll say no more about the matter. But,' she added, after a moment's pause, 'the girls should have confided in me.'

'They were not allowed to be free agents,' said Cheriton, in a tone that Hal felt in his bones.

Cheriton then proceeded scrupulously to explain to Mrs. Maxwell the means by which he hoped that the money would be replaced, and the security that could be given to her, endeavouring to make her clearly understand the whole transaction. But whether he succeeded in doing more than make her feel that he was personally responsible may be doubtful. He also made her, or at least Hal, understand that should the trustees refer to them, they must be prepared with a statement of facts. She begged him to come into the house and see Marcia, who would be dreadfully disappointed if he went away without saying a word to her; and though he would much rather not have entered Hal Ingleston's house, he thought it best, for the preservation of the secret, to act as if it did not exist.

And all the time that he was replying to Marcia's eager questions about Maisie, and noticing the children kindly, he was feeling that this was the home that the two poor girls had given up for honour's sake. He recognised that with whatever characteristic differences, and with whatever shortcomings, the keeping of the secret at all on the part of two young women, had shown a rare and unselfish courage, and he fully realised all that Gwendolen, the really responsible one, must have gone through.

He felt as if civility to the poor-spirited being, who had taken advantage of their perplexity, was almost impossible to him; but the two little boys had clambered on Hal's knees, and the baby girl in the chair behind him was kissing his ear and slapping it alternately. He met his visitor's stern glance with a look of shame-faced appeal; and Cheriton's heart softened, and, as he rose to go, he put out his hand to him.

'Good-bye, Mr. Ingleston,' he said; 'I will tell your cousins that the business is satisfactorily concluded.'

Hal was callous, and not in the habit of attaching much meaning to the ceremonies of life; but as he took the hand, he almost felt that he would have preferred the horrors of a confession to his father, to his sense of the effort with which it was given. He had very often

suffered from the consequences of his misdeeds; he had now escaped consequences, and he suffered from a real sense of shame for the misdeeds themselves.

As for Cheriton, the bitter sense that he had need to be anxious for the secret to be kept, and his strong anger at Maisie's injuries, had made his severity so personal a matter, that he reproached himself for want of mercy. The whole afternoon's work had been hateful to him; and he had but one wish that Maisie should never know what it had cost him.

He got back to Quixeter, with only time for a few hurried assurances that everything was, or would be, happily settled, before they separated to dress for dinner.

Maisie drew long breaths of relief; but was this lightening of her burden only due to a transferring of its weight?

As she came into the drawing-room in the dusk she perceived that she was the last to come in. Gipsy and Cheriton sat near the fire, and Jack stood in front of it, finishing a sentence—

'You are quite tired out.'

'Not much—not to matter,' answered Cheriton quickly. 'Anyway, don't let Maisie think so.'

Maisie came across the room and stood by his side.

'Cherry,' she said softly, and her first public use of his family pet name marked, perhaps, a new moment of departure, 'that's not the way I mean to begin.'

Then she turned to Jack, and put her hand half-boldly, half-shyly on his sleeve. 'You show me how to take care of him now,' she said, 'and another time I shall know the way myself.'

'Maisie, you going over to the enemy!' cried Cheriton, starting up. 'There is the gong, and all I want is some dinner. Afterwards, Jack shall read us Archer's last essay to refresh our minds.'

'Get on, Cherry,' said Jack; 'I'll bring Maisie.'

He took the little hand in his own and gave it a mighty squeeze.

'Maisie,' he said, rather huskily, 'Maisie, I *have* objected to you. But, after all, I believe you *are*—you are a good thing for him.'

'I'll try, Jack,' said Maisie, deeply gratified. 'If I can I will be.'

And that was how Jack accepted Maisie as one of the family.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WHITE TRUTH.

The difficulty of an appeal to the trustees was enhanced by the fact that the two sisters' affairs were in different hands, and that Maisie, at any rate, had no idea at all how much of their fortunes was Despard money, and how much came from the families of their respective mothers. She could only tell him the names of the two gentlemen

who took the active share in writing to and advising them, and suggest that Gwendolen might know more about it than she did.

Her notion had been that Cheriton would go up to London and interview the trustees at once; but he laughed at the idea of the feelings of those gentlemen, if he appeared before them without any credentials, and part of his morning was spent in teaching her to write to her own trustee, announcing her engagement, describing himself, his fortune, and his connections, and finally stating that she fully endorsed the proposal which he wished to make, gave him authority to act for her, and was ready to answer any questions Mr. Wilkinson might be pleased to ask.

It was a letter quite beyond Maisie's powers of conception, and was practically dictated by Cheriton, even to the statement that he was a gentleman of means and position, a clergyman, and brother to Mr. Lester of Oakby Hall, Westmoreland.

'It is very improper,' he said, smiling, as he read over her rough copy; 'I ought to have nothing to do with this. But as I don't see how you can consult any one else, we must make the best of it. I shall enclose it in a note of my own, asking him to fix a day to see me on a matter of particular business.'

'But wouldn't it be easier for you to write about it?' said Maisie.

'Perhaps, but how do I know what he would do with the letter when he got it? No, we won't have any writing. Mrs. Maxwell and Ingleston will be reference enough, and I can of course easily convince him about myself. The thing is about Gwendolen. She must write to Mr. Sandford herself, and if she wishes me to see him, she must tell him so, of course. But Bevan can't come forward as things are, and the whole scheme takes his existence and relation to her for granted. I think I had better go over and see her—I must, indeed, to tell her what I have done,—and see what I can do to bring her to reason.'

'I can't bear the thought of her alone and miserable,' said Maisie, with tears in her eyes; 'but oh, Cherry, another tiresome journey! We bring you nothing else but worry and fatigue.'

'Just a little of both; but not nothing else, Maisie,' said Cherry, who had spent hours less agreeably, than in teaching Maisie to compose business letters. 'Copy that by-and-by, when I am away; we can't send it till I have seen Gwen. Let us go out now for a turn, and don't you fret, my sweetest, that will worry me; I'll come over Gwendolen, somehow. See if I don't bring her back with me!'

While Maisie had gone to get ready for her walk, a card was brought to Cheriton.

'Will you see the gentleman, sir?'

'Mr. Henry Ingleston.'

'Yes; tell Miss Despard I shall be detained for a little while,' said Cheriton, with a sudden horror that Mrs. Maxwell had betrayed them after all.

Hal Ingleston, however, though very ill at ease, was not in the state of alarm which this event would have produced in him.

He produced a large letter, and said—

'Mr. Lester, my aunt was determined to write to you a full account of her transactions with Mr. Despard. She says she feels it necessary to be business-like.'

In spite of the situation, neither of the young men could help a smile at the idea, and Hal went on a little more freely, 'I—did not know what to do with it, so I thought I would put it into your hands myself.'

'It is quite unnecessary at present,' said Cheriton. 'Of course it may be that both you and Mrs. Maxwell will have to assure the trustees that Mr. Despard was really liable for the amount stated. But I think they will accept my account of the transaction, as I could have no object in mis-stating it.'

'I'll do anything you wish,' said Hal; 'and of course when it is all settled, I shall pay my cousins a proper rent for the house. And I could prove to you that the one payment they made is properly invested. I did pay the interest myself, so it all went to the repayment of the capital. I was dealing perfectly fairly by them. And I assure you, Mr. Lester, I did endeavour to take care of them. I did all the dirty work for them—all the—h'm—inventions, and I should not have let them go anywhere or do anything that was not safe and right for them. I did feel they were on my hands.'

'Yes,' said Cheriton, much more gently than he had spoken the day before; 'but I think you ought to have known that the thing was impossible.'

'I did know it, Mr. Lester, at least I never had an easy moment. But I did not know about Gwen's love-affair at the time. I had been getting straight with the world, and was a very different man from what I had been. I did feel her scorn and misery, poor girl! And now, if you think no one can ever retrieve youthful errors——'

Hal's words were self-defensive; but there was that in his manner which showed that he had been stung to the quick, and Cheriton saw that they were meant as much for confession as excuse.

'I have been much to blame,' he said, 'if I gave you cause to fancy I could think so hardly. We can none of us do well; but we can all do better than we have done. You will, I am certain.'

Cheriton's softening voice and eyes cost him his walk with Maisie, for he had to listen to a great deal more from Hal as to how differently a man felt when he was the father of a family, and how Despard had talked him over, and of his queer efforts after righteousness, of which telling lies instead of Gwendolen appeared to be the most satisfactory to his conscience. Cheriton put aside all his personal feeling, and gave him all the help that insight or experience could suggest, till Hal felt that there was an inward as well as an outward shame for

him in life, and that he could aim at something more than not to be found out.

And before they parted, Cheriton called Maisie, and asked her to come and shake hands with Hal, and to let bygones be bygones, so far as she was concerned.

'It was not his fault,' he said, 'after all, that it was his name that came between us.'

'Why, no—he never asked me to speak up for him about Frank,' said Maisie. 'You did not think so?'

Cheriton shook his head, he knew why it had been so hard for him to be merciful to Henry Ingleston; but he only said—

'Come and forgive him for me.'

So Maisie came and shook hands kindly, and sent her love to Alice and the children. She was too happy to bear malice, and Cheriton, in putting her forward, had done the most forgiving thing he knew; his sense of which Hal expressed, as Cheriton turned away for a moment, by saying, with the recovered freedom of old intercourse—

'Well, Maisie, I'm sorry for all you have gone through; but, after all, you're an uncommonly lucky girl now.'

Gwendolen, meanwhile, had been left to the solitude on which she had insisted; and, if she had remained alone to indulge her pride, or from any perverse desire of self-torture, she suffered during those three days enough punishment for it.

Of all kinds of over-strain, over-strain of the conscience is the most mischievous. Gwendolen was in no state to judge of herself or others fairly, and, as the conviction of how she had misjudged Maisie became more and more clear to her, she gave way to agonies of self-contempt.

Moreover, she could not get over her intense astonishment at the fact. It was to her like discovering that a kitten had a soul. It was not pleasant, either, to have been so stupid as never to notice either Cheriton's attentions, or Maisie's interest in the sound of his name. But she had always felt so certain that the Lesters would not care for frivolous little Maisie.

However, at least she would be equally unselfish now, and hold to her determination never to let Humfrey Bevan share her disgrace; and on the first opportunity she would confess to Maisie how she had misunderstood her. Perhaps then she would get over the feeling that she could never be forgiven for the falsehoods she had told.

She felt incapable of any occupation except the necessary duties of the Home, and on the Saturday afternoon she sat by the fire in the sitting-room—which somehow looked dreary and unhomelike without Maisie—feeling so ill and wretched that the tears came almost without her consciousness; and when the bell rang she started up with a sudden wild sense that if Humfrey Bevan had come again, it would drive her out of her wits with—whether with pain or joy she could not tell.

When she saw Cheriton instead, she hardly answered his greeting, and gave him no time to tell her what he had been doing for her.

'Mr. Lester,' she said, her use of his formal name marking how little she had realised anything but her own feelings, 'I want to tell you at once that I know how wrong I have been. Maisie has done better than I, and I suppose she has been right all through from the beginning.'

'I don't see the matter in that light at all,' said Cheriton, after a moment; 'but I came on purpose to have a talk with you. Let us sit down and have it out quietly. How have you been so wrong?'

'It was wrong from the first, and I got mixed up in it,' said Gwendolen incoherently. 'She did not care when things were bad at home. How could I help hating the ways of things?'

'You could not help knowing better than she did,' said Cheriton quietly.

'And then—then, at least, she had nothing to give up! All my world was at Quixeter, and I had to blot it all out and do what I knew was impossible. I knew we could not keep the secret, and pay the money!'

'No,' said Cheriton; 'I don't think you could.'

'I made up my mind, and I gave up Humfrey; and I invented it all. But oh, how I hated it! And Maisie thought it would make her happy to do it, and never saw the practical horrors of it.'

'It must have been very aggravating,' said Cheriton.

'It was!' she went on vehemently. 'How could I help feeling so hard and bitter? How could I help hating Hal, and—and—yes, even my father's memory? It was such a cruel wrong.'

'Yes,' said Cheriton, 'a most bitter wrong. But, Gwendolen, I suppose our lessons are sometimes given us by very harsh masters, and written in characters which we can't understand.'

'I never thought it was a lesson; only an injury,' she said. 'But I meant to do right in spite of them, and never—never to tell a lie. And I thought if we went abroad, where no one could question us, that we really could do the thing without falsehoods. I knew that was the right thing to do.'

'I suppose it was,' said Cherry; 'though I can't say I wish you had done it.'

'But oh! it was like dying to me. And Gipsy's letter came, asking us, and I thought I should have her still, and not be banished—and —and manage somehow about telling the truth. It was so hard to give up *more* than I was obliged.'

'Yes, I know,' said Cheriton, taking her hand. 'Don't cry, dear; it was an awful temptation, and I scarcely know—you were both much too young to go away from all your friends, with no one but that poor fellow to look to.'

'I did not know what it would be like when I came. I told all the lies, and none of you believed them.'

'They did not sound very natural,' he said, smiling.

'Then,' said Gwen, 'I felt, after I had done it, that I was just *stained* by it, and nothing mattered. And another thing, I got *not to want to tell the truth;* I felt as if I would tell lies sooner than that *he* should know. And when you used to look as if you guessed, I hated you, though at first I hoped you would.'

'Yes?' said Cheriton, for he saw she had not done.

'What was the use of being good with lies on one's conscience? But Maisie says that it was having to tell that lie to you about Hal that woke her up to hate the deceit. You think she was right to tell it?'

'No, I don't,' said Cheriton; 'not in the abstract. If I had believed her, I should have carried on the very evil your father wished to undo, by handing Frank over to Hal. Besides, it was quite useless; I had other means of finding out, and, if you must know the real truth, I have always blamed myself for asking her the question. But I was jealous and curious, and wanted to make her talk about the Inglestons. And she did so suffer, poor child, in doing it. I was such a fool.'

'But I can't see why she suffered,' said Gwen, 'She did not think much of truthfulness; indeed, she didn't—then. But when we came here, she did much the best. I cared for nothing. And then she did that wonderful thing—she ran away from you—and gave you up for truth.'

'Well,' said Cheriton, 'if one dares to put into words, the growing of the light within her, I think she did begin with very elementary notions of duty, and probably, as you say, did not know what she undertook. But her motive was pure unselfish love for her father's memory and fame, and—as she put it—the sense that she was not worthy to pray for him, changed her. Then, when we fell in love with each other, and the two feelings clashed, she resisted the impulse to confide in me, because she thought it false to the old devotion. She made a mistake, but there was no touch of pride or shame about it. And if I had not been so passionate and foolish, and used my senses, in short, if I hadn't been over head and ears in love with her, I should have got at the clue then. However, I did not. And when she tells me that she tried to grow worthy of loving me—ah! well—I can't speak about that. But of course anything was better than falsehood between us.'

'I thought about the injury to myself,' said Gwendolen, 'and she wanted to save others.'

'If you know that,' said Cheriton, 'and can own it, dear Gwendolen, you will have begun to learn your lesson too.'

'I will own it if I see it,' said Gwendolen. 'I do own it.'

'There is one thing more,' said Cheriton, 'that I think I should like to say, if you won't misunderstand me. I think I care quite as much for truth of word as you do. Of course, one always speaks the

truth, by instinct. But there is something higher still, truth of motive, truth of soul, truth to one's inward conscience. I think if you had been quite true to yourself as to your motives, if you had never deceived yourself, you either, as you say, might have avoided the verbal falsehoods, or if they had been forced on you—and I almost think they were—you would not have felt so restless afterwards. That is the spirit I think, not opposed to, but transcending, the letter of the very white truth. If you have been harsh or bitter, then repent, dear Gwendolen, with all your clear conscience. But as for your outward actions or Maisie's, in the coil and puzzle you did your best, and I should never think of them again. I am sure Bevan would say so. And a better, more true-hearted fellow I never had the good-fortune to know.'

'All *that* is over for ever,' said Gwen passionately. 'I shall go abroad till he has fogotten me. I'm not worthy of—any one.'

'Well,' said Cheriton, 'I think that's a great pity; for I'm afraid in that case he'll throw up his appointment, and go abroad too.'

'Will he?' said Gwen, startled.

'Yes—turn amateur artist, or something of that nature. But now look here,' he added, in a different tone, 'I have been talking a great deal too much to you. A conscience is a great mistake when one is tired and ill, and yours wants a good rest.'

'I never am ill,' said Gwendolen, 'to signify.'

'But you will be, if you go on fretting. I am going to write a note to Mrs. Ingleston to send down that housekeeper, and take you back to Quixeter with me. As my brother Alvar used to say, I will not have you think any more about anything.'

'But I must—and I can't go to Quixeter. I can't feel that it would be right to—to—let myself be happy when I have been so horrid. If I had behaved well, like Maisie—but I can't go and be rewarded for—for—all this last year.' Her voice faltered, and the tears came.

'Dear Gwendolen,' said Cherry, with a touch of deep feeling in his kind voice, 'don't you think that always *is* the sting of forgiveness. We should not feel so much ashamed if we were made one of the hired servants; but don't we just, when the best robe is brought out and put on us? And yet I suppose it would not quite be nice behaviour to insist on sitting in the servant's hall in our own old clothes.

Gwen smiled a little, and he went on.

'Put that out of your mind now, till you are more fit to look at things reasonably, and come to Quixeter with me—now, at once.'

'At once?'

'You must. I can't leave you here alone. So I must go and fetch Maisie if you will not come, and that would be a pity. As for Bevan, of course, you need not see him, unless you like; I'll tell him to keep away. You must come, for we can't get through the business without you.'

Whether from the force of this argument, or the force of Cheriton's will, or the startling novelty of this tone of brotherly authority, Gwen made only a faint resistance.

'I can't go till the housekeeper comes.'

'Yes, you can. I know Marcia is at the Mill House, she told me yesterday she was coming over for a visit. Now can you be ready in twenty minutes; because then we can catch the train at that inevitable junction?'

Gwendolen yielded, she had no strength to resist, she had a sense that he had been kind to her and fair to her, and that perhaps in time she might feel kinder and fairer to other people.

(To be continued.)

'LOST IN THE FINDING.'

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER X.

For Sir Godfrey had brought no good news. In the London Law Courts the war was raging cheerily; and the lawyers on either side were rubbing their hands and congratulating themselves over a case which, if only their respective clients could hold out, afforded an endless vista of insoluble difficulties, likely to afford them sport for a long time to come. But plenty of ready money was, of course, necessary, as Mr. Complex, Mr. Hawthorne's attorney, took care to explain to his client pretty frequently. A journey to Lisbon was in those days no cheap or easy matter; nevertheless it was, according to Mr. Complex, necessary to send out experienced agents to examine on the spot, to sift their opponent's evidence, and to support the little which Sir Godfrey could be induced to assert positively.

With that young gentleman Mr. Complex was not altogether satisfied.

'Such a very small amount of unbending in the witness-box would have been so eminently useful; and where there was such absolute moral certainty as in this case,—surely!'

Which sentiments were re-echoed in much plainer English by Madam Hawthorne. She had no patience with such prudish, methodistical nonsense! When the fellow knew a thing was true, why couldn't he say so, whether he had seen it or no? And, when Mr. Hawthorne sharply demanded whether she wished the 'fellow' to commit perjury, she relapsed into tears and megrims, declared that every one combined to insult and oppress her; and that her own husband was willing to sacrifice her darling boy's prospects only to annoy her.

As for Margaret, she was completely bewildered by the hints and innuendoes constantly thrown out in her presence; hints which would probably have become something more definite, but for the fact that through that summer Sir Godfrey was constantly coming and going; and, though Margaret honestly believed his frequent visits to be a necessity induced by the law suits, master, mistress, and servants all knew, or thought they knew, better, and were inclined to stigmatise

the heroine of the romance (according to their different feelings towards her) as cold, coquettish, or foreweened—(difficult to please).

Possibly Margaret *was* blameworthy in not more sternly repudiating companionship which, however comforting to herself, might cost one of those involved so dear!

But perhaps what served most of all to blind her was Sir Godfrey's willingness to talk with her, not only of her father and mother, but also of *Humphrey*. The unspeakable comfort of having some one to whom she could pour out the grief which, borne in silence and alone, had well-nigh eaten out her heart, was a boon not to be lightly thrown aside; and Godfrey not only sympathised, but encouraged her to tell him all that she could and would of their childish days together.

So the two would talk, pacing up and down the weed-grown walks and terraces, or sitting under the shade of the beautiful trees which had been the pride of the Hawthornes for generations, but many of which, alas! were now casting their shadows for the last time on the unmown lawns beneath; and Madam Hawthorne would condescend to exchange whispers and significant smiles with her serving woman as she watched them from the windows; or Mr. Hawthorne, meeting them as he roamed restlessly about, would stop to exchange a few words, and then pass on with his head—for the moment—once more erect, and hope again whispering that he need not, after all, despair!

How could they, or Margaret herself, guess how, after such an interview, Sir Godfrey would often walk or ride away with the expression of kindly interest in his face changed to one of patient sorrow, as he said to himself, 'Not yet! Not yet! Her heart is still too full to find even a corner for me.'

Sometimes, indeed, Margaret would be struck with remorse at her own selfishness. Had not he, too, lost his all? Father, mother, the uncle who had taken the place of the former, and even (though that could not be compared with *her* loss, and might soon be replaced) what had been a brief dream of a nearer love? Then she would encourage him to talk of his life and home; and he, nothing loth, would tell her of the old house at Hawick of which he was so justly proud. Very different from poor ruined Hawthorndene, the solid old Elizabethan pile had been jealously preserved and watched over by its owners, and the late alterations, which had been Sir Godfrey's first excuse for his temporary sojourn in Devonshire, had been more in the way of additional modern comforts than of necessary repairs.

But Suffolk is not Devon! And Godfrey owned honestly enough that his neatly kept garden and shrubberies, though by no means devoid of a beauty of their own, could not compare with what Hawthorndene might be, or even was in its present state of wild neglect. But of the house, which had evidently been originally begun with a view to ecclesiastical purposes, he spoke enthusiastically, especially of the beautiful ivy-grown cloisters stretching round three sides of the inner quadrangle, while on the fourth side, the house,

clothed with a venerable pyracantha, looked bright and warm even in mid-winter. He told her of the curious long passages, secret rooms, panels round the servants' hall painted with what were evidently life-size portraits of the faithful housekeepers, nurses, and butlers of previous generations; of the still-room, in which he could remember seeing his mother preparing mixtures and ointments for the poor people, who firmly believed in 'my lady's' powers, and much preferred her mode of treatment to the bleedings, viper-broth, and wood-lice tea universally dispensed by the neighbouring doctor, farrier, and horse-leech, who prescribed, when he was sufficiently sober, for a district extending over twenty miles.

Of his mother, Godfrey never wearied of talking, and Margaret soon realised that no common tie had united these two. She had been taken from him when he was only fourteen, but his intercourse with her up to that time had left its mark for life. The seed sown had fallen into good soil, and was ready to spring up and bear fruit when the right time came. He had been exceptionally fortunate, too, in his tutor, who was also the clergyman of the parish, and who, at a time when the condition of the English Church, as regards its clergy, was almost at the lowest ebb, set an example of self-devotion and energy which made itself felt far beyond his own dearly loved parish, which no offer of preferment would ever induce him to leave.

Of his father, Godfrey spoke less. He had been a grave, stern man, exacting extreme deference from all about him, especially his son. This in itself might not have been unwholesome, had it been combined with and tempered by love and sympathy. But for the last, at least, Godfrey had to look solely to his mother; and from the time of her death he saw but little of his father, his holidays from Westminster and vacations from Oxford being chiefly spent at the rectory with his old tutor, Dr. Browne, while his father was absent from England; for, like his brother, the Mr. Lester who perished in the earthquake, Sir James was passionately fond of travelling, and was somewhat inclined to regard with contempt the stay-at-home proclivities of most of his countrymen, as engendering narrow-mindedness and consequent self-conceit.

Certainly he had been liberal enough to recognise Dr. Browne's claims to equality, both mental and social, in days when the clergyman of a parish too often sat deservedly 'below the salt,' or was relegated to the even more congenial society to be found in the housekeeper's room. In his charge Sir James felt that Godfrey could be safely left, perhaps without realising that in thus leaving him he was evading a responsibility which it would have been irksome to fulfil in person. But he certainly had not foreseen what probably was in part the result of his son's admiration and love for his guardian, and was by no means pleased when, on attaining his majority, Godfrey wrote to him and respectfully intimated his desire to take Holy Orders!

His only son and heir! Heir to his title and to such a property as Hawick, to wish to turn himself into a country parson! The idea was unpalatable to the last degree. It might have done for a younger son, where, as in this case, there was a good family living; but Dr. Browne, whom he had, at his wife's entreaty, presented with the living of Hawick, was a man still in the prime of life; so that, if he gave his consent, Godfrey would have to choose between leaving his home and, in the event of his succeeding to the property, all the responsibilities attached to his position there, or actually serving under Dr. Browne as his curate. It was preposterous. Dr. Browne ought never to have encouraged the boy in such a mad scheme.

Not trusting to the very precarious postal arrangements of the times, Sir James turned his face homewards, determined to put his foot down at once on such folly. But he never got further than London. There a disease, symptoms of which had long forewarned him, unheeded, of what was coming, developed itself so rapidly that to proceed further was impossible. Godfrey, who had joined his father, was followed, at the dying man's request, by Dr. Browne, and he did not hesitate to express strongly to them both his objections to Godfrey's desire.

He was surprised and relieved to find that Dr. Browne, far from having over-persuaded the young man, on many points shared his own objections. At all events, he thought that nothing should be decided hurriedly, lest, having put his hand to the plough, Godfrey should be tempted to look back. Especially was this the case now, when such a load of responsibility was unexpectedly descending upon his shoulders.

It never occurred to Godfrey to assert himself against the opinion of the two older men. He might have pleaded his majority, and undoubted legal right to act as he pleased when, as must shortly be the case, he became entirely his own master. But the age in which he lived had virtues as well as vices of its own; and among the former might be reckoned a respect for parents which seems to be well-nigh dying out in the present day, though we still profess to be imitators of Him who was subject to *His* parents until thirty years of age!

So Godfrey promised to abide by his father's decision—a decision which was, however, considerably more moderate than it might have been a fortnight before. Sir James gave his consent on condition that his son should not be ordained under twenty-eight years of age, and that, after finishing his terms at Oxford, he spent at least two years of the intervening time in foreign travel.

All this Margaret learnt gradually, and it explained much which had puzzled her in Godfrey's character and tastes, which were certainly unusual for young man of his age and generation. She liked to hear all that he could tell of his mother's work among the poor, who still missed her greatly, he said. Some such work as this

had been Margaret's dream, as we have seen, even in the time of her old life at Lisbon. But Godfrey judged rightly that she showed an absence of self-consciousness by no means favourable to his hopes when she remarked simply, one day, that she wished that her lot had been cast at Hawick rather than at Blaneham, since there the people seemed to desire, and could not obtain, the very help which she so longed to give, and which those about her failed to appreciate.

But Margaret's condition of unconsciousness was destined to be roughly awakened ere long. As time passed on, Madam Hawthorne's impatience at such indefinite proceedings became almost unbearable. Direct and open disobedience to any positive command of her husband's she did not venture; but, finding that no entreaties on her part would persuade him to interfere with a view to hastening matters, she conceived a plan which would, she hoped, bring pressure upon Margaret from an unexpected quarter, and at least open her eyes to the injury which her want of decision was bringing upon her family.

Accordingly she watched with inward satisfaction, when, one afternoon in September, the post-boy's horn having duly announced his arrival, and the cumbrous leathern bag having been brought into the dining-room towards the end of dinner, Mr. Hawthorne abstracted from a business-like-looking packet addressed to himself, a letter for Margaret, remarking that it must be from Mr. Faversham.

'Let us move into the drawing-room, my dear, before you open your letter,' said her aunt sweetly; 'you will like to read it at once, no doubt; and, alack! we know now, by sad experience, how long we have to wait for the gentlemen when the post-bag comes in, full as it always is nowadays of those detestable law papers!'

It was the first letter which Margaret had received from her other guardian; but, concluding that it must be merely some business document, she fell unwittingly into her aunt's trap, and did not hesitate to open it, seated on a chair exactly facing that which the latter had taken and from which she was keenly regarding her niece from behind her fan.

Mr. Faversham began with formal inquiries and good wishes concerning his ward's health and happiness. 'He was rejoiced to hear that the disposal of the latter rested now so entirely in her own hands; but ventured to suggest that she should not allow her ultra-refinement of feeling, and natural modesty, to stand any longer in the way of a direct acceptance of the offer of marriage which he understood had been made to her by that most estimable young gentleman, Sir Godfrey Lester. He was sure he was right in saying that such an arrangement would have been entirely in accordance with the wishes of her late lamented father; the more so as her marriage would now relieve her uncle from the terrible pecuniary embarrassments into which he had been plunged by these unhappy law-suits; and would therefore not only save him personally from probable disgrace and ruin, but would preserve in the family the estate on

behalf of which her dear father had, during his lifetime, made so many sacrifices. He begged leave to conclude, her obedient servant and devoted guardian,

'F. FAVERSHAM.'

Margaret was forced to peruse this epistle more than once before she could even begin to grasp its meaning; then, as bewilderment gradually gave place to indignation, she became conscious that her aunt was scanning her curiously, and could not fail to notice her flaming cheeks, and the hot tears which no effort of self-restraint could keep back. Her first impulse was retreat; but, as she rose to her feet, Madam Hawthorne addressed her in sympathetic tones—

'Mr. Faversham's letter seems to have distressed you, my dear. I trust that there is no fresh bad news about this wicked law-suit?'

'He does not write to me about the law-suit—at least, nothing on that point that I can understand. He has received some false intelligence about me which I must hasten to contradict.'

'False intelligence! Nay—surely, my love! Who could have given him any such? Unless, indeed, it be your friend Sir Godfrey Lester; he is the only one who sees you pretty frequently.'

'Sir Godfrey would never! He is at least a gentleman!'

'Would never what? Really, my dear, you talk in riddles! But it is a shame to tease you, poor child! Has the cruel guardian refused his consent? We must appeal to the other one then. Surely your uncle's approbation should have the most weight, and that I am sure he is only waiting to be asked for. He has *such* a high opinion of dear Sir Godfrey!'

'What can you mean, aunt?' demanded poor Margaret, fairly driven to bay. 'Sir Godfrey is only a friend. I have no consent to ask from any one where he is—in connection with him.'

'No consent to ask, forsooth? Good lack! What is the world coming to, when young gentlewomen—those who give themselves such airs of piety, too—would arrange their own marriage settlement without consent of guardians!'

'You misunderstand me purposely, aunt; you must surely be aware that there is no question of anything of that kind between me and Sir Godfrey.'

'No question of anything of that kind, indeed! Can you deny that he asked you to marry him—here, in this very house, not a year ago? and that you have kept him hanging on ever since, giving him every kind of encouragement, and playing with him like the heartless flirt I have always guessed you to be? Fie upon you!'

'Sir Godfrey understands, he does not suppose,' began poor Margaret, in vain endeavouring to rally her nerves, and to at least maintain some dignity of outward demeanour. In fact, the anguish of the moment was concentrating itself in fear lest her aunt's

increasing shrillness of tone should penetrate to the room where the gentlemen were sitting over their wine, only separated from the drawing-room by folding-doors and curtains worn thin by age.

But, even if this idea had occurred to Madam Hawthorne, it is probable that it would only have acted as a stimulant. The die was cast. And it was her great object now to make poor Margaret believe that she was compromised beyond recall.

'Why, there is not a servant in the house,' she went on loudly, 'who does not believe it to be a settled thing. That much I have not attempted to disclaim; indeed, I could only defend your practices on the plea of your foreign education, madam!'

'Then I must seek an asylum elsewhere,' answered Margaret, rendered bold by desperation, as she again turned towards the door, but she was arrested by Madam Hawthorne's next words.

'An asylum elsewhere! Indeed, that must we all, thanks to your cruelty and ingratitude! Alas! it was an evil day for us when we gave you a shelter and a home beneath our roof. And you professing such affection for our boy! Hypocrite that you are! My poor, darling, ruined child!'

At each epithet Madam's voice had grown higher, till it reached a climax which brought about the catastrophe which Margaret had foreseen. The door from the outer hall opened, admitting her aunt's maid, who, well used to such sounds, hurried in, bringing with her the necessary fan, water, and essences; while, at the same moment, the gentlemen appeared from the next room, Mr. Hawthorne exclaiming as he advanced—

'What is the meaning of this uproar?' while Sir Godfrey hastened to where Margaret stood, flushed and bewildered, with the traces of recent tears on her cheeks, and the fatal letter in her hand.

'What is it?' he, too, exclaimed. 'I trust you have received no ill news, dear Miss Margaret?'

His eager tone and looks were only too accurate a confirmation of her aunt's suspicions.

'I wish to speak to my uncle. Uncle Thomas, can you spare me a few minutes?' she demanded, desperately.

Mr. Hawthorne looked from his wife to his niece, and probably divined something of what had happened. At any rate, he turned at once to the latter.

'If you will await me in the next room, I will join you there immediately,' he said, motioning her towards the now-empty dining-room.

'My wife is, as you see, indisposed,' he added, now addressing Sir Godfrey. 'I fear that we cannot enjoy the pleasant evening together which we had anticipated.'

Feeling himself thus dismissed, the poor young man was obliged to withdraw, without even the consolation of a glance or a hand-shake from Margaret.

'What could have happened?' he wondered, as he rode slowly away. 'Perhaps only a tiff with that terrible woman; but Margaret was usually so clever in avoiding such collisions. The expression of her face too, and that letter in her hand, all looked like something personal to herself. Why had she not at least wished him good-night?'

Something whispered to him as he rode through the chill air of the autumn evening that the summer was indeed over and gone for him, as well as for the trees which were already beginning to shed their leaves across his path.

And, in the meantime, Margaret did not derive much satisfaction from her interview with her uncle. She thought it best to save herself from personal explanations by showing him Mr. Faversham's letter. He read it slowly and carefully, and then laid it down, without, however, any mark of the surprise and displeasure which she had looked for.

'Mr. Faversham has forestalled me,' he began, after a moment's pause. 'I myself intended saying a few words to you on the principal subject of this letter; especially since your aunt informed me, only a few days ago, that you had received an offer of marriage from Sir Godfrey Lester without my being referred to in any way.'

'That was many months ago,' poor Margaret faltered. 'I left him in no doubt as to the impossibility of my complying with his wishes. I am sure he quite understood.'

'Still I think that I, standing, as I most unhappily must, in the place of your father, should have been consulted. Had you placed that confidence in me, or in your aunt, I—we—might have shielded you from indiscretion in your subsequent conduct, which has certainly given rise to possible misapprehension.'

'Indeed, it seemed impossible to talk—even to *think* about such things then—so soon after.'

'Certainly Sir Godfrey should have applied to me first. I could then have advised him that such open advances were premature, and have saved him and you the pain of a refusal. But I hope I may understand from your last speech that you were anxious to defer your decision rather than to——'

'No! no!' interrupted Margaret eagerly. 'Indeed, I did not mean that! I begged him to think no more of it. I told him it could *never* be!'

'Are you not aware, then, that it is not usual to encourage further advances, or even visits, from gentlemen under such circumstances? that the very fact of allowing them to continue their attentions is always considered a tacit acknowledgment of a chance of ultimate acquiescence?'

Most bitterly did Margaret now regret her own weakness. She felt herself entangled in a web from which no amount of explanation could extricate her; and, although her uncle said but little more, she

feared that she had lowered herself in his opinion, and an attempt to obtain some explanation from him concerning Mr. Faversham's allusions to himself met with a decided though courteous rebuff. The former's letter had still to be answered, and in doing so she again opened up this question; at the same time assuring him that he had, she hoped, been misinformed as regarded Sir Godfrey Lester's intentions, and certainly concerning her feelings; that her affections were 'unalterably linked with the past,' and that she had, in fact, 'no intention of changing her condition.'

Mr. Faversham did not mince matters in his reply. He not only explained in the plainest English the conditions upon which alone her Uncle Ambrose could succeed to any portion of Mr. Copplestone's money, but put before her as strongly as possible what might be the consequences if this—the only possible source of income for him, and, through him, for her—were not made available. Hawthorndene was, as we have seen, heavily mortgaged; the mortgagees must be paid or they would foreclose; and not only was Mr. Hawthorne deprived of the help which he had hitherto obtained from his brother almost at will,—since the younger brother took almost as much interest as the elder in the recovery of the estate,—but he was crippled by this debt to Margaret—a debt which, so long as it was only owing to her father, could, and would, have stood over until the estate was again cleared.

As concerned the chief subject of his previous letter, Mr. Faversham did not hesitate to express his disapprobation of Margaret's conduct. Humphrey, as we know, had been no favourite with him; and to her surprise she found that he was aware that her father had retracted his consent to her engagement immediately after Humphrey's return to Lisbon. Indeed, with his usual business-like promptitude, Mr. Thomas Hawthorne had answered his partner's letter by a ship which was returning to England the day after it was received, and therefore before the earthquake.

'Even had your union with that unfortunate gentleman,' wrote Mr. Faversham, 'been such as your father could approve, and had it been actually consummated before the terrible event which deprived him and so many others of their lives, the time which has since elapsed is amply sufficient to justify you, without any deficiency of proper feeling, in forming a fresh alliance; especially under circumstances which, for the sake of others as much as for your own, so manifestly point to this course as the only proper one to pursue.'

To this letter Margaret sent no reply; indeed, what answer was there to give? When she had read it she felt that nothing was now wanting to complete the misery of her position.

She did not meet Godfrey again after their abrupt parting that evening; but, on the following day, her uncle gave her a letter from him, and intimated that he would convey a reply to the sender if

necessary. Most gladly, indeed, would the poor man have executed such a commission had Margaret but given him the chance.

There was certain to be no lack of consideration or courtesy in Godfrey's letter. He regretted deeply the abrupt and, in his opinion, unnecessary interruption to their pleasant intercourse, but feared that, for the present, at all events, his absence would be most in accordance with Miss Hawthorne's wishes. At the same time he implored her to remember that, next to his duty to God, the one great object of his life was to serve her interests in every possible way. At any time, at her slightest intimation, he would be with her, if he could be of use.

But no answer reached the poor fellow beyond a message of thanks conveyed to him by Mr. Hawthorne, who was his fellow-passenger to London on the following day.

Probably Mr. Hawthorne was not sorry that his presence was now really necessary for a time near the Law Courts. Anyhow, he showed no intention of hurrying home again; though, shortly after his departure, orders from him reached Hawthorndene which rendered Margaret's position more and more uncomfortable. The greater part of the house was to be shut up so that the staff of servants might be reduced to the smallest possible compass; and the same economy was to be observed outside, although the number of men employed about the place had been already quite inadequate to the size of the park and gardens. The stables and all the lodges, save one, were to be closed altogether, and the few remaining horses to be employed on the farms.

Words cannot describe Madam Hawthorne's feelings as, one by one, these directions were carried out. Each fresh curtailment was an injury for which she held Margaret responsible; especially when her own particular Abigail took her departure; for, although not included in the prohibited list, she declined to remain in a house where neither comfort nor perquisites could any longer be hoped for. Old nurse and her mistress made common cause against the common enemy; and even little Ambrose, though glad enough still to make use of Margaret as a play-fellow and companion in his walks, was naturally infected with the universal spirit, and not unfrequently asked her why she was so unkind as to make father so poor, and oblige him to send everybody away?

How often poor Margaret looked back upon that last winter at Lisbon in their garden refuge as a comparatively happy time, since then only the hand of God seemed against her, instead of, as now, the hand of man.

For a month the place seemed almost deserted; then suddenly it sprang into unwonted life and activity again, but in a way which all would gladly have been spared. Mr. Hawthorne had, some years previously, mortgaged a great portion of the standing timber; it had become impossible to pay the interest, and the mortgagee, who was

himself in difficulties, had at once claimed his legal rights. Men were now to be seen marching about the park and lawns as though with a sense of possession, first marking the condemned trees, and then felling such as were intended for immediate removal. Madam Hawthorne, who never willingly went outside the house on her feet, who could not see the difference between an oak and an elm, and who generally spent the autumn in grumbling at the litter of leaves visible from the windows, now wept over each falling trunk as though it were a dead relation, and constantly told Ambrose that it was all his Cousin Margaret's doing, and that she could stop this destruction to-morrow if she would.

Even personal discomfort as regards such minor details as food and fires were not wanting; little things in themselves, but all helping to swell the general misery. It was not wonderful that, day by day, Margaret grew thinner and paler, till she looked as if she were likely ere long to solve the difficult problem by her death rather than her marriage!

And yet never once did her heart swerve from its allegiance to Humphrey. As she had once told Godfrey, she had given, not lent it, and she could not recall it if she would. But the idea was slowly growing on her, that, for the sake of others, she might be called upon to give herself *without* her heart, if indeed she could make sure that she had any right so to sacrifice Godfrey; for how could she make him fully understand and believe how very little it was in her power to offer, in return for his unselfish devotion?

Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne returned unexpectedly towards the end of November. Margaret had not heard of his arrival when, entering the dining-room one afternoon in the dusk, she caught sight of him seated by the fire; for the moment he looked so much like her poor father during the last sad months of his life, that she was startled beyond measure. He was, indeed, as much changed as Mr. Thomas Hawthorne had latterly become. His hair was now almost white; his extreme thinness gave him an appearance of greater height, and yet, as he rose to his feet, it seemed difficult to him to hold himself erect. Soon, too, it became apparent that he had a troublesome cough, which refused to yield to nurse's cossets and medicines, so that it was a relief to all when the old doctor from the neighbouring town rode up to the house one day, to pay one of the periodical visits to the family which had been his custom for years.

Margaret was standing near the hall door when he came out to mount his horse, and he stopped to greet her with an observant look at her pale face.

'I shall have to prescribe for you too, my dear young lady,' he said, 'if you cannot find some roses before I call again!'

'I trust there is nothing serious amiss with my uncle?' she ventured to inquire.

Dr. Withers looked grave.

'Nothing that I can do much for,' he answered. 'You must try to cheer him up as much as you can, as I have been saying to madam; don't let him venture out into the damp and cold, or in the night air. Plenty of nourishment, and freedom from care and anxiety will be the best medicine for him till the summer comes round again;' and with that the doctor rode off somewhat abruptly, shaking his head as he stared with astonishment at the neglected drive and newly felled timber.

And Margaret turned back into the house more sick at heart than ever.

Her uncle's room was close to her's, and night after night she could hear the hollow cough which left but little space for sleep. Cheer him up! Silent as he had always been, he now scarcely seemed to hear when he was spoken to. Prevent him from going out into the damp and cold! he never willingly left the house by daylight now, but after dusk he would creep out, and they would hear him restlessly pacing up and down the garden paths.

And so it came to pass that one day the post-bag from Hawthornedene carried away a brief letter for Sir Godfrey—

'My uncle is very ill; the doctor says that nothing can save his life but freedom from care and anxiety; and I am willing to do what I can to promote this end.

'MARGARET HAWTHORNE.'

Would he understand?

(To be continued.)

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

BY SELINA GAYE.

V.

LA CLEF DES MERS.

For the next few days everybody was talking more or less of the Dinan fête. All the servants were greatly interested in it, and every time they went out they seemed to hear something fresh, which Marie never failed to report to the children; and finally, one afternoon Madame Aubert put on her smart outdoor cap of lace and ribbon, and herself trotted off to the château in her *charrette à l'âne*, to give some last scraps of information, and to have her heart rejoiced by the news that Mademoiselle was going to the ball at the Mairie, to the great satisfaction of Nanon and Victorine, who took it as a sort of personal compliment. Marie was also gratified, but inclined to be a little regretful over the fact that her young mistress had no ball dresses with her, nothing but plain, trainless white ones, such as she wore every evening. But Madame Aubert was delighted; 'she would be dressed like a *jeune demoiselle Française*—it was perfect, absolutely perfect!' and she instructed Marie where to buy flowers to put in her hair to complete the toilette.

All this time Mr. Beaumont had not made his appearance, and as Dulcie had seen nothing more of him either in their town or country walks, she began to hope that, after all, he might have been obliged to give up coming for some reason or other.

Things did happen when one least expected it; for there were Aunt Mary and Uncle John now in Paris when they had expected to be still at Dinard, and something of the sort might have happened to Mr. Beaumont. He might even be safe in England by this time!

Dulcie's spirits rose as this idea occurred to her; and as the days went on she began in some degree to forget her anxieties, though she could not forget her uncle's supposed misdeeds, and was indeed reminded of them every time she looked at the chair in her bedroom.

But she was beginning to feel at home at Plancöet; she silently worshipped Cousin Hester, and she was growing quite fond of Fando. They had done a great deal of sketching and had many pleasant talks together; and, as Judy had really made some attempt to keep her promise and had not called her 'Dulcibella' more than once or twice, and had refrained altogether from saying anything more about 'Dulcie's friend,' they too had been getting on amicably.

Dulcie still stood in some awe of her undoubted talent for seeing and hearing what no one wanted her to see and hear, and she was a good deal amazed, not only at the periodical 'fights,' which occurred between her and the boys, but even more at the speed with which they 'made it up again.'

Judy would appear with red cheeks, rumpled hair, and torn apron one half-hour, vowing that the boys were detestable and that she would not have anything more to do with them, and the next they would be off on a blackberrying expedition together as if nothing had happened.

By this time perhaps people may have learnt to appreciate the splendid blackberries which grow about Dinan, but in those days none but the English children seemed to think them worth gathering, and consequently baskets full were brought home and consigned to Nanon, who obediently stewed them for the five-o'clock tea, apparently not thinking it worth while to protest, though she shrugged her shoulders and smiled, and marvelled not a little at the strangeness of English tastes. Blackberries, by the bye, *were* ripe in August, and early in August too that year, at least about Dinan.

Those expeditions were great fun, and Fando and Dulcie enjoyed them as much as anybody, for Judy was usually so particularly amiable on these occasions, especially if there had been a previous skirmish, that Fando declared she reminded her of the man who, having scratched out both his eyes in one quickset hedge, immediately 'jumped into another hedge and scratched them in again!'

Then of course Dulcie had also been taken to the cathedral of S. Sauveur and shown the slab with Duguesclin's double-headed eagle and the quaint inscription, 'Cy : gist : le : cuer : de : Missire : Bertran : du : Gueaqui : Son : corps : repos : avecques : ceulx : des : Roys : a : Sainct : Denis : etc : etc :' and Judy, who lived very much in the present and had but little reverence for old things merely because they were old, and also doubtless considered it wholesome for her elders to have some of the romance taken out of them, was careful to remind them that the inscription 'had not a particle of truth in it now, if it ever had, for the slab had belonged to quite another church formerly that there wasn't a bit left of, and it had been found among the rubbish; and as for S. Denys, she did know so much history that the tombs had been broken open during the Revolution. For her part she could not think how they could care to go poking over old things that were not even true, and were written so indiscriminately besides; and she must say if she couldn't spell a little better than that, she would have let it alone, instead of sticking it up for everybody to see!'

Judy liked a nice long word occasionally, and when she picked one up which pleased her, used it very indiscriminately indeed!

Fando, however, declared that Mademoiselle Rioulle, who taught them French, said that, though the Church of the Jacobins had been

destroyed, the urn had been preserved, and was solemnly brought to S. Sauveur on the 9th of July, 1810.

Another expedition, which had been more to her taste, had been made to the 'Key of the Seas'—*La clef des mers*, as Marie called it—a huge granite stone partly buried in a hollow among fir trees, but still showing some twenty-five feet above ground. There was nothing to be seen but this one stone, *La pierre de S. Samson*, as some people called it, but it was a delightful place for a picnic, and all the better in Judy's eyes because at least it did not tell any untrue stories. There it was, as large as life, but do what you would, no amount of 'poking' could make much out of it, or tell you how it got there or who brought it, or what it was set up for, or why it slanted so, unless it was tired of standing upright, so there was no sort of use in fussing oneself about it, which was such a very great comfort! And there was no inscription, true or untrue, to make out, which was another thing to be thankful for, and if Fando and Dulcie couldn't be happy without putting a bad likeness of it in their sketch-books, well, they must then; and if they liked to be learned and call it a *Menhir*, as Uncle Russell did, she did not know that there was *much* harm in that—one name was as good as another when you did not know what it meant—but they might just as well call it a giant's tombstone at once and have done with it, Samson's perhaps, or maybe he had carried it there—but of course if you once began about 'maybes,' there was no end to them, so she hoped and trusted they wouldn't begin and spoil the day.

It was some three miles or more off, so the donkey-cart was packed and two more donkeys were hired—such fine donkeys, not a bit like the poor miserable, bony creatures of English watering-places—and they set out, walking, riding and driving, quite a large party, six children, Marie, Perrine the donkey-woman, and Cousin Hester, Uncle Russell promising to walk over in the course of the afternoon—a promise which Dulcie, however, hoped that he would not find it convenient to keep; for, kind as he certainly seemed, she was too fully persuaded of the cruel injustice of his conduct to wish to have anything to do with him. She could not help living in his house and being his guest, but she had made up her mind to have as little to say to him as she could.

On the way Cousin Hester talked to the donkey-woman and asked what she could tell them about the great stone, but all that she could say was, '*C'était une des clefs de la mer*,' for nobody ever could dig down to the bottom of it. Many and many a time they had tried, but the water always rose and prevented them, and one man had even been drowned, so it was quite clear that the sea must be underneath, and that it was not at all safe to meddle with it; but in old days the lads and lasses above sixteen used to come and dance round it at the June fête, the boys wearing wreaths of green corn, and the girls, bouquets of flax-blossom, which were afterwards laid

upon it and remained fresh for weeks if those who gave them were true. It was a very merry dinner under the trees, and Perrine seemed to enjoy it as much as any one, for they made her put away the black bread which was all that she had brought with her, and Judy, who could talk French pretty fluently if not very correctly, and was quite above being baffled by a few mistakes more or less, went and sat down by her and chatted away, amusing her apparently very much. Poor Perrine was very ready to tell about herself and her family, and Judy found out that she was not the owner of the beautiful donkeys—no! they belonged to a rich woman, who employed her to go out with them and gave her five sous the promenade, and she could not make more than one promenade in the day; and her husband was only a poor cloth-worker earning seven or eight francs a week, and they had five children, but the eldest was fifteen and went to work and earned something, and the second, yes, he was apprenticed, and the two next went to school, and the youngest was but four years old and stayed at home, and they had to pay forty francs for rent for a miserable ground-floor.

'Wouldn't she liked to live in England?' Judy wildly suggested; and Perrine smiled and said she knew wages were better there, but after all everybody liked his own *pays* best, and she did not seem at all inclined to set out in the hot haste which Judy seemed to expect.

'It might be a little awkward if she wanted to take your advice, don't you think?' suggested Cousin Hester.

'But she *ought* to have more than five sous the promenade, oughtn't she? Just think! Five sous—it is not much more than twopence, and that is not more than about a shilling a week if she goes out every day, and she can't if it is wet.'

'Yes, it is very little; but it would not be kind to try and make her discontented with what she has, unless we could give her more.'

'But we could! If we were each to give her a sou to-day, that would be double at least. I haven't got a farthing or a centime left, because I spent the last on figs,' Judy went on, looking a little ashamed; 'but I shall have some more on Saturday, and Fando would lend it me.'

'Well, Judy, I know you didn't eat the figs yourself,' said Cousin Hester, smiling; 'they went to Jean Baptiste, didn't they?'

'Not all! I was obliged to give him some, little owl, because I teased him so about those two sheep that he is always chasing after; and I laughed at their long tails, which offended him very much, and I told him we didn't have such dreadfully ugly pigs in England. They really are ugly, Cousin Hester, they are so very tall and thin, like—I don't know what they are like, but not like pigs, nor like any animal I ever saw, even in the Noah's ark, though perhaps they are more like Noah's ark pigs than anything; their poor backs are so sharp, and their legs are so very long, as if they were on stilts. Still, I should have had more sous for Perrine if I had not teased

him about them! Well, what's done can't be mended, and I always am digressing.'

'But I think you have been trying more the last few days,' said Cousin Hester, who had found some difficulty in keeping her countenance during Judy's serious speech. 'But about Perrine—I think, perhaps, it would be better not to give her the sous to-day; she shall have all that is left of the dinner to take home, and we will try and find out what would be the best way of helping her, and meantime you can save up your sous for her if you don't forget. See, there are the boys coming to see what has become of you.'

'My dear,' Uncle Russell was saying, as he and Cousin Hester sat under the trees that afternoon, for he had joined them, in spite of Dulcie's hopes to the contrary. 'My dear, I don't understand that little Dulcie.'

'She is very shy, but I think she has brightened up wonderfully since she first came, and she seems happy, quite happy, except now and then, when something odd seems to come over her.'

'Then I suppose "something odd" came over her just now. Perhaps you will be able to make out what it was, *I* can't; I am sure I don't know how I "digressed," as Judy would say.'

'Why, what did you do?'

'Well, I went to look at their sketches, and I was pleased to see how well Dulcie had done the *Menhir*. Fando has improved very much, and she is a dear good girl and takes great pains, but Dulcie has more natural turn, I should say. Well, you know Fando's birthday will be here directly, and I always give her something, so seeing that she hadn't much of a paint-box, I asked whether she would like a new one, moist colours, as they seem to be all the thing nowadays.'

'And was not she delighted? It is the very thing she has been wishing for.'

'Oh, yes, she was pleased enough, and thanked me very prettily, as she always does. She is a nice girl, Fando. No; it is Dulcie who is the puzzle.'

'She is only shy, I do believe, and it will wear off when she knows us all better.'

'But, my dear, I thought I would give her a paint-box too, for I see she has Mary's old one, which is a good deal the worse for wear, and dry colours are not convenient for out-door work.'

'Well, surely she was pleased, though perhaps she was too shy to say so.'

'Pleased? Not a bit of it! She turned very red and said, "Oh, *no*, thank you!" as if I had been offering her a crocodile!'

'Poor Dulcie! what a pity it is! She doesn't mean to be ungracious, but she doesn't know how to accept things comfortably. I think that must be it, and sometimes she seems obliged to say "no" to everything. I dare say she had scruples about the cost or some-

thing, and *perhaps* she fancied that you would not have thought of it but for Fando.'

'Dear me, Hester, how did you learn to understand such fancies? I am glad you have none of your own, my dear, at all events.'

'I have had a different sort of home from poor Dulcie's, father, and you never let me have scruples about putting you to expense, so I am afraid that I am extravagant without knowing it.'

'Nonsense! Now, Hester, pray don't you take up any notions of that sort, or I shall buy everything I fancy, whether you want it or not, so I give you fair warning. As for Dulcie, if that is what she is thinking of, you will be able to find out about it perhaps and make her understand that a couple of paint-boxes won't break me. I shall send for two, anyway, and you might ask Fando.'

But when Cousin Hester consulted Fando, she was only more puzzled to account for Dulcie's odd behaviour.

'I know she would like it very much,' said Fando, 'and I tried to get her to tell me why she wouldn't have it, but all she said was, "I can't, indeed I can't, it would not be right; and I can't tell you why," and she looked so very miserable, and got so red that I did not like to say any more. I can't think what she has got in her head, but I don't think it's the money. She knows that Uncle Russell isn't too poor to afford a paint-box if he likes; it's something else.'

'Well, people who will keep their thoughts to themselves are very difficult to deal with, for they don't give one a chance of setting their wrong notions right,' said Cousin Hester, with a little sigh.

She was indeed a good deal disappointed by Dulcie's very odd behaviour, and particularly vexed that her good kind father should have been annoyed.

'However,' she went on brightly, 'we must have patience, Fando. She has not been many days with us yet, and she certainly has improved very much; and, if only Judy will keep up her good behaviour, I hope she will learn to trust us, and come a little more out of her shell. Did you ever think that the "faith" St. Paul mentions among the fruits of the Spirit is really trustfulness? So that we ought to cultivate a spirit of trustfulness if it does not come naturally to us, even at the risk of being sometimes deceived.

'I suppose it is something the same as the charity that "believeth all things,"' said Fando thoughtfully; 'but, Cousin Hester, Dulcie can't have anything to be suspicious about, can she?'

'Oh, no! I don't suppose she has; it is more a sort of general feeling of not liking to trust anybody with her thoughts for fear she should be misunderstood or laughed at, I think; and that is why I am anxious that Judy should not exercise her powers of teasing too much, until Dulcie has learnt to see that there is nothing so very dreadful in it after all, and that the less she minds, the less she will have of it.'

'Judy can be a real torment sometimes, and the worst of it is that

when she has one of her fits, the more I try to stop her, the tiresomer she is. Poor Dulcie! I can't *think* what came over her this afternoon. She reminds me of one of those creatures that roll up tight, without leaving a bit of leg or anything outside for you to get hold of.'

'Well, at least she is not a *prickly* ball.'

'No, not often; but rather *hard*, as if she had armour on! I hope she won't take a long time to unroll to-day; but she is often worse just after she has unrolled a little and I think we are getting on.'

But Fando's hopes were happily realised; for, though Dulcie was a little 'glum' to start with, she could not keep it up long, inasmuch as, on the way home, the three donkeys, with Dulcie, Jack, and Judy on their backs, suddenly took it into their heads to have a race on their own account, and started off at a gallop, leaving Perrine, the cart, and all the rest of the party far behind, and never stopping until they reached Plancöet, when they turned sharp in at the gate, and continued their gallop to the front door, amid peals of laughter from their riders.

What with the necessity of devoting all her attention to her steed, and the excitement of being carried along the very edge of the pond, all Dulcie's 'glumness' had been quite shaken out of her for the present, and she accepted pleasantly Judy's well-meant compliments upon the way in which she had managed to 'stick on.'

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXIX.

1695–1701.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

In the end of the seventeenth century an entirely new feature in civilised life appeared, namely, money speculation. The lending sums on interest, which had hitherto been only done by Jews, Lombards, and gradually by goldsmiths, had become the established profession of bankers, and private persons had begun to consider investments the best mode of disposing of their capital. Moreover, after the discovery of the New World, companies for trade and discovery had been formed, even in the days of Elizabeth and James I. The East India Company had gained a great step by the acquisitions made through Catherine of Braganza's dowry, and there was a general feeling in favour of loans, increased by the establishment of the Bank of England.

William Paterson, who had so much aided in this scheme, was the son of a Scotch farmer in Dumfriesshire. At sixteen he went to a kinswoman in Bristol, and there obtained some knowledge of commerce, so as to turn to profit the sum he inherited from her. He became a merchant, and spent some years in the West Indies, and there learnt that the Isthmus of Panama, or Darien as it was then called, was not formally included in the western dominions of Spain, and with a mind leaping forward to the perception of its present importance as the key alike to the East and West Indies, and ignorant of the fatal character of the climate, he conceived the scheme of a colony there.

He could, however, at first get no one to attend to the plan, though he obtained considerable weight and influence in London among the merchants, and thus was able to bring forward the scheme, for the Bank of England was founded. His success and prudence in that undertaking and his very high character recommended his other proposals, and he again put forward his project of a company which was to establish a colony on the Isthmus to facilitate the trade between Europe and the Indies.

It was very eagerly taken up, especially by Lord Stair, and by Fletcher of Saltoun, who, it may be remembered, had been caused by a personal quarrel to withdraw in good time from Monmouth's army. Great numbers of Scots subscribed, expecting to make their fortunes, and in London £300,000 was immediately promised. The Dutch,

hoping to have a ready short cut to their possessions in the Asiatic islands, took the matter up, and so did Hamburg, where £200,000 was subscribed.

But the East India merchants were in dread for their trade, and so were the Turkey and Muscovy Companies; and the whole spirit of the English had been for a long time past to prevent as much as possible all rivalry. So an address was presented by the two Houses of Parliament, with Lord Halifax and John Locke at their head, not only representing the scheme as chimerical, but likely to cause a war by giving umbrage to Spain, and, moreover, that the Scotch would have a great advantage in the East Indian trade, and undersell the English. It was even proposed to impeach Paterson before the House of Commons. William accepted the petition, and answered it in the same short-sighted manner. He even showed his displeasure by depriving Lord Stair of the Secretaryship of State. As Sir Walter Scott observes, Stair, who had not lost his place for the massacre of Glencoe, lost it for trying to benefit the commerce of his country.

The plan went on in Scotland, but the London merchants were afraid of it, and very little of the £300,000 promised by them came in, and the Hamburgers likewise failed.

By 1697, a capital of £400,000 had been raised, but there was still a delay in preparing ships at Leith. During this time, Paterson went to Amsterdam to purchase stores, placing £8000 in the hands of a London merchant named James Smith, who fraudulently made away with it.

The blow was terrible, and Paterson did his best to compensate the company from his private means, though he was free from all blame. The distrust thus inspired made the company deprive him of the command of the first batch of colonists, who sailed in five vessels from Leith on the 16th of July, 1697, 1200 in number, under the direction of seven 'marine chancellors' of equal authority, who made it their business, as it seemed, to quarrel with one another, and browbeat Paterson, the only man among them with any experience. Each was to rule, week about, which, as he truly said, was making a mere May game of the Government. However, the ships reached their destination, and the colonists were landed at a place named Acta, where they founded a city which they named New Edinburgh, and the entire settlement Caledonia. The season was cool when they arrived, and their hopes were high; but their provisions were soon exhausted, and, when they sent to the islands of Jamaica and Barbadoes for supplies, the governors, out of spiteful jealousy, took on themselves to issue proclamations forbidding all intercourse with them, or any sale of provisions.

The heat brought on diseases: starvation aided the fatal work, and by the end of eight months the twelve hundred colonists had dwindled to a hundred and fifty, whom Paterson brought home. He had lost

his wife and child, and was very ill himself, taking many months to recover the fatal fever.

Fifteen hundred colonists arrived just after their departure, to go through the like miseries, and three hundred Campbells came out a little later; but the Spaniards, finding that the unhappy colony was entirely neglected, began to attack it, seized a ship wrecked on the coast, and made the crew prisoners. The Company sent a petition to the King by Lord Basil Hamilton, but William declined to receive it. Lord Basil at last knelt suddenly before him and forced it on him.

'The young man is too bold,' said William; 'if a man can be too bold in the cause of his country.'

However, the King, unwilling to embroil himself with Spain, or to offend the English merchants, would do nothing; and the Spaniards, attacking New Edinburgh from the Pacific side, besieged it for six weeks, during which the colonists held out gallantly, but were obliged to surrender at last, when so much reduced that they had not strength among them to weigh the anchor of the ship that carried them away, without the help of the Spanish victors.

It was in these days that England had a strange, uncouth visitor. Muscovy, as Russia was then usually called, was scarcely known, except as a savage and cold country, whence furs might be obtained, and merchants came to the great German fairs. Queen Elizabeth had had an interchange of civilities with the Tzar, Ivan the Terrible, but had happily demurred to his request that she would send him a wife.

Since his time there had been a great revolution, in which the house of Romanoff had come to the throne. They were of Polish origin, and thus had more affinity with the other sovereigns of Europe than their predecessors; but the Church of Muscovy had been an offshoot from Constantinople, preserving the original Liturgy and Scriptures as translated into Slavonic by Cyril and Methodius, and were not in communion with the Western Church. The population of the north-west was Slavonic, beyond lay free, wild Tartars, and to the south, Cossacks. The title Tzar appears to be a Slavonic word meaning Lord, the same as the last syllable of Nebuchadnezzar; but it was latterly spelt Czar, confused with Cæsar, and supposed to be equivalent to Emperor.

The Romanoffs have always been a remarkable family; but there is among them a certain hereditary affection of the brain, so that instances of great ability and of imbecility seem to occur in each generation, and likewise of insanity, sometimes ferocious; and there have been very few members of the house who have reached a prosperous old age.

The Tzar Alexis died in 1676, leaving a numerous family. The eldest son, Feodor, reigned after him, and died in 1681. The next brother, Ivan, was imbecile, and his sister Sophia assumed the chief power as guardian of her brother; no Tzar had ever dreamt of such a

brother, Peter, was extremely able and restless, she tried first to occupy him with idle and licentious diversions, and gave him a set of young idle comrades, who were called Tzar Peter's amusers. His high spirit, however, led them all; he made them practise military exercises, and study hard with him, and, though they all occasionally had a wild and rude orgie of revelry, on the whole they lived an abstemious life, and accustomed themselves to hardship. At seventeen, Peter resolved to take his place, and going up to his sister, who was taking the lead in a State procession, he commanded her to leave it to him. She refused, and he withdrew for the time; but a warning reached him that she was sending the Strelitz Guards to seize him. He escaped to a very strong convent, with his mother and wife, and thence sent messengers to summon the boyars, or nobles, who had become disgusted with Sophia's government, and willingly joined him. Sophia was sent to a convent, where she spent the remainder of her life.

This was in 1689, and from that time began the sole rule of Peter; his brother Ivan, though called Tzar, being a mere name till his death in 1696. Peter was a tall, powerful man, with eyes full of the fire of genius and enterprise, a wonderful power of energy and ability, but together with the intellect and designs of an Alfred or Charlemagne, he had the habits and manners of a barbarian, and, at times, the temper of a madman. He was certainly the most extraordinary person then living in Europe, and the fixed design of his whole life was to lift his country into the rank of civilised nations, and make it a power in Europe. In the first design he half succeeded; the second he entirely accomplished.

After the first three years, during which he was establishing his rule, he began his improvements. His navy was his first thought, and this required the more remarkable effort on his part, because he had as curious an antipathy to water as if he had been an evil spirit. It is said that when a little child of five years old he had been asleep in his mother's lap in a carriage, and was suddenly wakened by the noise of a waterfall, close to which the road lay. The shock and terror brought on a severe illness, and he was afterwards seized with a convulsive shuddering whenever he was obliged to pass the smallest stream; but he cured this by resolutely plunging into cold water every morning, though it may be feared that he did not continue the habit after his aversion was conquered!

His father, Alexis, had obtained Dutch shipbuilders for the sake of the trade with Persia on the Caspian and the Volga, but in a revolt some of these had been killed, and others had contrived to cross Persia and reach the East Indian settlements; but one carpenter, named Brandt, was still in Russia. One day, laid up in the curiosities of the summer palace, he came upon a decayed old sloop, and asked his mathematical teacher, a German named Timmerman, [illegible] vessels he had ever seen on the river [illegible] a hundred and fifty, whom Paterson brought.

Moskwa. Timmerman explained that it was an English craft, meant for sea going, with sails or oars when the wind was adverse. Peter was full of eagerness to make trial of it, but it required refitting, and with some difficulty Brandt was hunted up. The sloop was put in order, and launched on one of the Russian lakes, where Peter, to the terror of his mother, took a trip in her, and learnt to steer her himself.

Brandt built three more vessels, and in one of them the Tzar embarked at Archangel, escorted by a Dutch man-of-war, and took an experimental voyage on the Arctic Ocean, learning every detail of the management of the ship. The original boat went by the name of the *Little Grandsire.*

His next endeavour was to raise a disciplined army, and here he went greatly by the advice of a Swiss gentleman named Lefort, whose wanderings had brought him to Russia. Though without more special military training than through having, for a few years, served as a volunteer in the Dutch army, he had the general knowledge of an educated and able man, and was able to assist the Tzar materially in forming a regular army. The boyars had been used each to bring their own tumultuous followers, and no one would obey any other less noble, or with a shorter pedigree than himself. Peter's brother, Feodor, had burnt all the genealogical trees, and caused the Patriarch to pronounce an anathema upon any person who revived disputes on family precedence, and Peter disposed of the remaining scruples by entering the army as a private, and working upwards through all the grades, scrupulously obeying his superior officer in each. His chief General was a Scotsman named Gordon, and Lefort was appointed Admiral of the Fleet that was coming into existence on the great rivers. Army and navy together took Asof, and obtained the command of its sea.

Gordon was an excellent officer, and obtained the services of a great number of the Huguenots whom Louis XIV.'s persecution had driven from their homes.

From Gordon and Lefort, Peter derived his ideas of the habits of the civilised nations, and he was determined to force his people into them. Church and people were alike almost barbarous, and they were to be raised by the strong hand of one as savage as themselves in all but intellect and energy, subject to the most furious passions, and of such an excitable constitution as to be liable at the least shock, even at the sudden appearance of a black beetle, to fall into frightful convulsions.

In 1697, he sent out sixty of the young boyars of Lefort's regiment to Venice and Leghorn to study navigation, forty to Holland to study ship-building, and others to Germany to enter the armies there and learn discipline and strategy. By-and-by he resolved to learn these same lessons personally, and he announced his intention of travelling in Europe. His people were aghast; no Tzar had ever dreamt of such a

proceeding before, and the Russian despised as much as he disliked foreign customs, looking, moreover, on all who did not belong to the orthodox Eastern Church as no better than heathens. His wife, Eudoxia, to whom he had been married at sixteen, joined in the outcry, and so offended him that he entirely separated from her. There was even a conspiracy for assassinating him and replacing Sophia on the throne; but this he disconcerted so effectually that he was able safely to leave the Empire in the hands of a regent, Prince Romanodosky.

Lefort was to travel as an ambassador to the German Courts, with a suite of two hundred boyars, in the national garb—long caftans, and tall sable-skin caps with pearls and diamonds, scimitars by their sides, and thick beards. Only Lefort and Peter wore the ordinary dress of Western gentlemen; and the Tzar, calling himself Timmerman, had only two personal attendants besides a dwarf.

The party started in the April of 1697, and travelled first through Esthonia and Livonia, provinces long disputed between Muscovy, Poland and Sweden, but at that time held by the last mentioned. Peter wished to survey the fortifications of Riga; but the governor, probably guessing who Herr Timmerman was, refused, and he was so much affronted as to declare that he hoped one day to refuse the same thing to the King of Sweden. There was an alarm that the Swedes meant to make him prisoner, and he crossed the Dwina in a boat in great danger from floating masses of ice, and only joined the embassy again at Mittau.

At Konigsberg he was received with great state by the Elector Frederick William, and his suite was much admired, especially a Georgian prince in the Persian dress. There were great revellings, which were only too congenial to Peter, and on some remonstrance of Lefort, he rushed on his friend with his sword, but was withheld from doing any harm, and afterwards expressed great contrition, saying, 'Alas! while I want to reform my subjects, I cannot reform myself!'

He does not seem to have here preserved his incognito; but he afterwards hurried on before his attendants to Holland; and there, in the clothes of a Dutch skipper, repaired to the village of Saardam, the chief building-dock of the Dutch navy. Here he took a small lodging, where he cooked his own meals and mended his own clothes. He bought a boat, and made the sail himself, and after watching the work in the dockyards he got taken on as a carpenter, by the name of Peter Michaeloff—Peter Bas (the present American boss) was what the workmen called him, and he lived on good terms with them. Some memorials of his work are still preserved at Amsterdam, and there is in especial a perfect model of a Dutch house with all its furniture, which was made for him, but, for some reason, never sent.

He also took lessons in surgery and anatomy, besides going to the Hague to have an interview with William III., in one of whose yachts he passed over to England, where, to be nearer the building-

yards, he hired Mr. Evelyn's house at Says Court, and there pursued his studies, learning astronomy, mathematical principles of ship-building and navigation. An engineer, who attended him constantly, affirmed that there was nothing belonging to a ship-of-war to which he had not laid his hand, from the casting of cannon to the twisting of cables; and he also studied the niceties of watch-making.

Poor Evelyn, however, was not equally delighted with his inmates. His servant wrote that the Muscovites were 'right nasty,' and they treated the beautiful house and gardens like the semi-savages they were; so that, when Sir Christopher Wren and Mr. London, the King's gardener, surveyed the place afterwards, they obtained a grant of £150 for damages from the Treasury. There was a splendid holly-hedge, cherished for years by Evelyn, through which Peter delighted in driving a wheel-barrow.

Peter went to the English Church, and was very curious about the Quakers. He visited Archbishop Tenison, went to Oxford, looked into both Houses of Parliament, and was especially delighted with the Tower, alike with the Armoury and the Mint. He took a good many Englishmen, both men of science and artificers, into his service; and, at the end of his visit, was indulged with a naval review and sham fight, which delighted him so much, that he exclaimed, with considerable truth, that an English Admiral was happier than a Muscovite Tzar.

William III. gave him a beautiful yacht, called the *Royal Transport*, so perfectly fitted that he was in raptures, and he sent it off to Archangel with a freight of artizans to teach his subjects. In return he gave the King a splendid diamond wrapped in a greasy piece of brown paper. Perhaps William did not object as much as some sovereigns would have done.

Peter then went to Vienna, and had an interview with the Emperor Leopold, both standing the whole time to satisfy Leopold's punctilious notions. The Tzar intended to have gone on to Venice, but letters from Moscow informed him of an outbreak of the Strelitzes to restore Sophia, on the plea that they did not know whether he were dead or alive. General Gordon had put this down in a sharp fight, in which three thousand were killed, after which he hanged every tenth man of the survivors, so that all was quiet by the time the Tzar suddenly appeared at Moscow before any one knew that he was on his way home.

He was beginning his new reforms, when, to his great grief, death deprived him of Lefort, hitherto his right hand, with whose advice probably he might have proceeded more judiciously and less violently in his reforms.

He made the calendar begin from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of September; he established a post-office, had roads made, built hospitals, and did all he could to force his unwilling country into conformity with the rest of Europe. Especially, he insisted that all

laymen, above the rank of serfs, should shave and wear European dresses, under pain of a heavy fine. Coats as patterns were hung at the gates of the cities, and there was sore lamentation. Some consulted the clergy as to what they should do, saying that they would as soon lose their heads as their beards; but on a representation that the beard grows again, but the head does not, they yielded most reluctantly.

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH AND HIS TIMES.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

V.

JEHOIAKIM.*

To the popular anti-Egyptian enthusiasm the exile of Jehoahaz and the accession of Jehoiakim as an Egyptian vassal was a crushing blow; the more so as Egypt seemed to go on for the time uninterrupted in her career of success. Necho had placed garrisons in the fortresses about Carchemish; he returned victorious to Egypt, and Nabopolassar, who was now old, left him alone for a while. During this time the Egyptian party were supreme at Jerusalem; the purity of the worship of Jehovah, no longer supported by State authority, at once relapsed to the corrupt forms which had become only too familiar during the years preceding Josiah's reform; and once more religious excitement, fostered by the rites of Baal and Osiris, took the place of righteousness as the national ideal. It is a thing to be kept clearly before our minds in trying to understand the Prophets that the union of religion with morality in the worship of Jehovah was something not to be found elsewhere, and that whenever the nation declined into idolatry, and forgot the first table of the Ten Commandments, it invariably also declined into immorality, injustice, and Oriental despotism, and forgot the second as well.

Chapter xxvi. shows us the first protest of Jeremiah against the new philo-Egyptian regime. Jehoiakim had already begun to show himself as a persecutor, and though this chapter is dated 'at the beginning of the reign of Jehoiakim,' it is plain that some time must have elapsed for the persecution and martyrdom of the prophet Uriah of Kiriath-Jearim to take place. It is difficult to understand, without more knowledge than we have of the intricacies of the politics of the day, why Uriah should have taken refuge in Egypt, or why the Egyptian-minded aristocracy should, in the same chapter, have followed Ahikam's lead in defending Jeremiah from his persecutors—a very different part from that which they played under Zedekiah. The command came to him to 'stand in the court of the Lord's house, and speak to all the cities of Judah, which come to worship in the Lord's house, all the words that I command thee to speak unto them; keep not back a word.' The burden of the prophecy

* The chapters taken here as referring to Jehoiakim's reign, are: xxvi., vii.–x., xlvi. 1–12, xxxv., xxv., xxxvi., part of xxii., xlv., and perhaps xix., xx.

was to be that if they were disobedient to the law of God, He would make Jerusalem like Shiloh, the original sanctuary, 'desolate and without inhabitant.' A fuller account seems to be given in the seventh chapter, which begins a group of prophecies apparently belonging to the reign of Jehoiakim, though probably re-edited by the prophet with special reference to the Egyptian exiles after the fall of Jerusalem. These are contained in chapters vii.–x.

Taking chapter vii. as a fuller account of the prophecies mentioned in chapter xxvi., verses 1–15 seem to be addressed to the nominal worshippers of Jehovah, the worshippers whom he arrested with his burning words as they came up on their way to the Temple. The point of this passage seems to be that the fanaticism of the prevalent nature-worship was infecting the worship of Jehovah—unmeaning reiterations of words, like 'The Temple of Jehovah,' were coming in their minds to take the place of conscientious adherence to the plain duties of man; and the end could only be national destruction, as had been the case with the Ten Tribes. Then comes a denunciation of the more open Egyptian idolatry. 'Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead the dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke Me to anger. . . . Add your burnt offerings to your sacrifices, and eat ye flesh. For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices: but this thing I commanded them, saying, Hearken unto My voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be My people: and walk ye in all the way that I command you, that it may be well with you.' Then, after denunciations of the punishment to follow, Jeremiah alludes, as Ezekiel did after him, to the prophets who 'healed the daughter of My people lightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.' It was easy enough in those days, when temporal success was still popularly considered the test of Divine favour, for men to comfort themselves with the belief that, after all, everything was for the best, and that Necho's success meant that he was favoured by Jehovah, and was an excellent reason for drifting with the tide. Even Jeremiah saw in his victory before Gaza the 'sword of the Lord' against the Philistine enemy.

Among these direct denunciations are outpourings of personal grief—the grief of a patriot for his country—peculiar to Jeremiah. Sometimes it is called out by his people's sins.

'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people! Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men; that I might leave my people, and go from them! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men. And they bend their tongue as it were their bow for falsehood; and they are

grown strong in the land, but not for truth; and they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord.'

Sometimes this personal grief is called out rather by the coming national calamities. The passage at the end of these prophecies may be, like the earlier ones, a denunciation of the wrath of God in some unknown national catastrophe, or it may have been called out by the intelligence that the Chaldæan lion was roused at last, and a prediction of his wrath upon Egypt and her allies. In its present form, we probably have it as Jeremiah reproduced it among the Egyptian exiles.

'Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is my grief, and I must bear it. My tent is spoiled, and all my cords are broken: my children are gone forth of me, and they are not: there is none to stretch forth my tent any more, and to set up my curtains . . . The voice of a rumour, behold it cometh, and a great commotion out of the north country, to make the cities of Judah a desolation and a dwelling-place for jackals.'

The three last verses would seem to have been added after the final catastrophe had occurred—

'O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing. Pour out Thy fury upon the heathen that know Thee not, and upon the families that call not upon Thy name: for they have devoured Jacob, yea, they have devoured him and consumed him, and have laid waste his habitation.'

If this is not the case, they show the intense vividness with which the imagination of the prophet pictured a calamity yet in the far future; but if we follow the theory of a re-editing of the prophet's works in Egypt, it more probably expresses his later feelings than his earlier ones.

It may have been the first part only of these prophecies that Jeremiah uttered in the Temple court; but the result was a fierce outburst of indignation from all classes of his hearers. 'The priests, and the prophets, and all the people laid hold of him saying: Thou shalt surely die.' The representatives of the Egyptian party, the 'princes,' hearing of the tumult, came and sat in the entry of the new gate of the Lord's house, built in the fervour of Josiah's reformation: the priests and prophets, whose order he had denounced —himself belonging to both orders—handed him over to the people and the 'princes.' Jeremiah did not flinch before the prospect of death at the hands of a fanatic mob, instigated, possibly now as later, by the 'men of Anathoth,' 'his familiar friends, who watched for his halting.' He repeated his assertion that the message he had spoken was divine, and went on, 'As for me, behold, I am in your hand; do with me as is good and right in your eyes. Only know for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall bring innocent blood upon your-

selves, and upon this city, and upon the inhabitants thereof: for of a truth the Lord hath sent me unto you to speak all these things in your ears.' The verdict of the princes and people was for Jeremiah, and the elders of the land stood up and discussed the precedents of the treatment of former prophets—Micah, who had been listened to with respect by Hezekiah, and Uriah of Kiriath-Jearim, put to death by Jehoiakim. They did not wish to repeat the last deed, which seems to have struck them with horror. And thus, for the time, Jeremiah's danger passed away.

In B.C. 605, or perhaps rather earlier, this lull of phantom security came to an end. Nebuchadnezzar, the son of Nabopolassar, was despatched by his father with an army to dislodge Egypt from its position at Carchemish. This is the first appearance of the great Chaldæan upon the scene, except in a secondary position to his father. He was a middle-aged man by this time; some years before the league between Nabopolassar and his ally, the Median Cyaxares, had been cemented by the marriage of Nebuchadnezzar to Amyitis, the daughter of the Median, to alleviate whose home-sickness in the Babylonian plains—so the legend goes—the hanging gardens of Babylon were erected to remind her of her native mountains. His name, long enough already to Western ears, is a contraction or corruption of Nabu-kuduri-ussur, 'Nebo, protect the crown.' Nebuchadnezzar is therefore the more correct form.

Necho came up with a gallant force to withstand the Chaldæan conqueror; mercenaries from Ethiopia, Libya, and Lydia swelled his ranks; and the onlookers in the neighbouring countries waited for the result, as Europe waited for the clash of France and Germany in 1870. But Syria, which had probably borne the Egyptian yoke with impatience, on the other hand threw it off, and joined the Chaldæan invader.

They met on the bank of the Euphrates near Carchemish, and the result is commemorated in Jeremiah's lyric, which for vividness and dramatic force certainly surpasses his more important and deeper deliverances.

'Order ye the buckler and shield, and draw near to battle. Harness the horses; and get up, ye horsemen, and stand forth with your helmets; furbish the spears, put on the coats of mail. . . . Who is this that riseth up like the Nile, whose waters toss themselves like the rivers? Egypt riseth up like the Nile, and his waters toss themselves like the rivers; and he said, I will rise up, I will cover the earth; I will destroy the city and the inhabitants thereof. Go up, ye horses; and rage, ye chariots; and let the mighty men go forth; Ethiopia and Libya, that handle the shield; and the Lydians, that handle and bend the bow. For that day is a day of the Lord, Jehovah Sabaoth, a day of vengeance, that He may avenge Him of His adversaries: and the sword shall devour, and be satiate, and shall drink its fill of their blood: for the Lord, Jehovah Sabaoth, hath a

sacrifice in the north country by the river Euphrates. Go up into Gilead, and take balm, O virgin daughter of Egypt: in vain dost thou use many medicines; there is no healing for thee. The nations have heard of thy shame, and the earth is full of thy cry; for the mighty man hath stumbled against the mighty, they are fallen both of them together.'

The victorious army of Chaldæans and Syrians swept over the ill-fated country of Judah, so that the country people were obliged to forsake their unfortified villages and take refuge in walled towns; among them was the Arab tribe of the Beni-Rechab, the Rechabites, as we call them, who ever since the time of Jehu, when they had taken part in the ferocious massacres of that king, had camped out in the open country of Israel. From their hereditary obedience to the laws of their ancestor, Jonadab, who had forbidden them to give up their distinctive Arab customs, Jeremiah drew a lesson of warning for the renegade sons of Israel, who were so ready to change theirs for those of the surrounding nations. Jehoiakim probably avoided any actual disaster to his small country by sending in his submission at once to Nebuchadnezzar; but his submission was against the grain, and we may imagine that the sense of disappointed ambition, which must have come to him with the great defeat of Egypt, may have helped to make him the *dour*, selfish tyrant which he appears for the rest of his reign.

It was at this time that Jeremiah, who, since his deliverance from the fanatic mob of priests and prophets by the popular voice and the judgment of the nobles, would seem to have been forbidden to take any public part in the Temple, inspired by a fresh impulse to endeavour to turn the hearts of the people into a better way, dictated his prophecies to his friend and disciple, Baruch the Scribe, who made up for Jeremiah's enforced silence by 'reading in the book the words of Jehovah in Jehovah's house.'

The especial words referred to are almost certainly those given in chapter xxv. It is, of course, quite possible that some of the earlier ones may also have been repeated; but we learn in chapter xxxvi. that the chief point to which Jehoiakim took exception, was the assertion of the coming catastrophe of Nebuchadnezzar's conquest, and the ensuing desolation of the country, which is here given more sharply than elsewhere.

'Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts; Because ye have not heard My words, behold, I will send and take all the families of the north, said the Lord, and I will send unto Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon, My servant, and will bring them against this land, and against the inhabitants thereof, and against all these nations round about, and I will utterly destroy them, and make them an astonishment, and a hissing, and perpetual desolation. Moreover I will take from them the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones, and the

light of the candle. And this whole land shall be a desolation, and an astonishment; and these nations shall serve the king of Babylon seventy years.'

The people, who had always reverenced Jeremiah in spite of his unflattering denunciation of them, listened to the words, and without regarding the attitude of priests or prophets, a popular fast was proclaimed—another instance of the sturdy independence of the Jewish people, in spite of the attempts of their rulers to ride over them like petty Eastern despots. Baruch again read out Jeremiah's words, and the princes were called upon to hear, and were sufficiently impressed to examine Baruch as to the authenticity of the roll, and then to call upon Jehoiakim himself to listen. The precious roll was procured, and some of it read to the King; but the reading was stopped by Jehoiakim, with defiant coolness, which reminds us of William Rufus, slitting the papyrus roll with his knife, and then burning it in the charcoal brazier before him. Some of the princes, his father-in-law Elnathan among others, remonstrated, but in vain. The deed was done; but as far as any purpose was concerned, it was only an exhibition of futile spite. Jeremiah and Baruch were sought for, but they had followed the counsel of the friendly princes so well that they were not discovered; and the roll was rewritten with additional words, among them a curse upon Jehoiakim, whose 'dead body' was to be 'cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost.' The increase of civilisation had perhaps made the outward personality of a prophet less important than when all his messages were delivered by word of mouth; but it had also given them a new permanence, in the written form by which we all profit to this day.

Baruch seems (chapter xlv.) to have been a young man of hopeful and ambitious temperament, and to have looked forward to some obvious political change for the better, in which he hoped to take part, in consequence of the popular agitation produced by his public reading of Jeremiah's prophecies in the Temple. When their only effect appeared to be persecution and silence, he was quite broken down by the disappointment. Jeremiah's message to him is preserved.

'Behold, that which I have built will I break down, and that which I have planted will I pluck up, and this in the whole land. And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord: but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest.'

The other parts of Jeremiah which appear to belong to Jehoiakim's reign are less clearly dated than these. The historical events of this reign, as far as we know them, run thus: He came to the throne in 607 B.C.; then came four years of Egyptian vassalage, which ended with the battle of Carchemish, B.C. 604; and this again was followed

by three years of Chaldæan vassalage. About B.C. 600 Necho induced him again to come over to the Egyptian alliance, and he rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar. This time Nebuchadnezzar did not come against him in person, but sent a general with a contingent of Chaldæans, at the head of a mixed force of the hereditary enemies of Israel, Moab and Ammon. Whether Jehoiakim was killed by the national enemy, or whether he died a natural death, seems uncertain; but in 597 his reign ended, and his son, Jehoiachin, succeeded him.

Internally, the history of the reign is one of cruel and exhausting exaction. At his accession, Necho had imposed on the country an indemnity of a hundred talents of silver and one of gold, which, the author of Kings tells us, instead of being taken from the Temple treasures as usual in Jewish history, was paid by a direct tax upon the people. This was not to Jehoiakim's discredit; but it would seem that the ease with which he found he could obtain money in this way suggested his raising money thus for personal luxuries. It was not a time in which a patriotic king would have added the weight of heavy taxation to the other miseries caused by the insecurity of society; but Jehoiakim took the opportunity of building himself a new and magnificent palace out of the forced labour of his unhappy people. Chapter xxii., which is a cluster of personal prophecies respecting the various kings of Judah, gives Jeremiah's invective against this selfishness.

The beginning shows him going to the 'house of the king of Judah,' probably at the commencement of his reign, and warning him that his personal prosperity and that of his house depended on his justice and good government, and it appears as if this formal warning from prophet to king were repeated at the accession of Zedekiah.

'Thus saith the Lord, Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor: and do no wrong, do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless, the widow, neither shed innocent blood in this place. For if ye do this thing indeed, then shall there enter in by the gates of this house kings sitting upon the throne of David, riding on chariots and on horses, he, and his servants, and his people.' Then follows a lament for the exiled Jehoahaz, given probably at a later date, and then the denunciation of Jehoiakim's selfishness and injustice. This may have been during the period of Chaldæan supremacy, when an interval of quiet may have given time to Jehoiakim to consult his own luxurious tastes.

'Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by injustice; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not his hire; that saith, I will build me a wide house and spacious chambers, and cutteth him out windows; and it is cieled with cedar, and painted with vermilion. Shalt thou

reign, because thou strivest to excel in cedar? Did not thy father eat and drink, and do judgment and justice, then it was well with him. . . . Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning Jehoiakim the son of Josiah king of Judah; They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah my brother! or, Ah sister! they shall not lament for him, saying, Ah lord! or, Ah his glory! He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.'

Chapters xvi. and xvii. have no indication of date, except that we find that Jeremiah was still an unmarried man, and it would therefore be natural to suppose that the resolution to stand free both from the joys and sorrows of family life, as unfit for the dreary times through which the nation had to pass, would come to him in his early manhood rather than at a later time. This would put the former part probably towards the beginning of Jehoiakim's reign. The striking passage, xvii. 5-11, where the man who 'trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and in his heart goeth from the Lord,' is likened to the tamarisk in the wilderness, stunted and fruitless 'in a salt land and not inhabited,' may have been addressed to Jehoiakim with his ever-recurring tendency to break away from the Chaldæans and to turn to Egypt for help. The other dateless chapters in the book seem on the whole to be better referred to a later period, though many of the bitter lamentations of the patriot prophet over his country could hardly have been called out by a sadder spectacle than Jehoiakim's broken troth avenged upon his nation by the wild hordes of Moab and Ammon, backed up by the resistless strength of Chaldæa.

VI.

JEHOIACHIN.*

THE three months' reign of Jehoiachin—which was probably the name assumed by the young prince Jeconiah on coming to the throne—were disastrous enough. The bands of Chaldæan and Syrians, Moabites and Ammonites, who had overrun the country through the latter part of Jehoiakim's reign, now encamped before Jerusalem for a regular siege. Jehoiachin was eighteen, and while he was considered mature enough to have his harem of wives, and may have even had children already born to him, politically he seems to have shared the authority with his mother, Nehushta, who was the daughter of one of the 'princes,' Elnathan of Jerusalem, and who in true Oriental fashion was a far greater personage as the king's mother than as the king's wife.

* See chapters xxii. 20–30, xiii., xxiv., xxix., lii. 31–34.

That he was represented in the Book of Kings as 'doing that which was evil in the sight of the Lord,' probably means, not that his character was depraved, but that the policy of Jehoiakim was unchanged during his short reign, which may very likely have been due to his mother's influence. Certainly all the incidental notices of him seem to imply that he was a youth of promise; and the only action which history records concerning him takes the colour of a really gallant deed of self-sacrifice. 'Is this man Coniah a despised broken vessel? is he a vessel wherein is no pleasure?' cried Jeremiah, mingling praise of the unhappy prince with his wail of lamentation over his doom of lifelong exile. 'As I live, saith the Lord, though Coniah the son of Jehoiakim king of Judah were the signet upon my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence; and I will give thee into the hand of them that seek thy life, and into the hand of them of whom thou art afraid, even into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon, and into the hands of the Chaldæans. And I will cast thee out, and thy mother that bare thee, into another country, where ye were not born; and there shall ye die. But to the land whereunto their soul longeth to return, thither shall they not return.'

Chapter xiii. seems to be the only one which we can assign with any certainty to the reign of Jehoiachin. The first part, the story of the girdle hid in the hole of the rock by Euphrates, seems to require explanation, and the explanations are not clear. There are no rocks on the banks of the Euphrates, except far up in the Assyrian mountains, and it is unlikely that Jeremiah took so long a journey for so little purpose, since the point of the prophecy is simply the marring of the girdle, while, according to analogy, we might expect to find, if Euphrates were really meant, that the effect of the exile would be dwelt upon. The Euphrates, also, is scarcely ever mentioned in Scripture without the prefix 'the river.' On the whole, it seems likely, either that a vision of Jeremiah's is here recorded, or more probably still, that the word should not be rendered Euphrates, but some such name as Ephrath, and represents some place in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, perhaps Bethlehem. Ewald translates the word 'the Sweet-water.'

In the next passage (vv. 15–18) we probably have Jeremiah's exhortation to Jehoiachin and Nehushta when Nebuchadnezzar came in person to deal with the refractory little principality—one of the few of his exhortations that were complied with.

'Hear ye, and give ear; be not proud: for the Lord hath spoken. Give glory to the Lord your God, before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the mountains of twilight, and, while ye look for light, He turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness. But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret for your pride; and mine eye shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is taken captive. Say thou to the

king and to the queen-mother, Humble yourselves, sit down: for your headtires are come down, even the crown of your glory.'

Then comes an address to the nation. 'The cities of the south are shut up' (by Nebuchadnezzar's forces), 'and there is none to open them. Judah is carried away captive all of it, it is wholly carried away captive. Lift up your eyes, and behold them that come from the north: where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock? . . . Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil. . . . Woe unto thee, O Jerusalem! thou wilt not be made clean; how long shall it be?'

Jehoiachin and Nehushta listened to Jeremiah's words, if the nation did not. As far as the young king was concerned, it was no slight danger that he braved in determining, by giving himself up to Nebuchadnezzar, to spare his city the horrors of a siege. The Assyrian sculptures show us only too graphically what was the fate of captured kings. The people might be only deported from their homes to some distant settlement, and the women might not suffer a worse fate than being remarried *en masse* to those who were sent to fill their husbands' place; but fiendish torture, such as afterwards befell poor weak Zedekiah, was too apt to be the lot of the conquered king and his chief nobles. However, the young king and his mother 'humbled themselves and sat down;' they gave themselves up to Nebuchadnezzar, and the first important deportations of captives took place—important, since those who were carried away under Jehoiakim seem to have been country people carried off from insignificant towns and villages.

'He carried away all Jerusalem and all the princes and all the mighty men of valour, even ten thousand captives and all the craftsmen and the smiths; none remained, save the poorest sort of the people of the land. And he carried away Jehoiachin to Babylon: and the king's mother, and the king's wives, and "his chamberlains," and the chief men of the land, and all the men of might even seven thousand, and the craftmen and the smiths one thousand, all them strong and apt for war, even them the king of Babylon brought captive to Babylon.' To these the Book of Chronicles adds, the goodly vessels of the house of the Lord, of which we hear more later on. Jehoiachin was not put to death, but the youth of eighteen went into a lifelong captivity. 'They put him in hold,' said Ezekiel, 'that his voice might no more be heard upon the mountains of Israel.'

All the most promising part of the nation were thus deported (among them the young priest Ezekiel), and probably with them the more reasonable and responsible of the party of the Princes, which appears, during the succeeding reign, far more opposed to Jeremiah and to any religious reforms than had been the case in Jehoiakim's time. Zedekiah, who is given in Kings as the uncle, in Chronicles as the brother of Jehoiachin, was placed on the throne by Nebuchad-

nezzar, at the age of twenty-one. It is somewhat puzzling to settle which of the two he was; if he was Jehoiakim's brother, he was (according to the Chronicles genealogy), senior to Shallum, who became king at twenty-three, eleven years before (see 1 Chron. iii. 15), and would have been thirty-four or thirty-five by this time; whereas both accounts agree in making him only twenty-one at his accession. On the other hand, he cannot have been Jehoiachin's younger brother, since Jehoiachin was only eighteen. Possibly Jehoiachin may have succeeded as being son of the principal wife of Jehoiakim; since Nehushta was daughter of the Prince Elnathan; or, on the other hand, like Shallum, he may have been placed on the throne by popular consent, without regard to priority of birth. Zedekiah was one of those weak puppet kings, not without good impulses, whose reigns generally usher in the great calamities of history, and while his character seems generally well-meaning and amiable, he was absolutely incapable of resisting the will of the party of the Princes, and was dragged by them into acts utterly ruinous to his country.

There had evidently been something about Jehoiachin, besides the pathos of his exile, which had endeared him greatly to the hearts of the people; and the vision of the two baskets of figs expresses the first gleam of hope which seems to have come to the heart of Jeremiah. The hope of the future was to lie in these very captives who were separated from their country for ever. 'Like these good figs, so will I regard the captives of Judah, whom I have sent out of this place into the land of the Chaldæans for good. For I will set Mine eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them again to this land: and I will build them, and not pull them down; and I will plant them, and not pluck them up. And I will give them an heart to know Me, that I am the Lord; and they shall be My people, and I will be their God: for they shall return to Me with their whole heart.' The bad figs, on the other hand, represented Zedekiah and the Egyptian party, who were to be 'tossed to and fro among all the kingdoms of the earth for evil; to be a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse, in all places whither I shall drive them.'

The chief interest of the Book of Ezekiel, historically considered, is that it gives an indication of this very conversion of the exiles to which Jeremiah looked as the only hope of Israel, wrought by the instrumentality of one of themselves. It is impossible to read Ezekiel carefully without seeing how the prophet's fellow-exiles at Telabib, who at first seem to have looked at him with dislike or indifference, so that his first prophecies were almost in dumb show, were gradually drawn first to listen, and then in all probability to amend, till the vision of the valley of the dead bones gave them a beautiful and divine hope which they might seek to live up to. This was probably the means by which the idolatrous Judæans of the exile became the

enthusiastic little band of patriots who returned under Zerubbabel to repeople their desolated country.

Some time, probably between the first and the fourth year of Zedekiah—whose history will be more connectedly given in the next chapter—that king sent an embassy to Nebuchadnezzar, which gave Jeremiah an opportunity of officially communicating with the exiles. There were certain prophets among the captives, notably Ahab and Zedekiah, who kept up a continual excitement among them by prophecying a speedy return to their own country; they were evidently, both in their prophecies and in their lives, wholly untouched by the flame of moral enthusiasm which made a true prophet like Jeremiah feel that any suffering was desirable if it cleansed the morals of the nation. The result was a perpetual fretting and excitability among the exiles, the least likely atmosphere for any really effectual moral reform. Accordingly, Jeremiah's message came to them thus—

'Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, unto all the captivity, whom I have caused to be carried away captive from Jerusalem unto Babylon; build up houses, and dwell in them; and plant ye gardens, and eat the fruit of them; take ye wives, and beget sons and daughters; and take wives for your sons, and give your daughters to husbands, that they may bear sons and daughters; and multiply ye there, and be not diminished. And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace. . . . For thus saith the Lord, after seventy years be accomplished for Babylon, I will visit you and perform my good word toward you, in causing you to return unto this place. For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope.'

The message was not at once accepted by the exiles. One of the prophets at Babylon, Shemaiah the Nehelamite, wrote to the authorities at Jerusalem, including the acting high priest, urging them to imprison Jeremiah for want of patriotism, and charging him on his part with being 'mad and making himself a prophet.' Jeremiah retorted with a denunciation of Shemaiah, of whom we hear no more. Gradually, however, his words bore fruit; the exiles settled down to the long captivity which was to discipline them, and the captive king, among the rest, became the father, according to the Book of Chronicles, of a goodly number of children, 'the sons of Jeconiah the captive.' The Jews of later times read as a curse the pathetic lamentation over him in the last verse of chapter xxii.: 'Write ye this man childless,' and imagined that Shealtiel and his brothers must have been adopted nephews; but there seems no reason for this tradition. What was the exact amount of rigour with which he was treated we have no means to know. In the thirty-seven years during which he lived as a prisoner in Babylon, his

imprisonment probably varied in severity with the favour or disfavour with which his nation was regarded; but it was a satisfaction to his people to remember that at the death of Nebuchadnezzar he was raised to the status of a vassal prince by Evil-Merodach, and lived in some measure of royal state until his death. In the unsettled times of the break-up of the Chaldæan Empire, this would hardly have been the case, had not his death followed tolerably soon upon his release from prison.

A JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

An ancient and somewhat mendacious traveller has laid it down as an incontrovertible doctrine that the best mode of gaining the public ear in a relation of travels is to dispense with useless skirmishing, but, sounding the advance, dash into the thick of the foe, and win the day before he has well awakened to the reality of the situation. A most excellent maxim, except that in the case of many travels its application has the disadvantage of finding the enemy proof against surprise and dash—the result of long experience and the general vulgarisation of the rule. It would be futile to attempt this manœuvre to gain the public attention, in the matter of even a journey to Jerusalem, for the ground is too well worn with the feet of pilgrim writers, philosophers, historians, topographers, and even politicians. Jerusalem has been viewed in every light and from every point of view—the sacred, the historic, the sentimental, the political, the prosaic and economic. Nothing new can be said of the Sacred City, and therefore, it may be asked, what warrant have I for even giving what the Italians call a *cenno* of Jerusalem and the path leading thereto, the *point de départ* being Cairo. But the same remark applies to Rome, to the ruins of Palmyra, and the crumbling walls of ancient castles and monasteries in pleasant England. Yet their story never tires, and we love, more especially speaking of our own land, to see ancient sites revisited, described and reviewed under fresh lights, by fresh hands, working under different conditions from those who have gone before.

From Cairo to Jerusalem is not a far cry, it is not so far as that condensed by Thackeray in his work entitled 'From Cairo to Cornhill.' But from a journey of this character there may be something of interest to tell when the traveller, having sobered down to the actualities of Eastern life, is in the position to relate what he sees carefully and calmly without any of the exaggeration or false gloss of enthusiasm. Making, then, Cairo the point of departure, it may be stated that to one not unused to the kaleidoscopic variety of Oriental life in Egypt, brightened by a sleepless sun, there are few objects of interest that strike the attention in a passage from the Egyptian capital to Alexandria. Cairo is, as it always will be, veiled in the romance woven from the deceptive designation, the City of the Caliphs—built on the tomb of an ancient civilisation, girt about with magnificent memories, and guarded by those mysterious beacons standing on the confines of the desert, staring stolidly in the face of hundreds of generations. It is still the City of the Caliphs, with European houses

and vices; *brasseries*, gambling hells, Greek stores, French barbers, English soldiers, bottled ale and Irish whiskey thrown in and forming an unromantic contrast to the brilliant colours of its Oriental dress and life.

From Cairo the romantic and official, to Alexandria the prosaic and commercial, is a matter of six hours' journey over the most uneven railway line in the East. The scenery is flat and tame; but why describe it? as it has occupied a page in every work from Manetho downwards. Alexandria is the gate of Egypt whence lead the watery high roads to Palestine, Turkey, Italy, Spain, and the other land bordering

'The great mid sea that moans of memories.'

Alexandria has changed greatly since the payment of the indemnities; she no longer sits in sackcloth and ashes, moaning in exaggerated misery. Splendid buildings in the Italian style start from every side; the old ruins are fast taking a habitable and handsome form; new public edifices and private mansions are in course of construction; the streets are thronged with traffickers, and on every side are evidences of progressiveness, European taste and luxury, of wealth, and the presence of a bustling, enterprising community, composed of representatives from every part of the Mediterranean, intermingled with the ubiquitous Briton and a few denizens of the frozen North. The wharves are black with masts and funnels, and into the capacious port pour from all quarters the rich trade of the Levant. Never again will Alexandria be the second city in the Mediterranean, as she was under Roman sway; but under the impulse of English rule she may command the proud title of second to none in the Levant. Her unrivalled position entitles her to the claim.

Leaving bustling Alexandria, with its wealth of colour and movement, in an Austrian Lloyd's steamer bound for Jaffa, the traveller finds himself among a varied and cosmopolitan range of passengers. Every tongue and Mediterranean people seem to be represented. A very fair sample of the mosaic of nationalities was offered by the passengers on board the steamer on which I embarked. Six Franciscan friars, all right good fellows of the old school who scorned not the delight of the wine-flask, a good story, and a hand at cards; a stern-faced Russian ascetic who had prayed at the monastery of St. Katherine at Mount Sinai, and intended repeating the performance at Jerusalem; an Armenian bound for Bethlehem to purchase relics; a pious Greek monk; an unbelieving Jew laden with 'notions' for sale in Syria; two sturdy Dalmatians and a German with intentions of settling down in Ramleh. Such were the companions with whom I made the journey to Jaffa, breaking the passage at Port Said—most miserable and villainous of towns—where the discordant music of the German band never is mute, nor the voice of the *croupier* proclaiming the winning numbers of the roulette table. On an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, Italian is the language in vogue. Everybody speaks it, and

woe to him who ventures on board with a plentiful stock of English, meagre French, and no Italian; his lot will be most lonesome, if not absolutely miserable. In days of yore Italian was the language of diplomacy and commerce in the Levant and in Turkey. At the present day it is of all the Latin dialects the most in use as the traveller voyages from Alexandria to Jaffa, the gate of the Holy Land, though once entered the sacred portal, German is the tongue preferred among the European inhabitants dwelling in Jewry. The voyage from Alexandria to Jaffa, with the unwelcome break at Port Said, is a question of forty hours, which are pleasantly spent in smoking, chatting with your fellow-passengers, furbishing your historical knowledge of the Holy Land, and watching that dull sandy ridge, the outline of the Promised Land, monotonously dragging its length along until it breaks into the promontory whereon stands Jaffa.

Jaffa rises picturesquely and imposingly from this reef-girded peninsula against which the blue Mediterranean breaks angrily into foam. Very warlike-looking is Jaffa, with its high battlements rising sheer from the water, and its stone houses built as if in anticipation of attack, tier on tier, closely secured and as formidable as the Roman tortoise foundation, which, by the way, would be of little avail against our modern gun. The appearance of Jaffa is worthy of its ancient name—well beshielded, grim surroundings, a sheer mass of stone, a veritable tower of houses, frowning over the translucent waters of the beautiful mid sea, which here and nowhere else chafes against the rocky outer seaward wall which nature has given the old town for a defence on the sea-side.

Ancient memories hang round this watch tower, or gate to Jerusalem. This is the old Joppa, which Joshua gave to Dan; nay, further back its history goes, for a Jewish writer says it was founded by Japheth, while Pliny gravely asserts it was built before the Flood. According to Holy Writ, Solomon here received the cedar floated from Lebanon and destined for the building of the Temple; Jonah embarked here for Tarshish; St. Peter lodged here in the house of one Simon a tanner, and had the mysterious vision commanding him to eat of fish and fowl regardless of the injunctions of the Mosaic law; and here Tabitha was raised from the dead.

Jaffa is no less celebrated in profane history. In the time of Nero it presented much the same appearance as now—strong, imposing, with the outward signs of Judaic power; within, a polychromic combination of costumes and colours. It was then a nest of pirates, and was destroyed by Vespasian. Shortly afterwards it rose from its ashes stronger and more important than ever, yet unaltered in appearance. It was one of the first towns seized by Saladin; but after a hard struggle, Godfrey de Bouillon with a mighty army of Crusaders possessed himself of this stronghold preparatory to marching on Jerusalem. The lion-hearted Saladin again snatched it from the Crusaders; but it was retaken by our

Richard Cœur de Lion, who built round it a strong wall, and rendered it the strongest fort in all Palestine. Saladin again possessed himself of the town; but not for long, as St. Louis of France recaptured it, circling the town with nine walls, and making it in very truth the gate of Jerusalem. But his triumph was of short duration; with their ranks thinned by disease and want, also disheartened by the fearful defeat which the soldiers of the Cross had sustained at Mansourah, in Egypt, the Crusaders who had followed Louis of France and the Emperor Frederic into the sacred places, were glad to restore Jaffa to the Saracens, or rather to the Sultan of Egypt, who levelled its walls to the ground. Rebuilt to serve as a Turkish fortress, Jaffa remained an object of indifference to Europe until 1799, when Napoleon took it by storm. The black treachery of his dealings with the inhabitants, the massacre of the Albanian prisoners, and the terrible extortions the Corsican made on the religious houses, are familiar themes of history, and need not be recounted. With characteristic perfidy, Napoleon razed the walls of the city, in distinct violation of the pledge he had given the inhabitants, that on receipt of an enormous ransom, the town should be spared; and then he swept on, leaving behind him a memory still execrated for the butchery and treachery which marked his conduct there.

Although the walls of Jaffa are of a comparatively modern date, when you enter within the gate which leads from the sea, you are struck with the seeming antiquity of the place. These self-same walls have all the signs of a remote antiquity, lofty, quaint, 'battle-scarred,' and strong, as if intended for the battlements of an old watch-tower. It is the same with the religious houses and the buildings that line the sea. The magnificent hospices of the Latin and Greek Church are massive buildings of the true mediæval mould, and give the idea of having been originally constructed to defy attack. More picturesque than Cairo, because it is less Europeanised, Jaffa is, with its dim, narrow streets, threaded by lines of camels and bearers of fruit and merchandise, one of the most interesting towns in Palestine for an artist, and the least for a man used to European life as it obtains in Alexandria and Cairo. The few Europeans found within the walls are German shopkeepers, the agents of the Messageries and Austrian Lloyd's steamers, and the proprietors of two humble hotels, which, quaint and comfortable as they are, could sustain an equal comparison with those of any far-distant district in Scotland. Leaving the small square, with its throng of Arab fruit and grain sellers, and camel-drivers, asses and diligences, on the move for Jerusalem, all brightened into picturesqueness by the glowing sun, which brings out so effectively the Oriental costume, as old as the town itself, you enter upon a beautiful suburb, smiling with gardens. Woods of lemons and oranges, of the cedar and vine, gardens where blossom the oleander, the Syrian rose, and the lily, and plantations of melons, banana, figs, and olives. The eye is never

tired of dwelling on *le dolcezze della campagna* which stands between you and the gentle Mediterranean. You feel instinctively you are at the gate of a land flowing with milk and honey, and blossoming as the garden of the Lord.

A three-horse diligence, springless, jolty, and uncomfortable, conveys the traveller from Jaffa to Jerusalem, a distance of some forty miles. The driver of the vehicle is a German, and his fare in the summer months is about five shillings for the journey, which is accomplished during the night, so as to avoid the burning sun. The road which leads to Jerusalem—aye, that road whereon have passed the successive conquerors of the land of Canaan and millions upon millions of peaceful pilgrims—is one of the worst possible. It is a disgrace to the Government, and a terror to those that traverse it, on account of its roughness, rockiness, and utter neglect.

The gentle air the country wears for the first half hour after leaving Jaffa, inspires a feeling of serenity, which I think warrants the adjective of beatific employed by a priest of my company. The road cleaves a delightful country, luxuriant with plantations, where the fig, the melon, the olive, the banana, and vine flourish with an exuberance unknown elsewhere. A mild melancholy pervades the *paysage*, which to the imaginative would appear to be the effect of the sacred associations and historic memories of the place. Though a rich vegetation and the signs of unobtrusive plenty abound on every side, opening a beautiful prospect to the eye, the mind cannot untrammel itself from the influence of the fact that at every step you tread on holy ground. With all this pleasant verdure and bright sunshine, the land seems under the spell of an eternal melancholy, and you experience that sadness which comes upon the wanderer in a churchyard, where, under gay flowers and green shrubs, lie departed greatness, be it in crime or virtue. One discordant object, a German beer-house, on the roadside, and as quiet as a mortuary chapel, jars on the mind, bringing it back to the reality of the nineteenth century. Physically speaking, the country must have changed considerably since the Italian father who passed through it in 1855, wrote, 'The nudity, the deep widowhood of this land, so rich in ancient glory, distresses my soul, though, on the other hand, it was fired by a sublimity of imagination which would be absent if it were smiling with plenty.' The reason of this change is to be ascribed to the settlement of Germans in this part of the country, and a less oppressive policy on the part of the Turkish Government. Travellers of experience say that this district, which forms part of the far-famed Valley of Sharon, is one of the most fertile in the world, and under a good government is capable of becoming the granary of Syria.

'*Adunque noi siamo in Rama*,' cried my Italian companion, as burst into view a neat little village rising from a mass of greenery from which shot out a ruined tower, some monasteries and churches, and the minarets of many mosques. Rama, or Ramleh, was a place

of Bible and historic name; but now it is chiefly noted among unsentimental travellers as the first halting station on the road to Jerusalem, and as possessing a beer-house kept by one Rheinard, where the traveller can procure rough-and-ready refreshment. Here, too, is a German colony composed of some five hundred souls; they are a frugal, hardy, hearty, and healthy folk, living on the soil, and nightly amusing themselves by smoking the long pipe at Rheinard's, and chanting in mild happiness some religious songs of the Fatherland. The magnificent Latin hospice is a conspicuous figure in this clump of whitewashed buildings; it is known by the sign of the pelican piercing her breast to feed her young—fit device for an establishment which freely accommodates all wayfarers, dispensing a royal hospitality, and which often gives the poor pilgrim the wherewithal to continue his journey. Beyond this is the Greek hospice, where Russian and Greek pilgrims find bed and board when on their way to Jerusalem, and there are a number of other religious houses belonging to the Greek and Armenian Churches.

The Arabs call Ramleh the City of Sand, this being the interpretation of the name, though why I cannot say, as the surrounding country is luxuriant with verdure. According to tradition, this was the ancient Arimathea, whence came that Joseph who went to Pilate by night and obtained the body of our Saviour for burial in his own sepulchre. Tradition, which is not altogether reliable in her topography, declares Nicodemus came from the same place. Ramleh was, however, a town of strategic importance in the time of the Crusaders, who have left marks of their presence there in the old cemetery, in the ancient cisterns, and the Tower of the Seven Martyrs. This latter is a building so elevated that it can be seen before any portion of the town is in sight. It consists of a high tower of ancient architecture, which is said by some to be the monument of an old but now departed church, dedicated to the seven martyrs, and by others to be a watch-tower built by the Knight Templars, who had sentinels stationed there to inform themselves of the approach of pilgrims, so that they could send an escort to conduct them through the dangerous country without the walls. From the summit of this ruined tower the eye surveys an enormous tract of interesting country. To the east loom the sterile mountains of Judæa, forming an unholy union with those of Samaria. To the west, across the intervening expanse to Jaffa, glitters the Mediterranean. Southward lies the ancient Lidda, followed by a continuation of the plain of Sharon. On every side the eye rests upon scenes celebrated in Holy Writ or ancient story, and, to be practical, on a territory which under intelligent rule would be the richest on earth.

Horses refreshed, and travellers also, the latter at the *Ospizio di Rama*, a magnificent Latin monastery, the diligence resumed the road to Jerusalem. After an hour's travelling, the country becomes barer and loses all appearance of cultivation, by the time the mountains of

Judæa are reached. Then the road degenerates into a track, zig-zagging over the abrupt, forbidden-looking mountains. The scenery is dark and sullen, suggestive of black crimes and deeds of violence, which is not belying the history of the locality. A small village, in ruins, leaning on the flank of a precipitous hill, from whose summit frowns the dilapidated ramparts of an old castle, is pointed out as the infamous Bab-el-Luk, where in days of yore lived a veritable old man of the mountains, a sheikh who amused himself by swooping down on pilgrims, stripping them and then impaling, by the way of example, a few of their number in the depth of the mountain. The place still has a bad reputation; from time to time the Bedouin Arabs, who haunt these hills, fall on a diligence and strip the passengers of their valuables. It would be wearisome to recount the stations sacred to the memory of Scriptural events, or those three halting places where the wearied traveller obtains coffee and other refreshment. The rest of the journey can be described as one alternate ascent and descent of mountainous ground, which is bleak and utterly desolate, traversed by this most execrable road or track. Nearing Jerusalem in the early morn after travelling for over twelve hours, the traveller is physically unable to surrender himself to reflection, inspired by the historic character of the country. His main thought is the prospect of an early deliverance from the tortures of a springless diligence, refreshment by a good meal and a bath.

It is, notwithstanding, impossible to resist a feeling of awe when passing through the Valley of Wormwood, which the Arabs say is haunted. What desolation! what sterility! What an undefinable feeling of terror seizes the mind in passing through this defile where, according to Oriental Christians, the shades of departed heroes stalk the livelong night. Sadness takes hold of the soul; but it is, as some one has remarked, 'a sadness soft and sweet, a mixture of quiet joy and sorrow, at being able to see the "joy of the whole earth, the city of God," the venerable walls of Jerusalem.'

In the last stage or two the country becomes more sterile, the mountains more precipitous, as if barring and guarding the sacred city from the vulgar gaze. At last the suburbs of Jerusalem suddenly come into view; with inexpressible emotion you gaze on the gently sloping hills that surround the city of David, forming such a contrast to the sullen mountains that you have just crossed. It is only possible to understand the emotion of the Crusaders when they caught a glimpse of Jerusalem, when you have placed yourself in their position and seen the Holy City like a vision gently glide into view. 'Je conçois,' says Chateaubriand, 'maintenant ce que les historiens et les voyageurs rapportent de la surprise de Croisés et des pélerins, à la première vue de Jérusalem. Je puis assurer que quiconque a eu comme moi la patience de lire à peu près deux cent rélations modernes de la Terre-Sainte, les compilations rabbiniques, et les passages des anciens sur la Judée, ne connoit rien du tout encore.'

I subscribe to this expressive sentence which describes so well the impossibility of gauging the depth of emotion which the first sight of Jerusalem produces.

And yet the prosaic is present in this panorama. In the time of the Crusaders the city rose clear and distinct, as a gem from the dark setting of the mountains. To-day the hills that enshrine this 'Pearl of the Earth' are covered with German colonies, and the graceless houses of Europeans, set off in a way by groves of the dark-green olive. The Crusader did not see a German hotel, or a score of third-rate houses, with here and there a shop, obscuring or detracting from the view of the city, and I question if five-and-twenty years ago the traveller could have bought a bottle of beer, or ordered a suit of clothes from the second ugly, straggling town springing up outside the walls of Jerusalem. To the eye of faith these things are as naught, I admit; but as it would be difficult to appreciate undistractedly and at full value the statue of a Grecian goddess, wearing a Parisian bonnet and dress improver, so stands the case with Jerusalem, skirted on one side with European houses, and inside ticketed and marked off like Barnum's show. A Jerusalem with a booking-office in one street, and a municipal club in the other, and a dirty, frowsy lot of Hungarian Jews loafing round a coffee-house, with a host of dragomans, and extortionate dealers suffocating the traveller with their importunities to bleed him, does not read sentimental.

It is only on one side that Jerusalem is thus disfigured, and that is on the suburb stretching over the gently-swelling hills lying outside the Jaffa gate, which are mostly in the possession of German colonists. Yet here every stone has been witness of the deeds of men of Bible fame, and the feats of the heroes of the cross, and the defenders of Islam. On every other side of the city reigns the stillness and desolation of death. A 'mortal sadness' seizes hold of the spirit in viewing the sarcophagi and tumuli which surround the city of David. The best sites, the finest *paysages*, and most spacious valleys, are occupied by the dead. In fact, from valley to mountain you meet nothing but tombs and broken shrines. The Valley of Jehoshaphat, which farther on joins the Aceldama, or Valley of Tophet, separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives;—on the one side of the valley, upon the bones of millions of Jews, of every time and country, dating from the days of David, to the present year of grace; on the other side, right under the walls of Jerusalem, are the cemeteries of the Mussulmans. There lie the dead of centuries, each in his narrow cell, awaiting, according to Jewish and Moslem belief, the call of the last trumpet, when they will rise to be judged in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is impossible to describe the melancholy pervading the surroundings of Jerusalem where death and decay reign supreme, where the air is heavy with the curses of the past, and where every inch of ground has been slaked and cemented by human blood and bones. Every nation has been here and left its dead.

Assyrians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Syrians, Romans, Saracens, and Turks, and the crusading hosts composed of the chivalry of England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy,—all have been here, leaving behind them heaps of slain in the successive struggles for the mastery of the city of God. And the memory of all this warring, this fearful bloodshed, the history of so many valiant achievements, mingled with horrid crimes, of massacres, and reprisals, is not even represented by a *hic jacet;* but it is symbolised in myriads of tombs; it is felt in the chill and pallor of death that has overspread the environs and site of the Sacred City.

Presuming that the reader knows of the existence of two hotels outside the gates, situated on the suburb of which I have just spoken, and one inside—that he is aware of Cook's office, and of the English Consulate and church, I can safely take him through the Jaffa Gate, which is to the west of the city, and from time immemorial has been most frequented by pilgrims. From this latter fact, it has been termed the Pilgrims' Gate, though it bears other designations, such as the Bethlehem Gate—the road to that town starts from it—the Castle Gate, because not far from it, and within the walls, stand the ruins of David's Tower. It was at this gate that the Emperor Adrian set up the image of a sow in contempt of the Jews. By this same gate pilgrims in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries entered the Holy City, for which they had to pay dearly to the Turks, as well as undergo whippings and mockings, and sometimes a cruel death. Entering by the portal, you come upon the only trafficking street in Jerusalem, which offers any sort of a contrast to the *triste* aspect of the town. It is the *Rue Chrétienne*, mostly occupied by Germans and Russian Jews, who gain a livelihood by selling rosaries in olive wood, and little articles of a supposed sacred character—sacred on account of the form, and because they have been fabricated in Jerusalem. Among Europeans, German is the language in vogue, and no wonder, for you meet, not only here, but go when you will in Jerusalem, hundreds upon hundreds of German and Austrian subjects, such as Prussians, Poles, and Hungarians. Most of these Teutonic-speaking people are Jews, a fact readily recognised by the gabardine, the long curls hanging from the forehead, and the ram-like nose. If a digression is allowable, the European Jews form the bulk of the Jerusalem population, and the town and country seems fast falling into their hands. From all quarters they come, and take up their abode in the 'city of their fathers,' weeping every Friday on the few stones composing the ancient walls of Jerusalem, but which are in reality the portion of the wall that surrounds the mosque of Omar. How they live is a mystery, for there is no trade, except the pedlaring in rosaries and 'curios;' but, I suppose, the contributions of their co-religionists in Europe, and the 'bleeding' of pilgrims keep the majority of them in comfort, and, besides, Jerusalem is not

dear. In fact, it is one of the cheapest places in the world, where, if one wished, one could feed and lodge oneself, year in year out, for twopence a day. To return to *La Rue Chrétienne*. Like the other streets in Jerusalem, it is narrow, just admitting three or four persons to walk abreast, badly paved, and shaded, like most streets in the East, with a sort of permanent mat-awning. A German tailor, a Bible seller, a maker of 'curios,' several turners in olive-wood, a photograper, a French barber, a shoemaker, a vendor of holy candles, and several fruit shops, where melons, tomatoes, grapes, and figs of the most luscious kind are obtainable; and poky establishments, the size of an ordinary chamber, called *bachals*, where you can buy from a needle to a barrel of salmon, not excluding Jerusalem wine, which is cheap at sixpence a bottle—these are the main human characteristics of the street. It is a thoroughfare always crowded, but never animated, for no one speaks much above a whisper in this City of the Dead. Now it is a long train of camels passing through with slouching tread, cleaving their way through the Jews and priests composing the crowd. Again it is a group of Jerusalem women, deeply-veiled, going a marketing; or it may be a band of Bedouins, wiry, swarthy fellows, weaponed to the chin, on a mission to buy grain at the market beyond; and then the Franciscan monk, an Italian without doubt, slowly wending his way to a *mastich* shop, or to a wretched cigar stall; then a trio of *religieuses*, French from their vivacity of speech and gesture; and to conclude, we have the pilgrims, Russian, Armenian, Greek, Italian, dwellers from Mesopotamia, and from the natron districts of Egypt, but few French, and fewer English. Such would be the component parts of a scene in midday in this street during the month of June. In the afternoon it is silent, for every one is taking the siesta; nothing but an occasional camel, or a stray priest, to disturb the monotonous quiet. No policemen are needed here or elsewhere in Jerusalem, for there is no crime, which is not astonishing for a town populated by the pious of three faiths—Christian, the Jewish, and Mahometan. The only trouble that arises is an occasional row between the Greek and Latin priests serving in the holy places, which necessitate the Turkish soldiers therein stationed to use their arms simply to prevent the Christians from cutting one another's throats.

One of the mementoes I bear of this street, or bazaar, is a card handed me by one Nicodème. He is a Russian Armenian, speaking English, and selling Jerusalem roses, crowns of thorns, bitumen crosses, and photographs of Jerusalem; all of which are wrapped in paper setting forth in French and English the articles he has on sale. I give literally the following specimen of English which his business-card bears: 'Workes in Olive Woode, Stone of the Dead Sea, Marvellously Myty Relicts, Flowers and many Curiosities of the Easte, allso Goode Tabac, and Worthie Garbes for Sacred Feasts.'

Again I must repeat the remark, as it applies to the whole of

Jerusalem, that everything, not excluding the *bachals* and shops found in the *Rue Chrétienne*, the market-place, and the barracks of the Turkish soldiers, in the holy city is shrouded in gloom and sadness. The past seems at every step to rise before you in shadowy vast indistinctness; and the narrow streets, with their crumbling buildings, seem in unison with this character. No colour, no life, nothing frivolous, such as cafés or places of amusement, and other accessories of a large city. The very Bedouins of the desert who come here lose their natural pride and contempt for the gewgaws of religion, they regard Jerusalem as the holy city; and, as an Arab told me, they firmly believe that at the last day they will be judged here from the mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's temple; and the faithful, that is those who have won paradise, will march thereto across a narrow bridge, starting from the mosque of Omar and passing over the dread Valley of Jehoshaphat to the Mount of Olives, over where our Lord ascended unto Heaven. It is this all-pervading melancholy, arising from the sanctity and gloomy associations of the city, that makes the heterogeneous mass of Jews and Christians comprising the population walk about as if they were in a cemetery. 'Pertutto si trova,' said my Italian priest, 'l'ira divina chè gravita tremendamente en questa disgraziate paese.'

To get a good outline of Jerusalem the traveller should leave the gate of Saint Stephen, and, crossing the narrow valley, or rather gulley (for it is only a pistol-shot across), of Jehoshaphat, ascend the sloping height of the Mount of Olives, or, as the Arabs term it, the 'Hill of Golden Light.' The ascent of this mountain can be made in a few minutes. At the foot is what we are taught to call 'Dark Gethsemane,' but which in reality is a walled-in half-acre allotment, gay with bright flowers, relieved by the dark green of the olives. Each station is ticketed off in Latin, and the Italian priest in charge is always happy to smoke a cigarette with the traveller, and chattily give their history and significance. On the summit of the Mount of Olives stands a mosque, marking the scene of the Ascension. A yard or two from it is a cupola, which the Mussulman piously believes is built over the very spot where our Saviour last touched the earth when He ascended into Heaven. This building is supposed to be rigorously closed to all comers, though a little *backsheesh* might ensure admittance to the interior. Standing on the minaret of the mosque, you have a perfect panorama of Jerusalem, which, rising sheer from the hills which surround it, appears in all its stateliness, and you can designate the principal streets. Far away in the distance lies the Dead Sea, embedded in a mountain of bare, scorched, precipitous rocks. From Jerusalem rise from among a mass of minarets, cupolas, towers, churches, convents, mosques, monasteries, and flat-topped houses, three magnificent black domes, those of the mosque of Omar, the mosque of El Shakor, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They detach themselves from

surrounding objects clearly and distinctly, on account of the unparelleled position they occupy—the first two standing in a spacious vacant square at one corner of the city, the last covering the hill of Calvary, which is opposite the Mount of Olives, and is centrally situated in the Sacred City.

Right at the corner of the wall, occupying a third of modern Jerusalem, is the space occupied by the mosque of Omar, after that of Mecca the most sacred in the Moslem world, and, with St. Sophia at Constantinople, the most imposing. It is built in the midst of a vast square, occupying the whole of this corner of the city, and commanding, as it were, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the brook of Kedron, the pool of Siloam, the tombs of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat; also, a little further on, the neighbouring Valley of Tophet, or Aceldama. It stands on the site of the Temple built by Solomon on Mount Moriah, and the Mahometan is very careful to explain to the traveller that Abraham offered up Isaac on the spot, and that here Islamism will see its end, and that when the dome falls, then is to come the crack of doom. A magnificent edifice, combining the best features of the Moorish and Byzantine architecture, it is no less celebrated for its associations. It is second to none in the world for the ample dome surmounting it, the rich mosaics adorning the interior, and, according to the pious, it is the most holy on account of containing the few relics existent of Abraham, David, Solomon, as well as the stone marked by the Saviour's foot when He left this earth for Heaven, and a number of objects connected with the Arabian prophet's mission. Called the mosque of Omar from the name of its founder, it is also known as the mosque of the Rock, for the centre of the interior, which is exactly under the gilded dome, is taken up by an immense rock, which, contrary to the manner of things inanimate, wished to follow Mahomet to Heaven when he made that celebrated night ascent to Paradise. The angel Gabriel, thrusting his hand into the rock, kept it in its place, and the guide shows you the hole produced, which indicates that Gabriel had a hand twenty times the size of that of ordinary mortals. They show you three hairs from the prophet's beard. His statue is marked on the rock, and then underground are the stables of Solomon, the place where he confined the genii, and other objects only of interest to the Moslem. It was the great Caliph Omar who built this mosque in 635, when he made himself master of Jerusalem, and, quoting the words divinely addressed to Solomon, 'My temple shall be a temple of peace,' he ordered that no Christian should be disturbed in the exercise of his religion, or forced to contribute to the construction of this work. When the Crusaders captured Jerusalem 463 years after, they put to the edge of the sword the Moslem inhabitants of Jerusalem. These latter, remembering the generosity of Omar towards the Christians, flocked to the mosque for safety, as the chiefs of the Crusaders had sworn to respect the lives of all

found in its sacred enclosure. Sword in hand, the Knights of the Cross entered the mosque, and butchered every Moslem, sparing neither age nor sex. 'In truth,' writes a pious chronicler who was present at the slaughter, 'the blood of the victims flowed in such streams from the gate of the ancient temple of Solomon that it reached to the knees of the cavaliers, and bathed the manes of their horses. Never was seen such a horrid spectacle; but, praise God, Jerusalem was ours!' Godfrey de Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, all the chivalry of Europe rejoiced in the massacre. The mosque thus purified by blood, as wrote this same Raymond, was converted into a church under the name of *Templum Dei*. But hardly had fifty years passed when the noble Saladin re-took the ancient city of David, and purifying this building, not with blood, but rose-water, restored it to its ancient use. This was the last remarkable event connected with this mosque, which has been peacefully adored for centuries by Moslems without any of those scenes of blood and rapine which have disfigured the sacred places of Christianity within the walls of Jerusalem.

Hard by, and on the same square, is the mosque of El Shakor, which is no less remarkable for its architectural beauty and the legends and pious fables which Moslems associate with it. Its subterranean chambers are wonderful pieces of architecture. Considerations of space compel me to pass it by.

To the Christian world nothing can compete in interest to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the *Via Dolorosa* leading thereto. From a strictly religious point of view, it is the first church of Christendom, not so much on account of its antiquity and architectural beauties, as from the sanctity of the locality, which, if tradition is to be believed, is none other than the Mount of Calvary, and from the fact of its having been the scene of the most tremendous events in the mediæval history of Europe. The site of the ancient Calvary, where occurred the awful drama of all times, has been made a subject of doubt. Historians, topographers, surveyors, and military engineers, including the illustrious Gordon, have put into question the fact of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre being built on the ancient Mount Calvary. Firstly, because the modern site is too near to where the temple stood; and secondly, it is at present within the walls, whereas the scene of the Crucifixion passed outside of the walls, and some distance from Jerusalem. In answer to these objections, it has been alleged that the walls of ancient Jerusalem took a sudden curve near this spot, and so excluded it from the city. If this be so, then the site of other so-called holy places must be incorrectly placed. On the other hand, it is said that, granted that Jerusalem was utterly destroyed by Titus, yet it would be quite as possible for devoted Christians and Jews to recognise the spots sacred to the memory of their religion as for an old Londoner to state precisely where stood Westminster Abbey and the Tower, should

even the city be swept off the face of the earth. Another piece of evidence which supports the position taken up by those who adhere to the *ipsissima verba* of tradition in the matter of the holy places, is to be gathered from this fact, which I translate from a Latin treatise on the subject:—'The Jews, jealous of the concourse of Gentile pilgrims who yearly resorted to sacred sites of the birth and crucifixion of our Lord, while it was forbidden to a Hebrew to approach the site of their annexed capital, urged on the Emperor Adrian to rebuild Jerusalem, even if only for a Roman garrison. He in the year 137 of our era, so far agreed to their wishes, though it was political reasons which moved him, as to raise some monuments on the three principal places of the "human redemption," to wit, these signalising the birth, death, and sepulture of Christ. Knowing the abomination in which the Christians held the unclean gods of Rome and their rites, he placed on the sepulchre of the Redeemer the image of Jupiter, on Mount Calvary the statue of Venus, on the birthplace in Bethlehem the foul image of Adonis.' 'Instead,' says our chronicler, 'of branding these sites with infamy, he indelibly fixed them in the mind and memory of the Christian of that and succeeding ages.' Another argument is that if the Jews have preserved the remembrance of the exact situation of their holy places, if they can point to the tombs of their kings and the monuments of their faith, is it not possible that a small united band of Christians who had lived in the Holy City prior to its destruction should carry with them and transmit to their descendants the memory of the positions where actually took place the awful drama of the Crucifixion, Burial, and Resurrection, more especially when the Jews in their rancour towards Him they had crucified, and towards His followers, fixed for ever the scene by *gestes et actes* expressive of their mockery and contempt of all that transpired on what the Nazarenes called the 'holy places?'

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which is concentred the most precious legends of our religion, is so wedged in among a mass of chapels, monasteries, and hospices that it would be impossible to find it without a guide. The *Via Dolorosa*, which really leads from Gethsemane right through St. Stephen's gate to the Church, is damp, dark, and tortuous, and in regard to 'setting,' historically and dramatically correct. It is solitary, narrow, dark, and deserted, and the most poignant recollection which the unsentimental traveller has of it is the abominable pavement and the crowds of churches and monasteries and the several 'stations of the Cross' marked off in Latin. It is no more solemn or silent than the rest of Jerusalem, nor a bit more damp, desolate, and dirty, nor more impressive. To relate the pious legends attached to each religious house, in fact, which one falls across at every step, would fill a volume, and perhaps would not be to the taste of English readers. *La Via Dolorosa* or *Via Cruce* is exceedingly irregular in its course; and it is only by noting

carefully the Latin inscription marking the stations, and the index pointing '*Via Dolorosa*,' that the traveller can avoid wandering from the right path. The road terminates on Mount Calvary, which is really only an imperceptible bit of rising ground—imperceptible because the *Via Dolorosa* winds in such labyrinthian fashion that the progress of the elevation is scarcely noticed. Here, on Mount Calvary, where the pious pilgrim concentrates his devotion and adoration, for on it the last four 'stations of the Cross' are found, arises the first Temple and the most historic fane in Christendom—the 'Church of the Holy Sepulchre.' So environed is it by sacred houses—massive Greek monasteries, chapels, churches, and hospices, swarming with priests and pilgrims of Latin, Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and even the Abyssinian churches—that you see nothing, not even the dome of the venerable pile, until you enter a dilapidated gateway, cross a villainously paved courtyard which introduces you to an antique, worm-eaten pile, built as if 'suspicion itself had dictated the plan,' and as if the inmates were ever in danger from attack from without. *Il sacro Ostel di Christo* (I quote the Italian, for the Italian priests here represent the Latin Church) covers Golgotha, which in Hebrew signifies Calvary, that is translated by skull, thus called from its formation, though, by the way, General Gordon inclines to the belief that it is not shaped that way, the true Golgotha being a hill outside the Damascus gate, which bears the form of a skull, and is as lugubrious and forsaken a spot as is to be found outside the present city walls. This temple—that is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—consists of a magnificent rotunda, which holds some similitude to that of the Pantheon at Rome; under this is the tomb of Christ; round this starting-point have agglomerated a mass of buildings, such as chapels and monasteries, so that the site of the church occupies the whole of the scene of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection with the other incidents recorded by the Evangelists and those invented by the monks. This cupola is supported by sixteen magnificent pillars, and around it run two ranges of galleries which resemble the boxes in a theatre; each leads to the cells and small chapels of Latin, Greek, and Armenian priests, who do office in the Church. On entering the door one finds himself in presence of a vast building so thronged with decorations and objects of supposed sanctity that it is impossible to appreciate its proportions, especially as the light is of a dim religious character, coming from the apertures leading from the various chapels and galleries, as there are no windows in this edifice. Over against the Sacred Tomb is a magnificent painting of two angels, saying, according to the inscription, *Surrexit. Non est hic. Ecce locus ubi posuerunt eum.* The shrine, which is under the rotunda, is a mass of brilliancy—silver lamps, votive offerings, regal gifts in gold and precious stones, splendid hangings and banners, candelabra, paintings and religious symbols. The interior of the sepulchre, or rather the shrine, is divided into two parts, to which you obtain

entrance by a splendid marble passage in mosaic, along which the emotional pilgrim trails himself on his knees in an ecstacy of religious feeling. You descend some steps to enter the tomb or sepulchre of Christ, which is a narrow chamber after the manner of Jewish sepulchres; it contains a long slab of marble, whereon, tradition asserts, lay the body of our Lord, and, if I recollect rightly, a small altar. It is brilliantly lighted by twenty lamps, and is continually guarded by a priest of the Latin faith, whose chief duty is to see that no relic hunter, or too pious a visitor, cuts or defaces it in the hopes of carrying away a memento of his visit. I shall not 'enthuse' over this tomb, for that would be contrary to my design or the scope of this article; but no place in Christendom has such a historic force and meaning, and is so impressive from legend and sacred connection. Not a day passes but one sees exhibitions of that deep devotion, which in the times of the Crusaders found its exit in massacring Moslems and then repairing with streaming eyes to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to chant the poems of joy and sad songs of contrition. I know of nothing more affecting than to witness the emotional devotion of poor Russian women who have journeyed thither to do honour to the tomb. They kiss the 'sacred stone,' convulsively sobbing meanwhile, and ejaculating when they can find strength for words, 'Oh, my Saviour, my Lord; is it thus they have treated Thee?' Poor Christians from Egypt and rough peasants from farthest Russia, old, weak and dying, have dragged themselves to Jerusalem to draw their latest breath under the shadow of the shrine, in the firm expectation of having their manifold sins forgiven and ascending straight to Paradise. The priest in charge, or correctly the Turkish soldier, who, rifle in hand, guards the entrance to the church against any outburst of fanatic zeal on the part of the Christians, ejects them at the time of closing; but daily they come, and seek a resting-place near the shrine, which designates the spot where the Saviour of mankind was laid in the tomb. The various chapels leading from the central chamber, such as that dedicated to the appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene when He rose from the dead; that of the Cappella de la Carcere; that of Saint Helena, where the Greek monks show the situation of the Cross; the Armenian chapels, and a score of other sacred places in the possession of the Greek and Latin Churches, must be passed by for reason of space; but they all merit a description on account of their singular diversity of ornamentation and the fantastic legends connected with them. One time, so the Latin monk tells me, the dome of the Holy Sepulchre bore the inscription, *Et erit sepulchrum ejus gloriosum*, and the edifice was the richest and most glorious in Christendom. But it has been shorn of much of its richness by the devastation of rival sectaries. Still it is the fane where countless generations of warriors, priests, and pilgrims have worshipped; it is visited by over twenty thousand pilgrims a year, setting aside the local population and straggling

devotees coming in the summer months. Those professing the faith of the Latin Church come from Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Ireland, besides Syrians and other Orientals, languidly adhering to the same tenets. A vast crowd of votaries of the Greek Church—which, by the way, is the most powerful in Jerusalem, having got into its hands most of the sacred places and the monopoly of pious frauds—come from Greece, Candia, Cyprus, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Russia. The Armenian Church sends its contingent from Armenia, Georgia, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia. The Coptic Church, which is composed of a small resolute band of Egyptian Christians who have kept the faith from the first century, despite the threats and blandishments of Islamism, sends its little army of pilgrims, who worship at the shrine, and perform their devotions in the small chapel allotted to the sect just outside the Sacred Sepulchre.

The history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been stormy and deeply chequered. English people are under the impression that this monumental temple dates its birth far back to the time of Helena, and that for ages it has stood without suffering detriment, or change, always as rich and imposing as it was in the early days of Charlemagne; and later on when the Kings of Christendom, after exhausting their best blood to preserve it from profanation, lavished their choicest gifts at its shrine and chapels. The spot has been considered sacred from the earliest times; a hundred years after the Crucifixion it was visited by fervent Christians from Judæa and Galilee, from Samaria, Phœnicia, and Syria, from Pontus, Cappadocia, Pamphylia, Mesopotamia, Media, Egypt, Libya. Nay, thirty years after the Lord had died it was repaired to by small bands of Christians from Judæa and Asia Minor. But, as I have just said, the church built on Mount Calvary has undergone many and cruel vicissitudes, not at the hands of the infidel, but Christians wrangling and butchering one another in the fanaticism engendered by an overpowering bigotry. Even now, if it were not for the presence of Turkish guards, the Latin and Greek priests would fall on one another and damage each other's chapels—so is the spirit of Christian hatred and fanaticism. It has several times been destroyed and rebuilt, and plundered and refitted, and, to speak briefly, is now but the shadow of its ancient glory in regard to the costly ornaments and adornments of the sepulchre of Christ, and the attendant chapels.

It took form and birth somewhere about the year 326 A.D., when Constantine the Great commanded the Roman world to worship the name of Him who, erstwhile, was to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness. The Empress Helena, surnamed the Saint, the mother of Constantine, was the chief instrument in raising on the site of Mount Calvary the splendid sanctuary of the Holy Sepulchre, which marked, not so much the scenes of the great agony, as the finding of the place of the true cross and tomb, and also the occurrence

of miraculous incidents not necessary to mention here. A magnificent dome overshadowed the shrine erected on the site of the sepulchre, and, springing from the centre of an imposing temple, was regarded at the time as the finest rotunda in the whole world. The Emperor Constantine had written to the Bishop of Jerusalem to spare no sums or pains in the construction of this temple, which should be the most magnificent in the Empire. 'So it was,' writes a Greek Bishop of the day, who had travelled the known world in search of the *ne plus ultra* of architectural grandeur; 'not Solomon's Temple in all its glory could compare with the rotunda, glittering in white marble, and within blazing with gold and the rich offerings of the satraps of the Empire.' When the Saracens overran Palestine they plundered the Temple for its rich contents and burned it to the ground. However, there seems to be a difference of opinion on this point. One class of historians maintain that the Sultan of Babylon, in Egypt, invaded Palestine with a mighty host, and taking the Temple, plundered it; but respected the supulchre, and afterwards issued a promulgation to the effect that all Christians could worship there without interruption. Another version is that the whole building was razed to the ground by the Saracens; but in 1032 was rebuilt by the Emperor Conrad, though on a much less imposing scale. At this point of history came the Crusaders, who having wrested Jerusalem from the hands of the Saracens, proceeded in grand procession to the Church of the Sepulchre, and under the splendid dome before the 'altar of Christ,' lifted up their voices in songs of deep praise, that their work had been accomplished, and the Holy Place was safe in Christian hands. I am told fifteen thousand pilgrims are at this day often found under the dome on Easter Day; and there is some probability of truth in the words of a Latin chronicler, that forty thousand mailed Crusaders sang a *Te Deum* in the sepulchre on the day they wrested it from the guardianship of the Saracens.

Then the Latin Church was supreme; votaries from all parts laid rich offerings on the altar, and the Temple must have been ablaze with barbaric wealth and pomp. The chapels attached were, when Jerusalem was in the hands of the Crusaders, of equal magnificence, especially that containing the sepulchres of the Latin Kings, of which rest to this day the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon, and Baldwin, his brother. As the Latin Church declined, the sacred sepulchre suffered much loss and injury; it was allowed to fall to ruin, and priests of the Greek Church, who were gaining the ascendency, robbed it of many of its richest ornaments. In the year 1555 the Catholic custodian of the Holy Land addressed a most affecting letter to Pope Julian and the Emperor Charles V., for funds to repair the sacred edifice, which he said was in ruins. This appeal received a substantial response in the way of artificers, money, and gifts for the rehabilitation of the tomb of Christ. Philip II., as champion of the Latin Church, determined to rebuild a shrine on pure marble over the

holy sepulchre, and restore the church to its pristine splendour. All that was worn and decayed through age was rebuilt. The old shrine was pulled down; and we are told fifty thousand pilgrims, counting in their ranks many illustrious princes, came from all parts of the world to see the 'sacred tomb of Christ' in its bare simplicity. It was then discovered that the sepulchre was excavated in the living rock. Then, apparently for the first time, the explorers, such really they were, came across the alabaster or marble, which had served for the resting-place of the Redeemer when in the tomb. 'There it lay smelling of balm,' says a pious chronicler, 'exactly as when last seen by the two Marys on the morning of the resurrection.' It is this tablet or slab which is now the prime object of fervent adoration among pilgrims. Some pieces of the cross, a parchment inscribed *Helena Magni*, and other relics, were also discovered, which is not extraordinary, considering such articles were at the time in brisk demand. The tomb was then closed, and a costly shrine superimposed, partly consisting of the old material and partly of new. A dazzling description of the shrine and temple is given by a contemporary Spanish writer, which, deducting a pardonable exuberance of rhetorical extravagance, affords a good idea of its splendour, and the theatrical and scenic effects which sprang from a magnificently arrayed priesthood practising a gorgeous ceremonial, saturated with all that wealth and art could bestow.

In 1607 the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stood in great peril. The 'infernal malignity of the Jews and Greek Christians,' says an Italian father of the day, 'was concentrated to destroy this Holy Place.' They offered to Sultan Ahmet I., the son of Mahomet III., the large sum of 500,000 scudi if he would decree the demolition of the Temple of the Sepulchre of Christ, promising him also a fat loan on easy terms when the work had been accomplished. The Sultan, who was, to speak plainly, exceedingly 'hard up' at the time, accepted the offer, but prudently stipulated that all the coin should be paid in advance, and the transaction kept as quiet as possible. A secret firman compassing the end of the enemy was issued, but coming to the knowledge of the Christian Powers, they addressed through their ambassadors a series of strong remonstrances to the Sublime Porte, who told them to mind their own business unless they wished to come down with the sum which the Jews gave. *La Serenissima Republica di Venezia* threatened war, and as, after Spain, she was the most powerful enemy of the Osmanli, the Grand Vizier had the obnoxious decree rescinded, though the transaction cost Venice a heavy sum, which percolated into the pockets of the corrupt Turkish magnates.

In 1719 the restoration, or rather repair, of the grand dome of the Temple was made by means of subscriptions from Spain and Italy. The Greeks, however, opposed the liveliest resistance to this work, which was somewhat delayed in consequence, and when finished had cost £90,000. Then the sepulchre was at the zenith of its glory.

On the eve of Palm Sunday, 1757, it was resplendent with four thousand lamps, the greater part of which were of inestimable value, being of gold and silver worked by the most cunning artists of the day, and the gift of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe. There was a lamp of gold encrusted with gems, the gift of the King of the Two Sicilies, likewise another presented by the King of Spain; there were four lamps in silver in the shape of lilies, the offering of the French King; another of matchless beauty given by the King of Portugal, also a collection donated by the republics of Genoa and Venice, and a splendid one from the Knights of Malta. But these, though with the revenue of a kingdom, paled before the cressets in gold and silver, the gifts of the Spanish, Neapolitan, and Austrian monarchs, and candelabras of solid silver, weighing two hundred and three pounds. One of these candelabras took the form of four angels, bearing a crown of gold, each one being of the stature of a man, and the whole arrangement being in solid silver gilded over. Over the sepulchre the great princes of Europe had deposited the *facsimile* of their crowns in gold, and golden caskets of great value and historic worth, notably that containing the heart of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, and another the ashes of a great Castilian prince.

This splendour was the ruin of the Sacred Sepulchre; it aroused the envy and hatred of the Greek schismatics, who on the morrow of the date just mentioned, when the Latins had retired to their cells in the vast monasteries which surrounded, and still surround, the church, sallied from their quarters and demolished the ornaments and rich accessories of the Holy Sepulchre. Armed with iron-tipped sticks, they broke in pieces the more fragile lamps and carried off those of silver and gold, reserving them for sale. Then, having given vent to their religious hatred by acts of obscenity, they repaired, howling with rage, to the cells of the Latin priests, and tried to batter open the doors so as to 'do for' the holy fathers, who meantime barred themselves in and prayed most fervently. One of these latter managed to escape and reach the Governor of Jerusalem, who hastened to quell the riot with a detachment of Turkish troops. The Greeks, however, quietly dispersed, and having bribed the cadi through his secretary, who was a Greek, they persuaded the Governor that the Latins were the aggressors, and demanded that they should be at once expelled as disturbers of the peace. Hardly had the Governor time to inquire into the affair when the Greeks enlisted a band of desperados drawn from Jaffa, and marched to Bethlehem, where they wrecked the interior of the 'Church of the Nativity,' killing several Latin monks. At last the Turkish soldiery interfered, and restored order. The Greek priests then sold the plunder of the two churches to the Jews, and used a large number of the lamps and rich hangings of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to adorn their chapels, in the same building which hitherto had been crude, rude, and inartistic. The Latins appealed to the Catholic Powers. After some lengthy

negotiations with the Sublime Porte, conducted by the French Ambassador, the Sultan issued a firman taking the chapel of Saint Magdalene, which is in the Holy Sepulchre, and a certain part of the tomb of Christ, as well as other holy places, out of the hands of the Latins, and placing them in those of the Greek Church. A hunt was made all over Europe for the silver lamps and other articles of value which the Greeks had taken and sold; some were re-purchased, but the majority, it is feared, were melted down by the Jews, for they never have been seen or heard of since. Of course, the hangings of the sepulchre were destroyed, with tablets and memorial offerings on rich but perishable material.

The most miserable metamorphosis which the Sacred Sepulchre underwent took place in 1808, when the Greeks clandestinely set fire to the Temple by upsetting a lamp in the Armenian Monastery within the building. 'The flames, as if guided by the hand of God,' writes a Latin priest who witnessed the conflagration, 'avoided the Sacred Sepulchre, though they reduced to ashes all the chapels, cells, and dormitories of the monks, as well as the lodgings and dwelling-houses of the Schismatic and Turks which are all within the Temple. The dome blazed like a furnace, and the melted lead fell in showers on the place beneath, where stood the gorgeous shrine of the Sacred Sepulchre; but the latter did not suffer the least injury, and thus was fulfilled, say the fathers, the prophecy that it should never be utterly destroyed, but should last for ever.'

The Greeks having thus gained point number two at once set to work on the restoration of the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre. They imported an architect and decorator from Mitylene, and a host of Armenian and Greek artisans for the work. They stripped the interior of the various chapels, which were 'clothed' in the finest marble and supported with elegant columns. They substituted for these a lining of red common marble and puerile decorations, all being in that grotesque taste which the modern Greek seems to have imbibed from his Asiatic masters. Every Latin inscription on these chapels was erased, to give place to texts written in Greek. They removed the great door of the church which was in polished wood, and remarkable for its *intaglio* designs, and set up a thick massive piece of wood which had formed the defence of an ancient Greek monastery. They penetrated into the sepulchre of the Latin kings who reposed at the foot of Calvary, and defaced those venerable monuments by cancelling the epitaphs and scattering remains of Godfrey, the five Baldwins, as well as those of Philip I. of Spain, and another 'defender of the faith.' They laid hands on the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, and having despoiled it of some of its treasures and many relics, packed them in a case and put them on ship-board for Constantinople. But on the voyage a great storm arose and engulphed the whole consignment. A strong suspicion has been entertained that many of the relics now found in the sepulchre are duplicates of those lost at

sea, but little good would be gained in entering on a discussion of this nature.

Such is the deplorable history of the main vicissitudes which the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre has passed through. We see it now shorn of many of its glories, and robbed of much of its beauties by the tasteless hand of the Greek, and yet it is an impressive building. What it was in the days of the Latin power, when the resources of Italian art were lavished on its walls, when the wealth of princes was laid on its altars, and when it was the theatre of the most gorgeous ceremonies, I leave it to the reader to imagine. You search in vain for the two gigantic columns of granite and pillars of white marble that formed its portal; the colossal figures of the prophets, the walls in chaste mosaics, the elegant cupola supported by one hundred and seventy-five beams of the incorruptible cedar of Lebanon, the votive tablets in gold and silver, and the hundred lamps, candelabras, and cressets which blazed round the shrine—all are gone. Although the actual condition of the Temple is a shadow of its former glory, it is the first and most remarkable church in Christendom, as much in regard to its history as for its wealth of fantastic architecture. It is a Temple so vast that it covers not only Mount Calvary, but the ancient gardens which were in its vicinity. It is a Temple so irregular in its series of chapels clustering round the dome and following the uneven outlines of the Mount as to baffle description, and yet so consistent and regular in design and aim. It is a Temple so dim that nowhere and at no time is there seen the full light of day. It is a Temple without a window, yet bathed in a soft religious light reflected from the habitations surrounding the dome. In fine, it is a Temple mutely recording in stone the story of most scenes in the history of our faith, and yet it has been the theatre of the most horrible and despicable passions of enraged humanity. It was built to signalise the reign of universal peace, yet it has ever been under the shadow of the sword, blackened by fire, and stained with blood. No other fane in the world has drawn together such hosts of warriors impetuous to shed rivers of blood for the privilege of praising the Redeemer at the foot of His tomb, and to-day thousands would again rush to do battle for the Holy Sepulchre, should danger threaten. It is the epitome of Jerusalem, breathing the same sadness, chronicling as tragic a series of crimes, and standing as a monument, or rather as a memento of the folly, the baseness and inconsistency of humanity—folly in madly spilling blood over a puerility, inconsistency in committing crimes in the name of a pure religion, and baseness in joining to ecstatic adoration the rage and practices of devils.

J. CARMICHAEL.

A MEDIÆVAL CITY.

'GRAVEN ON STONES.'

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE, AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSES AND LILIES OF CHRISTENDOM.'

III.

MR. THAUSING continues: 'Dürer bequeathed to his compatriots, besides his great works, his far greater hopes; and it was with no feeling of satisfaction at those works, but rather in view of the fulfilment of his hopes, that he breaks forth exultingly, and cries to his successors, in evident allusion to the words of Jesus, "If I kindle a fire and you diligently cherish and increase it, there may in time burst from it a flame that will lighten the whole world."'

His house still stands in the quaint old Nuremberg street, and he himself was laid to rest in the quiet graveyard of S. John's; the headstone that marked his resting-place bears on a brass tablet Pirk-heimer's famous inscription:

'To the memory of Albert Dürer. All that was mortal of Albert Dürer is laid beneath this mound. He departed on April 6, 1528.'

Underneath is the master's monogram.

'*Emigravit*' is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:

'Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.'

Now turning from artist to poet, we come to consider, though with rather scanty materials, the life of Hans Sachs, shoemaker and poet. He was born on the 5th of November, 1494, and was the son of a Nuremberg tailor. At the age of seven he was sent to school, and at fifteen he was apprenticed to learn the craft of shoemaking; but the boy wanted to be something beside a maker of shoes, be they never so good—he wanted also to be a poet. At this time the Minniesänger had given place to another order of verse-makers, known as the Meistersänger, who formed a distinct organisation, and were incorporated like any other craft. As in Mentz and Augsburg, Nuremberg had its Guild of Poets, with 'twelve wise masters,' and a formidable array of rules and regulations, to be kept by all the members who aspired to make poetry. On reading some of these said rules it seems incomprehensible that anybody ever succeeded in even making doggerel, let alone verse, so skilfully were they devised to hamper the fancy, and to betray the unfortunate author into various pitfalls and errors. There were thirty-two laws of composition. The poet was limited in each song or poem to a certain number of syllables and rhymes

prescribed by the masters; poems had to be of a certain length and measure, and seven sorts of rhymes only were allowable, and even these had to come in a certain order. Every infringement of the rules was counted up when the Guild met to recite the result of its efforts, and a small fine was imposed on the luckless authors for every transgression. The results of this peculiar and original method of poetic effort is thus summed up by a writer on 'Hans Sachs:'* 'Such rules and institutions, it is evident, were little calculated to kindle the flame of poetry in ordinary bosoms. And if these meetings of the united artisans did not produce any *first-rate geniuses*, where is the wonder? The Society of Master-singers has not been wanting for all this in many excellent consequences. Music and metre constituted its essential elements, and civilisation felt her march quickened by their influence. It preserved, too, among the people, recollections of antiquity, which else had doubtless perished and called forth that patriarcho-biblical spirit which rendered so venerable the burgher families and artisans of the cities of Germany, nay, more universalised the high German idiom, and made it the language of the people. In the midst of its many curious arrangements, and fantastic and useless formalities, it had the peculiar merit to become the guardian of its native tongue, and transmit it pure through the deflux of barbarous ages.'

To this worshipful Guild of Poets it was Sachs' ambition to belong, and he became a pupil of Leonhard Nunnenbeck, Meistersänger and weaver of Nuremberg. He soon attracted notice, not only for his compositions, but for his beautiful voice, and his talents were much talked about. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship, after the manner of German artisans, he travelled through his native country, studying his art, and probably his trade also. Wherever he went he sought out the Master-singers, learning from them all that he could of the methods of composition and melody, and at the same time gaining experience, and widening his views of life. In 1519, in his twenty-second year he returned home, was admitted a master shoemaker, and married one Kunigunda Kreutzer, a young and beautiful woman, with whom he appears to have lived very happily for over forty-four years. Unlike Dürer, he was blest with children, and saw his sons and daughters growing up around him. After his marriage he settled down and began to work laboriously as a writer. His genius was too original to be long fettered and circumscribed by the rules of any guild, and he began to write on all sorts of subjects, his special *Meistergesänge* being the least valuable of all his work. Dramas, allegories, comedies, tragedies; songs, religious, political, and social, he tried them all, and in all shows a power greatly in advance of his contemporaries.

'His poetry,' says one of his critics, 'is distinguished by its heartiness, good sense, homely genuine morality and freshness, its clear and

* *Retrospective Review* (1824), p. 117.

healthy humour, and its skilful manipulation of material. It is, on the other hand, deficient in high imagination and brilliant fancy, and contains large tracts of prosaic insipid verse.'

He took a deep interest in the religious questions of his day, and, like Dürer, ranged himself on the side of reform. He was a most voluminous writer, and literally

'In huge folios sang and laughed;'

for in later life, when he took stock of his work, he found that he had written thirty-four volumes, 'containing upwards of 6200 pieces, among which were 4275 Meistergesänge, 208 comedies and tragedies, 1700 merry tales, secular and religious dialogues, and 73 songs, secular and devotional.' A truly appalling computation!

In his sixty-sixth year his wife died, and he shortly after married again, his second wife being Barbara Harscher, a woman of remarkable beauty, with whom he lived in great peace and felicity. At the close of his life he became very deaf, and withdrew himself from social intercourse with his fellows. He would sit at his little table, we are told, writing and reading all day, and speaking to no one save his wife. A picturesque figure, with his snowy hair and long white beard. So his remaining years passed tranquilly and peacefully on till, on the 19th January, 1578, at the age of eighty-two, he entered into fuller rest. His life was not untouched by sorrow, for death had visited his house, and not only his wife, but his five sons had been taken away from him, yet for the most part it was a happy life. He had laboured faithfully in both his callings, and was a maker of good shoes not less than of good poems, and withal he was a man of stainless and upright life, living honourably all his days, and 'giving alms of such pure and pleasant things as he had.' His name is worthy to be associated in the minds of his townsmen with that of Dürer—the same city gave them birth, and their graves lie near together in the same quaint old cemetery.

Turning once more to the historical and political life of Nuremberg, we embark on the period when the city began to draw towards its decline. A variety of causes, in which the religious struggle was the chief factor, hurried on the end. In 1526 the terrible Peasant War convulsed all Germany, and Nuremberg had a difficult task in attempting to protect the peasantry of the vicinity from the ruthless violence of the Swabian League. In 1530 the city formally subscribed to the Augsburg Confession, and troubles soon began to thicken; the relations between Nuremberg and the Emperors, who belonged to the Roman Church, naturally became extremely complicated. The struggle went on with varying success between the Roman and Lutheran parties in the Empire, and Nuremberg was heavily taxed to contribute to the finances of the cause she had espoused, and was continually being harried, either by attacks from the neighbouring nobility, or by the contending armies, who encamped in the surrounding country and levied costly supplies for their troops. The ascension

of Ferdinand II. to the throne ushered in the disastrous Thirty Years' War, which was soon raging in all its fury. The Nurembergers warmly took up the cause of Gustavus Adolphus, and when in 1632 he entered the town he was received with the utmost rejoicing, as befitted a king and hero and the defender of the religious liberty so dear to the hearts of its citizens. The Swedish King encamped in the neighbourhood, at Fürth, during the summer of this year, and had barely time to fortify his position before Wallenstein, with an enormous army, advanced against him. The hastily-constructed fortifications, however, were of so formidable a character that the German general declined to embark on an attack, preferring to wait, in the hopes of starving out the force. For nearly three months the two great generals remained thus on the defensive. Wallenstein devastated the country round to supply his troops with food, and Nuremberg at last found itself incapable of supplying the wants either of its citizens or of its defenders. Famine and sickness began to press the besieged city heavily. Gustavus, perceiving that this state of things could not last much longer, determined to attack Wallenstein's camp, and on the 4th September, 1832, was fought the memorable battle of Fürth, in which, after an engagement of ten hours, and the loss of 1700 men, Gustavus was finally compelled to retreat. On the 8th September he broke up his camp, leaving a garrison of 5000 men to protect the city. Wallenstein did not hazard a further attack, and a few days after marched away, leaving the surrounding neighbourhood a desert, wasted by fire and sword; while in Nuremberg itself the utmost misery prevailed. Disease and famine had swept off 10,000 of its citizens, and the town was hopelessly impoverished. The November of 1632 saw the death of the heroic Swede, but the war still went on, till the peace of 1650 at last brought about a cessation of hostilities.

Nuremberg never recovered from that calamitous war; her resources were too heavily drained, her independence shaken, and her ancient spirit crushed. The eighteenth century marks one long series of oppression—now it was one ruler or imperious noble, now another, who tormented the fallen city, and wrung from her fast-emptying coffers her hardly-earned burgher wealth. A momentary gleam of hope lit up the dark years when in 1802 Napoleon Buonaparte promised to secure the independence of the city; but alas for those who put their trust in princes! The Emperor Napoleon did not see fit to keep the promise of Napoleon the First Consul. He had created a King of Bavaria, and he wanted to make him a suitable present, so that on the 15th September, 1806, the great Imperial City, which had held its own for nearly 1000 years, was required to swear allegiance to the Bavarian monarch, and from that moment it ceased to be a free city, and was absorbed into the kingdom of Bavaria.

It was the dark hour before the dawn. Bitterly as the proud citizens must have grieved over their lost independence, hardly given

as was their allegiance, it yet proved the best thing that could have befallen the town. It was relieved from bearing single-handed the burden of debt which had so paralysed and overpowered its faculties. Commerce received a new stimulus, trade revived, and its local manufactures once more became noted. The Nuremberg of to-day is a thriving city, under whose quaint roofs are carried on many a skilful and artistic trade. One of its staple industries is the manufacture of lead pencils, which produces an enormous revenue; bronze and lacquered wares, brass work, mirrors and ultramarine are also exported in large quantities. The Nurembergers still excel in wood and ivory carving, and also in the manufacture of all sorts of playthings, so that the city is sometimes called the 'world's toy-shop.' Has not somebody possessed in childhood a fascinating little book called the 'Town of Toys,' in which this particular branch of Nuremberg trade has been most interestingly dealt with? I have an affectionate regard myself for Franz, whose clever fingers could carve all sorts of delightful things out of scraps of wood, and whose kindly efforts to amuse his little sick sister led to the invention of the wonderful Noah's ark, the delight of many and many a childish heart. Whole families are employed in the manufacture of the quaint little wooden playthings which fill the nursery cupboards, and are often much more cherished than costlier toys, and they in no small degree help to prove the old proverb 'that Nuremberg's hand goes thro' every land,'—a proverb without the quotation of which no writer on Nuremberg can be said to have accomplished their duty!

There are many other things of interest that might be dwelt on in connection with the town. Did space permit, we might find plenty to say about the Rathhaus, and the City Library, the beautiful Frauen-Kirche, and the Lorenzo-Kirche, which one of our friends, the American tourists, kindly declares 'would alone give you work and happiness for a week';—of the way from the Thiergarten Gate, planted at regular distances with pillars bearing bas-relief of the various stations of the Cross, which Martin Ketzel, a burgher of Dürer's time, had set up at intervals measuring the exact traditionary sites along the Via Dolorosa;—of the strange sad story of Caspar Hauser, who, after his blighted, undeveloped childhood, found kindly friends in Nuremberg, until in 1829 he fell by some unknown assassin's hand—his life and death a still inexplicable mystery;—of the rose garden and the river; of the storks and the jackdaws—the latter apparently as clever, and let us trust a little more honest, than their namesake of Rheims; and of the 'beautiful fountain,' which stands in the market-place, and is in its way quite a benefactor to the town—everything, from the latest news to the last new baby, being said to be a 'present from the Schönen Brunnen.' But the scope of this article will not permit of further digression. It has not been my intention here to write either a succinct account of things or events, but rather to indicate a line of purpose and character, and

if I have succeeded in awakening a warmer interest in this, one of the most fascinating of German towns, I shall be more than content; for the rest, I can only recommend my readers to go and see all these things for themselves on the very first opportunity that offers.

Not unworthily has Nuremberg won its lasting place in history. It was before all things a city of labour, of workers who toiled with all their might at whatever their hands found to do; in craft, in art, in war, and in religion alike exhibiting the same fearless spirit, the same indomitable independence, and the same steadfastness of purpose. In an age where the temptations to superficiality of all sorts are very great, its history therefore is not without its lesson to our own day. Its political power is at an end, its imperial glories are departed, the names of many of its sages and soldiers and 'honourable burghers' have become lost in the advancing tide of years. But their steadfast lives have not been without effect on the world, that which they wrought has not passed away—their city is their lasting memorial.

The history of Nuremberg has been written by many and many a generation of loving hands—it is an open book that whosoever runs may read, for it is graven upon her stones.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

V.

CERTAIN party-writers are fond of suggesting that scepticism is the special offspring of the Reformation, as if, but for that great movement, what the same class of writers love to describe as the 'ages of faith' would have continued undisturbed. The two men who really promoted scepticism in France were Rabelais, with his grotesque impiety, and Michel Montaigne, whose works contain all the germs which blossomed fully in those of Rousseau and Voltaire. The 'Essays of Montaigne' are one of the most remarkable books of that many-sided century, which philosophers and fanatics shared between them, and problems destined to perplex the modern world more and more came to the surface. It was a chaotic and violent time; the so-called 'Wars of Religion' had brutalised France, as we see in the memoirs of Monluc, who, though he refused to have any hand in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, gives such a ruthless and triumphant picture of how the Protestants were treated as would have seemed calumny had it come from a writer of their own side. Naturally the Huguenots retaliated, when their turn came, with equal cruelty, but more justification. The fanaticism of the times is also shown in a sudden burst of persecution against witches. A chronicle of the 16th century says, 'In the said year 1582. . . On a bruslé à Bar trois sorcières; en ce temps-là le froid etoit excessif,' as if the contrast were between the burning pyres and the weather—and not a word more.

Into this state of things were dropped Montaigne's Essays, calm, ironical, philosophic. Although a writer who had lived through the Reign of Terror in 1793 yet calls the sixteenth century the 'most tragic in history,' Montaigne did not write at all as a pessimist, and would have smiled with indulgent contempt on any one who had taken an unmitigatedly black view of that time—or our own. 'À qui il grêle sur la tête,' observed Montaigne, 'tout l'hémisphère semble être en tempête et orage. Mais qui se représente comme dans un tableau cette grande image de notre mère Nature en son entière majesté; qui lit en son visage une si générale et constante variété; qui se remarque là-dedans, et non soi, mais tout un royaume, comme un trait d'une point trés délicate, celui-ci seul estime les choses selon leur juste grandeur.'

Montaigne himself has told us about his childhood and education. He was born in A.D. 1533 at his father's castle, whence the family

took their name, in Périgord, and his father must have had views of education quite unique in those days. As Sir Samuel Romilly used to rouse his daughter by the sound of a violin softly played, so the seigneur of Montaigne would not allow his young son to be suddenly awakened, but had him aroused 'by the sound of some instrument.' His servant was a German, who did not know a word of French, and always talked Latin to him; in fact, like St. Augustine, he 'was rocked and cradled in Latin.' The whole household was compelled to learn enough of that tongue to 'jargon' with him. 'Nous nous latinisâmes tout,' he wrote later, 'qu'il en regorgea jusqu'à nos villages tout autour, où il y a encore, et ont pris pied, par l'usage, plusieurs appellations latines d'artisans et d'outils.' When scarcely of age, he was made counsellor of the Bordeaux *parlement*—one of those great local tribunals which were later detested and suppressed wherever it was possible by absolute monarchs and despotic prime ministers. He filled this post until 1572, with wisdom and honesty, and then retired to private life in his own château, with his wife and daughter Eléonore. His friends urged him to write the history of his times, but he answered in dismay that history was hard to write—above all, contemporary history; he was 'short-winded' in work and preferred to write as he pleased and what he pleased. A wonderful book was the result—a study of human nature, faithful to coarseness, sceptical, witty, pithy, fearless; not a book for the young, by any means, yet full of memorable sayings and weighty suggestions.

That he was a tender and faithful friend is amply shown by his affection for Etienne de la Boëtie, whose works he edited. Speaking of their mutual friendship, he wrote, 'Ce que nous appellons ordinairement amis et amitiez, ce ne sont qu'accointances et familiaritez nouées par quelque occasion ou commodité, par le moyen de laquelle nos âmes s'entretiennent. En l'amitié de quoy je parle, elles se meslent et confondent l'une en l'aultre d'un meslange si universel qu'elles effacent, et ne retrouvent plus la cousture qui les a joinctes. Si on me presse de dire pourquoy je l'aymoys, je sens que cela ne se peult esprimer qu'en respondant, "Parce que c'estoit luy, parce que c'estoit moy."' There is a touch here which reminds us of St. Augustine and his well-loved friend, whose death he mourned so tenderly. And then, as his manner is, he goes on presently to illustrate the subject of which he is treating by Latin quotations in abundance and all kinds of examples.

The popularity of his 'Essais' was immense and instantaneous, and they have always kept their place as a standard book, with a rich vocabulary and a flexible, easy style, which on the occasion can rise to eloquence. There is no saying how much later writers owed to this model of excellent prose. The book can hardly be said to have any plan; Montaigne seems to have thrown together reflections on life as they occurred to him, regarding it rather as a spectator than an actor, and keeping as much aloof as he could from the civil

distractions of that unhappy time, and studying human nature through the close observation of his own.

It is impossible to attempt even the slightest sketch of French literature in the sixteenth century without speaking of François Rabelais, priest, buffoon, cynic, rake, and genius, probably using the mask of a clown to conceal a serious countenance, and couching truths and reproofs in the shape of raillery or profanity, because otherwise they would not have been accepted by the public, or, if accepted, would have led the writer to the stake. Very early in his career we find him condemned for some crime or profanity to perpetual imprisonment in the vaults of his convent, and, when the influence of his friends obtained some degree of freedom for him, he speedily unfrocked himself, and studied medicine at the then very famous school at Montpellier, whence he migrated to Lyons, treating his patients on the sensible principle which he lays down that, as nothing is worse for health than sadness, 'minois du médicin chagrin, rébarbatif, sévère, rechigné, contriste le malade,' while 'face joyeuse, sereine, gracieuse, ouverte, plaisante, réjouit le malade.' His friendly relations with Marot and others of the Reformed Church brought him into trouble, and he hastened to Rome, where somehow or other he got a papal brief declaring him a good Catholic, and returned to put on the Benedictine habit, only to throw it off again that he might wander from town to town, castle to castle, welcomed and fêted everywhere, until presented by Cardinal du Bellay to the wealthy parish of Meudon, where he died two years later. Surely a most strange career, whether as regards Rabelais himself or the savants and the churchmen who admired and protected him.

It is very difficult to give any full account of 'Gargantua,' known only to the general reader, if known at all in England, by magazine articles and translations, which surely can hardly give any idea of the original, being mostly rather dull, and conveying the notion of huge, clumsy, practical joking rather than wit. But it would be rash to venture beyond these, since Sainte-Beuve, with all his admiration for Rabelais, sounds this note of warning: 'Quand on veut lire tout haut du Rabelais, même devant les hommes (car devant les femmes cela ne se peut), on est toujours comme quelqu'un qui veut traverser une vaste place pleine de boue et d'ordures: il s'agit d'enjamber à chaque moment et de traverser sans trop se crotter; c'est difficile.'

A very sufficient idea may be gained of the work from Mr. Saintsbury's 'Rabelais and his Followers,' in his history of French literature, which we venture to condense for those who have not access to this book.

The idea of Rabelais' work was doubtless suggested by certain old legends and traditions about 'le grant et énorme Géant Gargantua,' part of which are embodied in an old prose romance which he edited, perhaps even re-wrote. He produced his own book in parts, during a period of thirty-three years, so that it is not surprising if there is

little connection in it. In the first book there is a very keen and biting satire on the bad education given to boys at that time, Gargantua's father having confided him to a Latin sophist, under whom he daily became an even greater fool, and, when called upon to show his good breeding, 'toute sa contenance fut qu'il se prit à plorer comme une vache, et se cachoit le visage de son bonnet.' On this his father, the easy-going King Grandgousier, turns the pedagogue out of doors, and intrusts his son to Ponocrates, who takes him to Paris, where he leads an utterly lazy and immoral life, at first unchecked by his tutor, who wants to study his pupil; but presently real education begins, and here Rabelais is serious enough, speaking exactly as a modern physiologist and teacher might—perhaps even more sensibly! France would have done better to study Rabelais' system than that of Rousseau in 'Emile.' But, in spite of such passages as these, the book is really 'a huge laugh,' and at Paris Panurge appears, a character hardly comparable to any one else in literature except Falstaff. Panurge occupies great part of the story; indeed, a whole book turns on his doubts as to whether or not to marry. We may sum up all that we can say here by a quotation from Sainte-Beuve's valuable 'Tableau de la Poésie française au 16me siècle': 'Le livre de Rabelais est un grand festin, non pas de ces nobles et délicates festins de l'antiquité, où circulatent, au son de la lyre, les coupes d'or, couronnées de fleurs, les ingénieuses railleries et les propos philosophiques; non pas de ces délicieux banquets de Xénophon ou de Platon, célébrés sous des portiques de marbre, dans les jardins de Scillonte ou d'Athènes; c'est une orgie enfumée, une ripaille bourgeoise, un réveillon de Noël. C'est encore, si l'on veut, une longue chanson après boire, dont les couplets piquants sont fréquemment entre-coupés de *faridondaines* et de *flouflous*. En ces sortes de refrains, la verve supplée au sens; essayer de comprendre, c'est déjà n'avoir pas compris.'

From the broad jesting of Rabelais we pass to satire, but, before touching on the remarkable work of what may almost be regarded as a second Pléiade, we must note the curious fact that, in the turbulent and corrupt sixteenth century, pastoral poetry abounded; Guarini's lifeless 'Pastor Fido,' with its affected prettinesses, caught the popular fancy, and was read, translated, copied and re-copied by writers still more unreal than himself, whose sheep are always snow-white, while the shepherdesses who keep them are such as later charmed Paris on the stage, in muslin, with crooks wreathed with flowers. Society was vicious, and weary of itself; the idyl offered the charm of contrast to real life, and herein lay the explanation of its popularity.

Satire and despotism are closely connected, and it was a sign that autocratic power would soon rule France when, in A.D. 1595, the year that Henri Quatre was crowned at Chartres, the Satyre Ménippée appeared. Even despotism was far preferable to such wild and

reckless lawlessness as France had known during the Wars of the League, and by the end of the sixteenth century everything tended to make her welcome a ruler with a strong hand; she needed a master, and found one after her own heart. And the Satyre Ménippée gave the tottering cause of the League such a blow that it has been called 'a second Ivry.' It made the League ridiculous, and whatever becomes ridiculous in France is a failure.

So vast was the influence of this satire that the student of literature must devote some time to it, although it is now as little read as are the works of Budée of Paris, or the Spanish Vivès a Valero, whose now unfamiliar names were at the beginning of the sixteenth century as universally recognised and admired throughout Europe as was that of Erasmus, who alone excelled them in fame—a noble trio, who loved one another heartily, without a shade of jealousy.

The Satyre Ménippée was the joint production of a set of writers, mostly lawyers, but seems to have been planned by a canon of Rouen, Pierre Leroy. These men all belonged to the moderate Roman Catholic party, nicknamed by their enemies Politiques, or Trimmers, and denounced as preferring civil and temporal advantages to strict orthodoxy. Choosing the name of that bitter cynic philosopher whom Lucian celebrates, they proceeded to write a stinging satire on all the leaders and doings of the League, in the shape of an account of the meeting of the States General at Paris. The first of the dramatis personæ to appear on the scene are two quacks, a Spaniard and an ally from Lorraine, in whom every one recognised the Legate and the Cardinal de Pellevé, proclaiming the merits of a marvellous drug called *catholicon*, which enabled whoever used it to sell his country, assassinate an enemy, and be as perfidious in all affairs as his interest demanded, in safety and well-doing, under the shield of acting for 'Holy Mother Church.' This might have brought the seven authors to the stake had they not carefully noted that the drug came from Spain, not Rome! The full title of the satire is 'De la vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne, et de la tenue des Etats de Paris.' Next comes the opening of the States, with speeches, and a description of the tapestry which is hung round the hall of meeting, dealing with murders of princes, treacherous deeds, and the like. The procession in which the Leaguers march is comically described, the rector, wearing his master of arts gown, with his purple mantle, and a gorget over them, beard and hair newly shaven, a sword by his side, and a partisan on his shoulder. After him come monklings and novices, *curés* and preachers, all equally droll in costume, and equally militant. Tradition says that each of the seven collaborateurs undertook to write a speech for some well-known orator of the League; these were touched up by two of the wittiest of their number, and the amusement caused by these parodies in Paris may be easily imagined when we recollect how eagerly certain novels of our own time have been bought up on a hint that well-known personages

of the political or social world were introduced in them. There was no attempt at disguise, and, if there had been, who would not have recognised the Legate, congratulating the French on being more Catholic than the Romans themselves, and uttering as the watch-word of his evangelical mission, 'War! war! war!'? or Mayenne setting forth, in the tone of a bullying soldier, his holy longing to ruin France? or the half-crazy rector of the University, citing Themistocles and Miltiades, arguing 'en Baroco et Baralipton,' hitting friend much more than foe, and finally suggesting that, as 'there are too many dogs for the one bone' of the crown, it should be given to none of the claimants, but bestowed on a certain church-warden, a good vine dresser and fine fellow, who sang well in the choir, and knew the service by heart? How the Parisians must have laughed! There is sound advice too in the 'Satyre'; the speech of Aubrey, deputy of the third estate, is really fine, and full of sound counsel; this occupies nearly half the book, and is an excellent résumé of the condition of France, its sufferings, its need of the peace to which Mayenne objects so strongly because it is so inconvenient, setting everything in order, and giving every man his rights, and ends with describing 'le Roy que nous voulons et que nous aurons . . . notre vray Roy légitime, naturel et souverain Seigneur Henry de Bourbon, cy-devant Roy de Navarre'—plain speaking which causes the meeting to break up.

We can hardly doubt that Butler's 'Hudibras' was suggested by this remarkable satire, which, with some of the licence and coarseness of its age, is a wonderful advance on anything of the kind yet written. It is free from pedantry, its irony is keen, and yet slightly marked, unlike that of earlier writers, who can never have enough of a joke, and it escapes the plethora of learning and jests which render 'Hudibras' sometimes very tedious. But like all pasquinades, however brilliant and popular in their own day, 'Le Satyre Ménippée' has little interest for the general reader, and is almost forgotten, though it had so great an effect on politics in its time, and has, moreover, the distinction of being the first piece of literary work which affected public events in France.

Had Goethe ever completed his play of 'Die Aufgeregten,' with its picture of the effects of the Great Revolution on a German village, we should have had one scene which might have recalled the 'Satyre Ménippée,' where the dramatis personæ were to have formed themselves into a mock national assembly, each taking the part of some well-known character, and parodying his views; but we may feel sure, from what exists of the comedy, that their speeches would have been very far from attaining the brilliant sparkle of those in the 'Satyre.' Whether Goethe took the idea from this pasquinade or not, we know that Rabelais suggested his romance of the 'Travels of the Sons of Megaprazon,' also a fragment, in which the six sons of Megaprazon, whose ancestor is Pantagruel, seek the

Islands of Papimany and Pope Figland, and hear of what is going on in the neighbouring Island of Monarchomany, *i.e.* France, where a terrible volcanic disturbance has destroyed the royal palace, and, tearing the island into three fragments, has sent them drifting into unknown regions. Of course all this is an allegory of the Revolution, and its gloomy tone is little like the broad mirth of Rabelais; but, indeed, Rabelais himself could hardly have been cheerful at such a moment as that in which Goethe composed his half-finished adventures of the sons of Megaprazon.

When once the note of satire had been struck, it was found to be so consonant both to the French and to their language, that it was sure to be heard again and again. The next to follow in this track, after the authors of the 'Ménippée,' was Régnier, who had much of Marot's manner, but was more vigorous, and followed to good purpose du Bellay's precept of 'digesting the best authors, and converting them into blood and food.' His satires, though modelled on those of Horace, are quite original; he did not write much, but he wrote very well, and Rouen had a right to be proud of her canon, who was too modest when he wrote of himself, finding he was known as 'that good Régnier'—

> 'De ce surnom de bon me va-t-on reprochant,
> D'autant que je n'ai pas l'esprit d'être méchant.'

It certainly was not wit which he lacked, as he no doubt knew perfectly well. French owes him a great deal, for, perhaps more by instinct than study or direct intention, he gave the language a new grace and suppleness, while writing in a simple and limpid style, so that Malherbe and Boileau both applauded it. Like Pope's, his terse and epigrammatic lines are made for quotation. There is the polite and deprecating doctor who, while accepting his fee, 'dit, en serrant la main; Dame! il n'en fallait point;' the poetaster, who is in holy orders, and hopes to gain advancement by his muse: 'Méditant un sonnet, médite un évêché,' and the small country gentleman, swaggering up to Paris, 'au feutre empanaché, relevant sa moustache.'

His portrait of a hypocrite, Macette, is a masterpiece, and possibly suggested Tartuffe, though Régnier does not attempt to draw characters, and skims lightly over the subjects which he handles. Sainte-Beuve, in his invaluable work on French poetry in the sixteenth century, says of him, 'Régnier est en effet le Montaigne de notre poésie. Lui aussi, en n'ayant pas l'air d'y songer, s'est créé une langue propre, toute de sens et de génie, qui, sans règle fixe, sans évocation savante, sort comme de terre à chaque pas nouveau de la pensée, et se tient debout, soutenue du seul souffle qui l'anime. Les mouvements de cette langue inspirée n'ont rien de solennel, ni de réfléchi; dans leur irrégularité naturelle, dans leur brusquerie piquante, ils ressemblent aux éclats de voix, aux gestes rapides d'un

homme franc et passionné qui s'échauffe en causant. Les images du discours étincellent de couleurs plus vives que fines, plus saillantes que nuancées. Elles se pressent, elles se heurtent entre elles. L'auteur peint toujours, et quelquefois, faute de mieux, il peint avec de la lie et de la boue. D'une trivialité souvent heureuse, il prend au peuple ses proverbes pour en faire de la poésie et lui envoie en échange les vers nés proverbes, médailles de bon aloi, où l'on reconnaît encore, après deux siècles, l'empreinte de celui qui les a frappées.'

There is a tradition which we would willingly believe that the makers of the Satyre Ménippée used to meet and work in the very room at Paris where Boileau was born in 1636. Satire ran in the family; his two brothers, one an attorney, the other a canon, were noted for their witty repartees and ready answers. When on one occasion, Condé, weary of the harangues to which he had had to listen, stretched out his neck and turned his large nose towards the canon, pretending not to be able to hear, the wily ecclesiastic put on a timid hesitation and murmured, 'Your highness must not wonder if I tremble at appearing before you at the head of a company of churchmen, for, were I leading an army of thirty thousand men against you, I should tremble a great deal more.' And Condé rose and embraced him, asking his name, and, on hearing he was the brother of 'M. Despréaux,' invited him to dinner. Evidently a little broad flattery went a long way with the Prince, and the canon knew his man.

To assault living authors as Boileau Despréaux did must have required much more courage than to face Condé. There was as yet no fixed standard of literary taste; we see Corneille himself often groping and losing his way, unable to tell what to take and what to leave; Chapelain sat on high, bad taste was paramount; Sarron was held the equal of Molière; Mascaron's sermons were considered the model of eloquence. Boileau's work was to train public taste, and discredit poor or bad writers, who had taken high rank, and teach it to enjoy Molière, and Racine, and Bossuet. His 'Art poétique,' modelled on Horace and closely followed by Pope, has been well named 'the code of good taste'; its epigrammatic lines were so easily remembered and applied that they became an arsenal of quotations. When defending the use of every-day simple words, he wrote: 'J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon;' the argument, pointed by the personality, had double effect, and La Calprenède's romance of 'Cléopâtre' lost popularity as soon as the couplet became current—

'Tout a l'humeur gasconne en un auteur gascon;
Calprenède et Juba parlent du même ton.'

And how full of common sense are these terse lines:

'Travaillez à loisir, quelque ordre qui vous presse,
Et ne vous piquez point d'une folle vitesse:
Un style si rapide, et qui court en rimant,
Marque moins trop d'esprit, que peu de jugement.

J'aime mieux un ruisseau qui, sur la molle arène,
Dans une pré plein de fleurs lentement se promène,
Qu'un torrent débordé qui, d'un cours orageux,
Roule plein de gravier sur un terrain fangeux.
Hâtez-vous lentement, et sans perdre courage,
Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage.
Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez:
Ajoutez quelquefois, et souvent effacez.'

It was then quite a new thing to touch and retouch verses nowadays our best authors fall too often into the opposite fault, and spoil their gems in the resetting. We may easily imagine what an uproar the young artist's audacity created in the literary world, and what a hornet's nest he brought about his ears; but the best writers at once upheld him and frankly profited by his counsels. Colbert, the great minister, found in his satires refreshment and amusement amid his endless toils, and by-and-by Voltaire used to say warningly to the rising literary men around him, 'Say no ill of Nicolas; it brings ill luck,' and certainly this is amply verified in the verses of Boileau's chief detractor, Marmontel. Perhaps the ninth satire is the chef-d'œuvre of the eleven which Boileau has given us. Of the 'Art Poétique' we have already spoken, but we may note a singular omission—there is not a word of the apologue or fable, and yet Lafontaine had already given his immortal verses to the reading world. Louis Quatorze and Colbert did not love Lafontaine, but we would hope this was not the explanation of Boileau's silence. The 'epistle' on 'False Shame' shows sufficiently that he did not lack courage to support those out of favour, for it was addressed to the great Jansenist, Arnauld. It is a pity that it is one of his least successful efforts. In the 'Lutrin,' verse reaches mechanical perfection, and yet is not that mere graceful filigree which some very modern English writers affect; there is always a thought conveyed in each line. The subject is a quarrel about the position of a lectern, and on this theme he satirizes brilliantly the morals of the day. What irony there is in the exclamation of the vain old chorister, 'Je ne pourrai donc être plus vu que de Dieu,' when he is to stand where the congregation cannot see him. It paints the man at once.

There came a time when a younger generation revolted against 'The Lawgiver of Parnassus,' but the services which he rendered literature are beyond question, as are the peculiar merits of his writings, which all who aspire to authorship would do well to study, especially in these days when style and good English seem becoming more and more neglected by the army who wield the pen.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—V.

Questions for November.

28. What was the state of France at the time that Montaigne published his essays?

29. What do you know of these?

30. Give any particulars you can of Rabelais.

31. What is the first important French satire? Give an abstract of the Satyre Ménippée.

32. Translate Sainte-Beuve's remarks on Régnier.

33. Give as full an account as you can of Boileau's life and works.

34. What does French literature owe to him?

35. What were the literary gains of the 16th century in France?

Marks for September.

Hermione	85	Pertheiren	70
L. Cripps	82	Les Verges	69
Lambda	72	Carlotta	60
		Iris	45

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it well to live by rule?

Marigold thinks 'a life without rule is almost an aimless life;' 'that a thing done seldom can hardly reach any stage towards perfection.' Her comparison of rules to the laws by which Nature develops is not, however, true. Nature develops by a principle of inward growth by the law of its being; *Rules*, even if self-chosen, are intended to check the natural tendency; they are not the wild growth of the creeper, but the strings and wire that restrain it, and, possibly, hold it up to the light.

Molly speaks strongly of the help and comfort of rules; but conveys the warning that 'it is better to keep your temper than to keep your rule.'

K. E. D., in a very high-toned little paper, votes for living by rule, partly because of the fine exercise of self-denial caused by involuntary interruptions of it. This is a 'counsel of perfection' to which we have very few of us risen.

Semibreve approves of rules, especially for women whose lives are apt to be desultory without them. Very good and moderate paper.

Monica sends an excellent paper on the side of rules. Warnings: (1) setting our own rules above higher duties; (2) allowing them to become a burden to others.

Ein Mädchen sends a thoughtful paper in favour of rules that shall be sufficiently elastic.

Altiora Peto.—But now, before I end, let me say one word as to the motive of rules. The true motive and aim of them all should be to enable us to serve God better, and they should be kept for love of Him. This motive would prevent us from falling into any grave mistakes regarding them, and would help us also to continue in them, however hard it may be at the time; for this is the great difficulty. Nothing can be easier than to make rules; but to persevere in them is impossible, I think, without this high motive to goad us on. Almost more depends on the aim and motive than on the rule itself. If the motive is good, the rule is nearly always sure to be good; but no rule, however good in itself, can be right if the motive is bad.

I. M. D.—Living by rule implies being governed by principle; not living by rule, being governed by impulse. Impulse, though it often leads to great and noble acts, is no safe guide. Women, moreover, are specially tempted to fall under its influence, as, from the

nature of their temperament, they are apt to be led by their feelings, rather than their reason. Though the feelings be keen and true, they require being kept in check and under control, a precaution not always observed. Well would it be if we mistrusted ourselves and our feelings and relied on our rules, always remembering that a rule relaxed for the sake of another may often take precedence of a rule enforced for the sake of ourselves.

It would cause me some surprise if this question should give rise to much actual 'debate.' It almost appears to my mind self-evident that to live by rule *must* be good, and 'well;' in every way desirable. But, perhaps, something may be gained by the stating of reasons *why* it is good; and the personal experience of one and another may help towards the fuller recognition of what is surely an actual truth, if one may so say, an essential principle in practical religion.

First, may I be allowed to say that I think one of the first forms which 'personal religion' is wont to take is the desire and effort to live by rule?

Does not the young mind, in that period which is so often one of transition, as from childhood to girlhood, so from a dim and undeveloped to a conscious, spiritual life, seek for rules and laws, partly to assure itself of its own sincerity and earnestness, and partly as a prop to its painfully felt weakness?

As a young girl I can remember well the eagerness with which anything in the shape of practical direction as to choice of books, spending of money, laying out the plan of the day, was welcomed by me, and, as I feel sure, by several of my girl companions, whether such helps came to us in sermons, by some word dropped casually by our elders, or in pages of Miss Sewell's and similar helpful and attractive stories. In early youth, shall we say in the ardour of the first love? the rules were perhaps too many and too hard, perhaps tended to foster morbidness, and perhaps disregarded too much the fact that God's commandment is 'exceeding broad;' yet surely none who have throughout their lives striven to fence themselves round to some extent with a boundary line of prohibitions, and to mark out a path for their feet which should ensure *some* measure of straight walking, can ever have seen cause to repent of the principle, however many mistakes they have made in detail.

If, to quote the truly noble words of the 'Shorter Catechism,' 'the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever,' we should guard against a slavish devotion to rules of our own making, fatal both to the enjoyment of God, and to doing Him true service.

I think that which I wish to express is summed up both on the one side and on the other in better words than mine.

On the one side, in dear Aunt Sarah's counsels in 'Experience of Life:' 'Make your plans, child, but make them of leather, not of

stone; and, above all, don't think it a sin to break them if need be, or a cardinal virtue to keep them if you have nothing to tempt you to do differently.'

On the other, in the advice of a 'Grannie,' in the 'Two Vocations,' to a young lady who observes that she 'is not made for plans, but must take things as they come:' 'You were made for duties, and to fulfil them aright you need self-denial and steadfastness of purpose.'

AGNES LOWTHER.

Countess, *K. T.*, *Bath-brick*, and *Sunflower* send very good and incontrovertible papers, stating both sides of the question fairly. *Beta* states more prominently the disadvantages of living by rule as tending possibly to fidgetiness and selfishness; and *Starling* gives the only paper at all definitely on the negative side of the question.

It is well to live by rule if the rules are looked upon as means to an end, but not if they are considered to be an end in themselves.

In any good life there is one guiding principle kept to, consciously or unconsciously, and more or less successfully, all through. To put it shortly, the principle of doing what is right and leaving what is wrong. If this principle is firmly kept to, and come back to after every failure, rules will fall into their right place and be looked on as a help, valuable in proportion to their helpfulness, and as long as they are helpful.

Those who keep to this principle will always find something in life in which they can be interested and can take a part. It may be social life only, or that and other things, studying art or science, writing, education, or work among the poor. In everything that they do some rules are a help, if not actually necessary. People soon find this out for themselves, if they are in earnest, and make the rules which help them most; but as their characters grow and become wider and stronger, with more interests and greater powers, they undertake new schemes of all sorts, and as they go on from one thing to another, or work fresh ideas into old schemes, their different rules are changed, left off, taken up again, or put aside altogether in favour of new ones, continually varying to suit their wants.

There is another way of looking on rules as important in themselves, and necessary to a good life. This often leads to a feeling that life should be fitted to rules, not rules to life; and, though the details may not remain the same, still a kind of scheme of rules is formed, which, with little alteration, becomes a lasting habit. The character grows, but the rules remain rigid, and in the end do harm in many ways. They may be faithfully carried out, and then by degrees they will dwarf and narrow the character, keeping it back to their limits. They may be still kept, but in a formal way, and with a feeling that

they are outgrown, which leads to insincerity. They may be kept for a time, and then at last be found to be unbearable, and with a kind of revulsion against them all rule and order will be thrown aside. There are times when people live better without any rules at all; but if they have been so much accustomed to consider them necessary, that their consciences are not at rest without them, they may go on living in the usual groove, and so miss the experiences they might have had if their minds had been more disengaged. Such opportunities come particularly when the surroundings of life are changed, by travelling or other circumstances. They are not very frequent or very long in the lives of most people, but they give a variety and interest which cannot be had in any other way. The habit of looking on rules as important in themselves may tend to self-consciousness. To look back on the day with the particular object of seeing what rules were kept or broken, and why, often leads to a questioning of motives and feelings, which does more harm than good. To take an example of this. If the work done has been giving some class, there are two ways of looking at it. One may say, 'Did I keep the different rules I have made for the class? if not, which did I break, and why?' or, 'Was the lesson a good one? did the children enjoy it, were they interested? If not, what was it in the lesson, or the children's minds, which prevented it from being what I meant?' In the first case, all the thoughts go back to self, and, by that habit, become narrow and perhaps morbid; in the second they go out to the minds of the children, and the characteristics of the lesson become wider and more self-forgetful. At the same time the training for the character itself is sharp and strict enough in the constant effort to make things better. People often feel that it is safe to lean on rules, that they cannot go far wrong if they always force themselves to keep to any particular set of rules; but it is not safe for anything that is growing to lean on anything that is rigid. The real safety is to lean on the principle of doing the best we can. That is not rigid, for the best that we can do grows continually, from the effort of the child not to be greedy or passionate, to the long patience, the tried courage, and the experienced justice and wisdom of later years.

Those who hold honestly to that principle need not be afraid that they are not keeping rules enough. They mean to do right, they see things that they can do and undertake them, rules help them, and as a help they use them; but they do not consider them to be of the first importance, or look on them as an unchanging support through life. STARLING.

Chelsea China did not intend this question to apply to the ordinary and inevitable regulations of family life; but to extra rules made or submitted to by our own choice.

Such earnest papers have been sent in that it seems the only answer is, 'that Wisdom is justified of all her children.' The ques-

tion is, of course, one that has divided the religious world in all ages; but, taking the question more as it regards the intellectual and practical than the spiritual life, Chelsea China would suggest that it depends much on natural temperament. It is, of course, always necessary to struggle with *faults;* but it is not always equally wise to waste nervous energy in contending with *characteristics.* At any rate, in later life, the way in which work can be done most easily is generally the way in which it can be done best; and, because one person finds it answer to get up early, another may get more out of herself by sitting up late, or by working at odd hours. Antony Trollope said that the best inspiration was a piece of cobbler's wax fastening the author to his chair; to which it might be answered that a good deal of his writing lacked inspiration. 'Go' is the one thing needful to get through life, and, if struggling to keep rules uses it up, they are a waste of force; if they make a smooth path for it, they are an advantage. The distinction between rules and plans drawn by one correspondent is good; but her notion of rules almost elevates them into *principles,* which are of very different obligation.

There is so much of this debate that Chelsea China will hold over the further remarks on Social Imitation and Friendship for next month.

No question will be set in this number; but Chelsea China invites any remarks on previous debates, which will appear in January.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before December 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Keltic Christianity.

Questions for November.

41. Give the authorities for, and testimonies to, the British Church after the conversion of Constantine, during the 4th and early part of 5th centuries, naming also all the countries in which at this time Keltic Christianity prevailed more or less.

42. Write a short account of St. Patrick's conversion of Ireland (giving one legend only), with the names of his chief disciples and the fields of their labour.

43. What were the Keltic methods of spreading Christianity? Illustrate with passages from the lives of St. Cadoc or St. Kentigern.

44. Give some account of the order of Iona (before A.D. 600).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by December 1st.

August Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda }	Verena }	Malacoda }
Cocksmoer } 38	De Maura } 36	Veritas } 34
Kentigern }	Papaver }	Cecilia }
Water Wagtail }	Decima }	Fidelia }
Charissa } 37	Ierne } 35	Hispania } 32
Sycorax }	Polypodium }	Portia }
Patience }	Erica }	Bluebell 31
Speranza 36	Violets } 34	Countess 30

Second Class.

Andromache }	Καθολικος 26	Vivia 22
Mervarid } 29	Box }	Heliodora }
Cox 28	Trudel } 23	Λαμβδα } 21
Hegesippus . . . 26	Theodosius }	*Vorwärts 20

* Three answers only.

Remarks.

29. *Etheldreda's* account of the reading the Acts of the *Latrocinium* at Chalcedon is best of all. Every one should have mentioned the imposing spectacle, when Juvenal and the Bishops of Palestine, now fully assured how truly St. Flavian had held the Faith, arose, and

crossing in front of the Gospels, took their seats among the Orthodox. Bishop after Bishop passed over, and at last Peter of Corinth arose and crossed the Synod, amid cries of 'Welcome Orthodox,' 'Peter holds the Faith of Peter.' The calm Western mind can hardly understand the openly expressed relief and joy of the Easterns. Bog-Oak's *private* feeling about the calm dignity of Dioscoros during this Session is that it was that of a fiend, who first tempts, well-nigh compelling, others to sin, and then taunts them with doing so. It is fair to add that hardly any writer shares this feeling.

30. The decisions of the Council are given most clearly by *Water Wagtail*, *Erica*, *Sycorax*, *Verena*, *Violets*, and *Cecilia*. Though quoting all else correctly, *Polypodium*, Καθλικος, *Mervarid*, *Vivia*, *Box*, and *Cox* omit the essential words that the Only Begotten Son is to be acknowledged '*in* Two Natures.' The signatures of the Bishops, as given by Mansi, are very touching. Many added a few words, showing their eagerness to sign the acts, e.g. Florentius of Tenedos signs 'for Eulogius, whose hand trembled with infirmity.' Meliphthongus of Heliopolis adds, 'though at the eleventh hour,' as if regretting former backwardness.

31. Best done on the whole by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Polypodium*, *Patience*, and *Veritas*. The note in 'Definitions of Faith' does not, as *Papaver* thinks, mean that Canon 28 was not drawn up as Chalcedon, but that it was not then counted as a *Canon*. It was rather an 'Act of Council' which might be far greater. *De Maura* argues correctly that if supremacy or even primacy was given on account of Apostolic foundation, Jerusalem founded by Christ Himself and all His Apostles must rank first. We may add that, granting for a moment, (1) that St. Peter founded the Roman Church (which he probably did not); (2) that his foundation alone conferred Primacy—then Antioch, according to Leo's own views about Apostolic Sees, which equally claimed St. Peter for its first Bishop, and which was the older Church, ought to have had the Primacy. 'St. Peter's chair at Antioch' is observed in the Roman Church on February 22nd. *Hispania:* Jerusalem's Patriarchate was dealt with in the 7th Session; Canon 28, which was not brought forward till the 15th Session, does not name Jerusalem. *Water Wagtail*, and others: Mahan quotes Tillemont to show that the Roman Church at length acquiesced in this Canon.

Erica, *Vorwärts*, etc.: Anathema did not necessarily mean devoted to *evil*, and in spite of Liddell and Scott, Mahan says that ecclesiastically it means 'reserved or laid up to the Judgment of God.' The Church on earth judges no man, but she leaves certain forms of evil, and certain persons to the just judgment of God, putting them outside her own pale; therefore the word does not mean *accursed* in the modern sense. *Bluebell*, and others: Though 'ανάθεμα and 'ανάθημα mean much the same, the former, with the short *e*, is the ecclesiastical word. Bog-Oak is sorry to say she does not understand Hebrew, and

must therefore beg that Hebrew words may be quoted in ordinary character.

Papaver, Καθολικος, etc.: Leo, being absent, could not be President; and Anatolius seems only to have presided once or twice in the absence of the legates. Theoretically, no doubt, the legates of Rome presided, but practically the nineteen Imperial Commissioners bore rule in the Council and maintained order, though not interfering with matters of Faith. They are one argument for allowing 'the lay element' in Church Synods. Where does *Trudel* find Eusebius and two Alexandrian deacons as Presidents? *Portia:* The Emperor was Marcian, not Theodosius. *Heliodora:* Much allowance must be made for Eastern politeness in the Council's letter to Leo, calling him 'Head and Father,' etc. Bog-Oak believes the India Office translates all the beginnings of Oriental letters thus, 'after compliments.'

32. Best accounts of Epiphanius, etc., by *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Charissa*, and *Heliodora*. St. Epiphanius preserves several fragments of the Gospel according to the Hebrews, notably an account of Our Lord's Baptism, adding that 'a great light' shone round the place. St. Ephrem's Hymns or Rythms are a beautiful storehouse; it is strange that modern hymns have not been drawn from thence. The English prose translation in 'The Library of the Fathers' is well worth reading. *Polypodium:* Of course they have no rhyme; it was then unknown, and Greek and Syriac do not lend themselves well to it. Is *Polypodium* sure the Syriac version is not metrical? All should have said that St. Vincent is sometimes called the author of the Athanasian Creed. *Andromache*, etc.: It seems as if the Church of Rome has abandoned the Vincentian Canon, while the Church of England and the Orthodox Eastern Churches are faithful to it. The semi-pelagianism of the school of Lerins seems to have been mainly opposition to St. Augustine's extreme predestinarianism, and not perversity. The balance of Faith was regained at the Council of Orange. These controversies on 'the Counsels of God' required delicate handling indeed.

Will *Patience* kindly condense her excellent material. When Bog-Oak says 'about twelve lines,' fifty are inadmissible.

Bog-Oak congratulates the members of Church History Society on the first disappearance of the third class.

Notices to Correspondents.

'Pima' begs leave to inform *A. E.* that the quotation—

'Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,'

comes from a Sonnet written by Archbishop Trench, and published in his poems.

L. S. D., Sarum.—Surely the weathercock is a memorial of St. Peter's fall and repentance.

The 'Canterbury Relics' is in vol. xiv., p. 366, of the 'Monthly Packet.'

Who was St. Clementine METELILLE.

'The graves grow thickest,
Life's ways more drear,'

is from a poem in 'Lyra Mystica' called 'Easter,' and signed, R. E. J. A. A. M. H.

C. H.—The poem in which 'A place in the ranks awaits you' occurs, is in 'Legends and Lyrics,' by Adelaide Anne Proctor. This is the poem—

'Rise! for the day is passing.'

In answer to *M. F. P.'s* request for names of Modern Italian Novels, I send the following: 'Castel Gavone' (Barrili); 'Il Conte Rosso' (Barrili ?); 'Caporal Silvestro' (S. Farina); 'Sul Tevere' (San Migliotto); '*Bozzetti della vita Militari*' (*E. De Amicis*). The various books of travel by the last author are well written, particularly *Spagna* and *Olanda*. Also 'Il Roccolo di San Alessio' (Antoino Caccianiga).

The Monthly Packet.

DECEMBER, 1889.

A ROYAL VISIT TO HOG'S NORTON.

CHARADETTE EN ACTION.

Characters.

MR. LEMON PEEL (*a widower, principal Grocer in the town*).
ROSE (*his daughter*).
RICHARD SUGAR CANDY (DICK), (*foreman, in love with Rose*).
DR. DOUBLEPILL BROWN.
MRS. BROWN.
MR. GREEN.
MRS. GREEN.
JACK (*son to Mr. L. Peel*).
H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES (who is humbly requested to excuse the liberty!).
COLONEL WINCHESTER (*his Equerry*).
SPECTATORS (*ad lib.*).

ACTS I., II.—MARKET PLACE. ACT III.—MR. L. PEEL'S HOUSE.

No painted scenery required; there should be a screen behind with 'Peel, Family Grocer and Italian Merchant,' on a placard by or over the entrance.

The Nightmare may be a horse's head and neck, cut out of stout pasteboard; the room should be darkened, and a strong lamp put on one side, or behind, so as to throw the *shadow* of the head on a muslin curtain by the couch.

The Prince and his Equerry may be in dress clothes, with plenty of gold paper to look like uniforms, black felt hats with red feathers.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

(*Market Place at Hog's Norton:* MR. LEMON PEEL'S *shop in background.*)

Mr. Peel (*struts about importantly, smiling and talking to himself, calls*) Rose! Rose! (*Enter Rose.*)

Rose. Well, father dear, what is it?

Mr. P. Can you keep a secret, darling?

Rose. A secret, dear papa! Of course I can. Oh, how delightful!

Mr. P. It is, indeed, delightful, Rose. I know that as you are my

daughter you are not proud, no more than I. I am not proud, am I, dearest?

Rose. Oh, not at all, dear papa.

Mr. P. Can you guess what the secret is about? (*looking wise and arch*).

Rose. Oh, dear papa, I do think I can; I think you know what we wish!

Mr. P. (*chucking her under the chin*). I do think I can guess it, my dear.

Rose. Oh! (*looks at shop door where Dick is seen*).

Mr. P. Well, I have just heard that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales——

Rose (*astonished*). His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!

Mr. P. Having heard how I have just given the two-acre field to build a Commercial and Agricultural College in, is coming in his own Royal person to lay the first stone.

Rose. Oh, papa! I never did, indeed!

Mr. P. Indeed, it is quite true; and what is more, he is coming this very day.

Rose. This very day! Why, I shall scarcely have time to dress, and I have nothing fit to put on! Oh, papa, why did you not tell me before? (*cries*).

Mr. P. (*looking sly*). That is another part of the secret, dear. Do you think your old papa would wish his lovely daughter not to look as fine and sweet as she ought, when a Prince is coming to admire her?

Rose. Oh, papa, what is it?

Mr. P. Now run to my room and open the great raisin chest, and you will see! (*Rose runs in, and presently appears at shop-door holding a very smart dress up, and laughing with Dick: exeunt after a moment.*)

Mr. P. (*observing Dick*). Hum. Well, I'm thankful I'm not proud! I must go now and call together my worthy fellow-citizens to prepare for the Royal visit. Whom shall I call? Oh, I think (*twisting his thumbs*) it shall be the Common Councillors, Brown, Green, and Robinson, and the good old Doctor (*looks at watch*). It is now 9.45. They are to be here at 12 (*nods complacently, and exit*). (*Enter Rose and Dick.*)

Dick. Oh, Miss Peel! (*confidentially*) And have you heard the news?

Rose. Do you know, I did think when my father began talking about the secret, that he did suspect *something!*

Dick. Oh, Rose, I—excuse me, Miss Peel, I mean—do you really think so?

Rose. I hardly know; he looked so wise and mysterious, and then he said he knew I was not proud.

Dick. Ha! that was an allusion, I guess! I know my place also; I dare say I ought not to have looked so high (*gazing at her*); but there are excuses, you know; at least every one who sees Miss Peel——

Rose. No nonsense, Dick.

Dick. Dick! Dick! (*sentimentally*) Thanks! it never sounded so well before! What is it the poet says, 'A rose by any other name——' (*looks sweet*).

Rose. Now, Mr. Candy, I must keep you in order; you know quite well how I—what I feel. Well, you know I am your friend, but my father, if I may whisper it—— (*Dick comes rather too near.*)

Rose (*drawing herself up*). Once for all, no nonsense, Richard.

Dick. 'Richard's himself again!' (*bowing and looking respectful*).

Rose. Well, my father, like all good fathers, does want a little management—especially when his daughter is concerned. You must leave it to me, Dick, I shall try and see if something in our *own* favour, do you understand, cannot be made out of this Royal visit.

Dick. People say the Prince of Wales *is* so good-natured! I am sure he looks so. Do you think he could say anything about me?

Rose. I dare say he will! I have read of such things in dear delightful novels. Leave me alone to try (*looks satisfied with herself*). Ha, that reminds me, I must be off and dress!

Dick. Stay a minute, do. I am rather frightened, indeed, I am, at this Royal visit! Princes and *Eck-wherries*, and all!

Rose. Oh, you goose, trust a man to be nervous! Why, it will be nothing to you what it will be to me. I shall have to stand by my father when he helps the Prince of Wales to lay the stone!

Dick. It is not that I mean. But when the Prince comes for these sort of things, he always makes some one a Lord, or a Baronnight, or a Duke. Now if he makes your father a Duke, where shall I be?

Rose. You! . . . Well, I shall be Lady Rose Peel, I know! (*bows, and laughs, and runs out. Curtain draws*).

Scene II.

(*Market Place: A large stone with mason's tools by it:* Mr. Peel *and* Rose *stand by, and around are* Mr. *and* Mrs. Brown, Green, *etc.: a trumpet heard.*)

Mr. P. (*pointing*). Ah, there he is! His Royal Highness himself and his Equerry just getting off their horses. (*Crowd shout, Here they are! Hurrah! etc.*) (*Enter Prince of Wales and Colonel Winchester: the Prince steps forward, and bows to Mr. Peel.*)

P. of Wales. Mr.—Citron Peel, I think?

Mr. Peel. Lemon, if it please your Royal Highness. I was christened Lemon; but I will be Citron now, if your Royal Highness wishes it.

Prince. Not a bit, Mr. Peel! Methinks we have heard the name before; a very distinguished name. I dare say you are a connection of Sir Robert's?

Col. Winchester (*pulling his moustache*). A chip of the old Peel, no doubt!

Mr. Peel (*solemnly*). I am whatever your Royal Highness wishes; your most loyal and devoted subject.

Prince. You mean my Royal Mother's, doubtless; I understand you. But it is time to proceed to business; is it not, Winchester?

(*Col. Winchester pulls moustache, and nods patronizingly: they group around the stone.*)

Rose (*aside to Dick*). Does he not look a dear Prince, now!—but I do not fancy that other gentleman, he looks so sneery and nasty.

Dick. Hush, he's looking at me.

Rose. At you!

Mr. P. Let me introduce to your Royal Highness my friends (*introduces them with bows, etc.*).

Prince (*taking a paper from Colonel Winchester*). I understand that the stone I am now to have the honour of laying is the foundation stone of one of those important institutions, of which so many have been founded and created during the reign of my beloved Mother. (*Crowd shout God save the Queen.*)

Col. Winchester (*loudly and imperatively*). Hush, hush!

Prince. Nothing delights Her Majesty more than the liberal efforts of Her loyal subjects to improve the education of the country; and nothing is likely, in Her judgment, to improve it more than such an institution as the Commercial and Agricultural College of Hog's Norton (*cheers*). Considering the almost unparalleled spirit which has been shown by this—this distinguished town, and desirous of perpetuating Her gratitude to it, She has commissioned me to say that henceforth Hog's Norton may be known by the name of Queen's Norton, and may elect its own Mayor and Corporation, (*Loud shouts, Long live the Queen, long live Queen's Norton! The Prince looks pleased, and continues, with a gracious look at Mr. and Miss Peel, who grin outrageously.*) But I have, further, a final commission from my Royal Mother, which gives me the greatest pleasure, and which I am sure will also give the greatest pleasure to all my fellow-citizens here assembled—my friends, may I not say? (*cheers*). Her Majesty has learned the distinguished liberality with which your eminent merchant, whom I see before me, has come forward on this occasion. She hears that he has given the noble field in which we now stand (*looking about him*), a site truly fit for a nobleman's mansion. Desirous then to do the proper honour to the occasion—(*aside to Colonel Winchester*) Hand it to me (*gives the Prince a sword: Rose starts back frightened: the Prince laughs and says*) The danger is on our side when we see such a beauty before us as the Rose of—of Queen's Norton!—Wishing then to do the proper honour to the occasion, (*kneel down, sir*), Her Majesty desires me to create you a Knight. Rise up!—*Sir* Lemon Peel! (*Great shouting: all exeunt.*)

Act II.—Scene I.

(*Market Place:* Rose *and* Jack *at shop.*)

Rose. Well, Jack, I should say you ought to be at school now!

Jack. Do you, indeed?

Rose. Doctor Cane said last time you shirked, if you did it again, he had something in pickle for you.

Jack. It was very rude of him, then. It is my father's place to keep things in pickle, not his.

Rose. It is you who are the pickle, I think.

Jack (winking at her). Very good for a girl! Now I'll tell you another. What is the difference between you and me?

Rose. You impertinent animal!

Jack. Why, that I hate Sugar Cane, and you love Sugar Candy! *(runs off).*

Rose (alone). What an imp of a brother I have, to be sure; I wonder if all boys are like him. No, I am sure one boy was not.

Jack (pops in). And that was the Sugar Candy boy! *(runs off: Dick entering, Rose makes signs for him to keep off).*

Dick. What is it all, dear? Why am I not to speak to you? Are you too proud now?

Rose. Hush, Dick, I am sure Jack is peeping and listening, and will be up to some mischief soon.

Dick. Bless the boy! never mind! Do you know the Common Councillors are coming directly to call your excellent father to the Town Hall? He is to be the first Mayor of our good town!

Rose. Oh, dearie, dearie me!

Dick. They will be busy for an hour or two. Could we not have a little talk together? I have so much to say. Sir Lemon Peel, Knight, and Mayor of Hog's Norton! *Will* he ever agree? *Can* he?

Rose. Papa always says he is not proud. But don't be afraid, Dick; trust in me always.

Dick. Is there any Irish blood in your family?

Rose. Among the Peels? Why do you ask?

Dick. Because you are a real born Home Ruler!

Rose. Fie! Now I will not speak to you! *(In spite of which they go out together.)*

Scene II.

(Market Place: Procession of Mayor and Common Councillors, Brown, Green, *etc. They go out.* Mrs. Green *and* Mrs. Brown *remain behind.* Rose *is seen at shop door, and* Jack *peeping out.)*

Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Green! } *(shaking hands*
Mrs. Green. Mrs. Brown! } *effusively).*

Mrs. B. Well, it is a fine thing to be Mayor, to *be* sure! Mayor of Hog's Norton; but I know some one who would have looked it just as well!

Mrs. G. Ah, you mean my worthy man, *of course!*

Mrs. B. Not quite so green as all that, my old friend.

Mrs. G. Old friend, indeed. *(Aside)* Done brown herself, I fancy.

But of course, dear, don't mind; we are all old friends in Queen's Norton.

Mrs. B. No offence meant, dear Mrs. Green. Really, either Dr. Brown or Mr. Green would be just as good as Sir Lemon.

Mrs. G. And a vast deal better, says I. Our husbands would not look so grand, and stuck up, so I can't say how; although our good Mayor there always lets us know he is not at all proud—oh, no, not at all!

Mrs. B. We shall see now (*winks at Rose and calls to Jack*). Come here, my good boy; tell me, don't you like Sugar Candy?

Jack. To be sure I do;—got some for me? But I'll tell you a secret—Rose likes it better than me.

Mrs. B. Here now! Get along for a little impudence! (*Jack runs off: to Mrs. G.*) It's all very well about not being proud; but we'll soon see, I fancy, how Sir Lemon fancies a foreman in his shop for a son-in-law.

Mrs. G. He'll lemon-juice him, I guess. But Rose does not seem much the worse for it yet, though she is a Baronet's daughter.

Mrs. B. A Barronnight! By no manner of means, Mrs. Green; they say it is not at all the same sort of thing.

Mrs. G. A Mayor's daughter, at any rate! Well, we shall see. (*seeing Rose approaching*) Hush, here she is. (*Mrs. G. and B. bustle off: enter Sir L. Peel. Jack runs up and whispers. Sir L. calls out.*)

Sir Lemon. Come here, Rose, what is all this nonsense that I hear from Jack?

Rose. I never hear anything else from him, papa.

Sir L. You ought to have taught him more sense.

Rose. I, papa! I have not enough of my own to spare, perhaps.

Sir L. Why, I have looked to you to take care of him for the last six years, ever since dear Lady Peel died (*weeps: Jack grins, he can't help it*). Get away, you ungrateful boy (*exit Jack*). But really, Rose, be reasonable now; consider that you are the daughter of a Mayor and a Knight.

Rose. So I have two good dear papas in one (*coaxing him*). There's a curtsey for the Mayor, and then for the Knight.

Sir L. And is there not a kiss for me?

Rose. That depends, sir!

Sir L. (*aside*). She is a winning winsome little rogue; no wonder that Richard admires!—But it *will* not do, it will *not* do, it will not *do!* Lady Peel would never have listened to it. I must take another line with her, I see.—Listen to me, dear Rose, I am not proud, but I must be serious.

Rose. Oh no, papa, pray not! You are never half so nice when you are serious; and then you are so clever. You must have known ever so long——

Sir L. Never one syllable, I assure you, till Jack, like a good boy, told me just now.

Rose. The naughty meddlesome monkey of a Jacko!

Sir L. (*pompously*). Least said, soonest mended, Rose. I am not proud (*pats himself on the chest*); but the honours which Her gracious Majesty has been pleased, I may say, to shower on me, make a difference, a vast immeasurable difference. I am another man now, you are another girl. I say it once for all—no more of this; the Mayor has other prospects for his daughter. (*Rose kneels, cries, etc. Sir Lemon goes on.*) It is disagreeable, of course, but you must swallow it. What think you of a fine country house now, and marry a lord, eh? Would not that be sweet? (*Rose sobs.*)

Jack (*peeping in*). Not so sweet as Sugar Candy! (*Exeunt all.*)

Scene III.

(*Room in* Sir Lemon Peel's *house: A table with groceries, wine, etc.:* Sir Lemon Peel, Brown, *and* Green. *They eat and drink and make jokes about the Prince, and the name of the town, etc. Presently* Dr. Double-pill Brown *rises with his glass full, and says*)

Dr. B. Friends and fellow-Councillors, you will easily guess what feelings overcome me—what a toast I have to propose—*the* toast of the evening. When I look at our worthy—our noble and illustrious Mayor, and reflect that he is the first Mayor of Queen's Norton—When I think of the illustrious line of Mayors of whom he is the first progeny (*progenitor, some one whispers pretty loud*)—When I think of his titles, of his honours, of his liberality, I am overcome; the dose is almost too strong for me. Excuse my want of practice (*murmurs, Oh, no; no one has such a practice as you, or deserves it better*). My ignorance of public speaking—in short, I propose the—the health of Sir Lemon Peel, first Mayor of Queen's Norton! (*Shouts, etc.: Sir L. rises.*)

Sir L. This is the grandest day of my life; no, not this day, but when the Prince made a Knight of me (*stammers*). My feelings are too much for me. I am not proud—not pur-r-roud, but I hope I shall have a Duke for my son-in-law. (*Is silent, overcome by the idea. His neighbour pulls his coat, and whispers. Sir L. collects himself.*) One more duty remains. Now, the health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales! (*Cheers, etc. Curtain falls.*)

Act III.—Scene I.

(*Sitting-room in* Sir L. Peel's. *Enter* Mrs. Bbown *and* Mrs. Green *agitated.*)

Mrs. G. Dear Mrs. Brown! Did you ever?

Mrs. B. Dear Mrs. Green! No, I never! What a business it is, to be sure! Our dear good Mayor, Sir Lemon, lying ill upstairs in such dreadful agony!

Mrs. G. Perhaps at the point of death! They do say he took something that poisoned him at the feast last night.

Mrs. B. When he got up to drink the Prince's health, my husband says his voice was quite hoarse and thick, and he looked so faint—all white and pink!

Mrs. G. (*mysteriously*). Dr. Brown, you know, says the case is quite new, even to him. He thinks Sir Lemon put too much ice into his champagne.

Mrs. B. But that is not the worst part of it, dear Mrs. Green!

Mrs. G. Not the worst, indeed!

Mrs. B. It is too shocking!

Mrs. G. (*very much interested*). What is so shocking?

Mrs. B. You seem shockingly well amused, at any rate! They do say that Rose and Mr. Candy have——

Mrs. G. Have what?

Mrs. B. Have run away, together, because Sir Lemon forbade the banns!

Mrs. G. Oh! oh! oh! Is that it!

Mrs. B. And my good man, always ready to do a friendly part, has just gone in to tell poor Sir Lemon.

Mrs. G. Poor Sir Lemon! He will look yellow now! Well, there's nothing like a friend in need. But I hear some one. (*Bustle off: curtain draws.*)

Scene II.

(*Bedroom:* Sir Lemon *is seen on a couch, tossing and groaning, and talking to himself as he dreams.*)

Sir L. (*screams out*). Rose! Rose! what are you after, running away in a post-chaise with the Duke of Wellington? Police! stop them! Here! here! There she is, up in a balloon with Dick! Cruel—I have been cruel to her—her. No man ever had such a daughter: she must marry a Duke. (*Sees the Mare; snores and snorts; Jack runs in and looks amazed.*)

Jack. What, papa! What a go! After the dinner! Oh, what a joke—what a joke! I say (*to audience*) is not this a fine Mayor of Hogs-snortin'!

Rose (*entering*). Dear Jack, what can be the matter with papa? How pale and ill he looks! Oh dear, dear! run and fetch Dr. Brown, do. (*Exit Jack; Sir L. wakes up.*)

Sir L. My dear, dear Rose, are you a ghost? Is it really you?

Rose. Who else, papa?

Sir L. They told me you had run away with Dick.

Rose. I, papa? You would never fancy your only daughter had treated you so badly? No! never without your leave—your free leave, dear old papa! And you look so ill.

Sir L. And I feel so ill. Oh! oh! (*Enter Dr. D. B.*) Dear Dr.

Doublepill; oh, I have had such a fright—I dreamt such things! I have just really seen the nightmare.

Dr. B. (*feeling his pulse*). You have something on your conscience, Sir Lemon, or on your heart.

Jack. I should have thought it was on somewhere else.

Dr. B. I feel it in the agitation of your heart, the fever on your spirits. What is it? It is my *duty* to ask. (*to Rose*) Can you tell me? Come near. (*Rose comes up; Sir L. rises.*)

Sir L. Least said, soonest mended, after all, Rose! I have done wrong to my faithful child . . . (*effusion*) There, that is enough—fetch *him* now. (*Rose goes out and returns with Dick; Sir L. joins their hands.*)

Sir L. There, take him! Now I am sure no one can say I am proud. I will not be a grocer any more. Dick shall have the business.

Rose. Dear papa, never was any one so kind and liberal.

Sir L. (*to Dick*). You see, I do not give her to you with nothing; but the best thing I give you is Rose herself! (*Effusion: enter Col. Winchester.*)

Col. Win. Bless me, what a family scene! It almost makes one wish one was married. (*Pulls his moustache.*) But what? Sir Lemon ill? The Prince never thought of that!

Rose. Do you bring a message from His Royal Highness, Sir Winchester?

Col. Win. I do, indeed—a message to Miss Peel.

Dick. Not to her, sir, now; but to me.

Col. Win. You jealous, lucky dog! It is to her, though. My gracious Master, when he was here, saw it all in a minute. *He* knew what was coming, and that Sir Lemon was not proud. He begs me to congratulate every one all round, especially this gentleman (*bows to Dick*); and to offer this pearl necklace as his marriage present to the First Rose of Queen's Norton!

Jack. And what has he sent for me?

Col. Win. Look into the pickle pot up there. (*All laugh and shake hands, etc.; Sir L. comes forward.*)

EPILOGUE BY SIR LEMON PEEL.

Lords, ladies, children, all who come to-day,
Thanks for your honoured presence at our play;
Though, as befits a grocer's, much I fear
It's been a shocking jam to crowd in here.
I am not proud; nor you, I hope, and so
Will take some small refreshment ere you go.
We bid you welcome to our simple fare,
And trust that none will suffer from * * * * * * * * *!
(*Supper follows.*)

F. T. PALGRAVE.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XXX.

PARADISE REGAINED.

'My dearest Gwen! That's right; oh, bravo, Cherry,' cried Gipsy, running down into the hall to meet the travellers, and kissing Gwendolen with all her old warmth. 'Take her upstairs, Maisie,' she added, in a minute, 'give her some tea, and take care of her while I speak to Cherry.'

It was like waking out of a dream to realise that the world had gone on during her sleep, when Gwendolen sat down in Gipsy's drawing-room and saw Maisie, as the one at home, giving her the tea and looking after her wants.

'Oh, Gwen, dear,' she said, 'how white and wretched you look! I am so thankful to see you. How you have been worrying yourself there all alone!'

'You look well, at any rate,' said Gwen, noticing her pretty bloom, the flowers in her dress, and the little touches that had brightened it up, since Gwen had last seen her.

'Maisie,' said Gipsy, coming back, 'Cherry wants you; he is in the study.'

Maisie went off, and Gipsy talked fast and gaily, perhaps to cover some embarrassment, taking Gwendolen upstairs to take her hat off, and trying to make her feel welcome and at ease.

Cheriton and Maisie, having despatched their business, whatever it might have been, were in the drawing-room when Gwendolen and Gipsy came back, she sitting on a low chair showing him a little box, as he was half lying on the sofa, close behind her.

'What's this?' he said; 'from Alvar? How jolly of him! A diamond star. It is pretty—and his greeting is prettier—"A star to welcome the new star that has risen for us." You have made Alvar return to the graceful speeches of his youth.'

'It strikes me, Cherry,' said Gipsy, as he tried to help Maisie to fasten in the little brooch, 'that *you* don't know your duty. Where is her ring? Jack's was ready years beforehand.'

'Gipsy!' exclaimed Maisie, 'he could not get it beforehand, and has there ever been a minute since?'

'I did not forget it, Gipsy,' said Cherry; 'but I want to get it myself in London. I want you to plan out a day for taking her up. But if the want of the ring is very incorrect, I would give her this one for the time being. That is, if it would stick on her finger.' He pulled a small, twisted gold ring off his little finger as he spoke. 'It is tight for me,' he said, adding, in rather a lower tone, 'it was my mother's guard-ring.'

'Then I would rather have it than another,' returned Maisie, as she steadied the ring which he put on with one of her own. 'Your hands are thin; it isn't too big.'

'Oh, but I must give you some diamonds; musn't I, Gipsy? Wouldn't Virginia be shocked at anything else?'

'I have had a very kind letter by this post from Virginia,' said Maisie.

'I have some letters, too; let's see what they are,' he said.

They began to read and compare their letters, partly to each other, and partly calling their companions, as they sat a little apart, into counsel.

The letters were all very kind, punctiliously courteous to Maisie, and very affectionate to Cheriton; but with a sort of 'I-hope-she's-good-enough' tone peeping through, which Gwendolen recognised in the bits they read, and secretly wondered if Maisie perceived and liked. Maisie had sense of humour enough to smile at it, even while she was enough in love to think it perfectly natural. The old Vicar's letter, which Cheriton kept for Maisie's benefit, expressed it without much disguise—

'My dear Lad,

'I thought she couldn't be such a fool as to say, no. Please to present my compliments and congratulations. I hope you'll find it answer, my dear boy. God bless you with all my heart. The gout's better, so don't hurry.

'Yours,

'J. Seyton.'

'I like that very much,' said Maisie. 'He is very much inclined to hate me, but he shan't.'

'He'll worship you,' said Cherry, 'when he sees you, and I know you'll understand him. But I shall have to go back next week, for they couldn't get over Easter without me, and I want to see the dear old boy and set his heart at rest.'

'Don't you think I might write to him,' said Maisie.

'Do—do,' said Cheriton, delighted; 'that's the very thing.'

'There's time for the post,' said Maisie. 'No'—as he made a movement to follow her—'*this* letter's going to be quite my own doing.'

Jack now came in, asking if Cherry had come back, and greeting

Gwendolen with rather elaborate cordiality. They all struck her as looking wonderfully happy and well pleased with each other, while to poor Gwendolen, after her long banishment, the very chairs and tables spoke of pleasant times and former hopes. One of the young tutors came in to speak to Jack, and presently Mrs. Tanner, who had been away during the late crisis, added her familiar figure to the scene.

'It's a great interruption to the experiment,' she said to Gwendolen, after she had congratulated Cheriton with a sort of abrupt politeness; 'but I hope, Miss Despard, *you* will continue the work.'

'My sister was the successful one,' said Gwendolen proudly.

'Oh, no, Gwen,' said Maisie, coming back with her letter in her hand; 'I only embroidered a little on your foundations. I couldn't have "bossed the concern" myself, as the Americans say.'

Mrs. Tanner looked from one to the other, and then, as was her wont, gave utterance to the thought in her mind.

'I have just met Mr. Bevan going off on his bicycle,' she said.

'Yes,' said Jack, 'he's gone out for the Sunday. He likes to scour the country and find places to sketch.'

It sounded to Gwendolen like the beginning of the artistic Bohemianism, into which Cheriton had warned her he was likely to fall. She did not see Maisie smile at her lover as she put her little note into his hand; but she felt somehow that the remark was made for her own benefit.

Maisie had written—

'Dear Mr. Seyton,

'Thank you for your congratulations. I am not nearly good enough for Cheriton; but I mean to try and make it answer—both for you and for him. I am quite sure it will answer for *me*.

'Please may I put

'Yours affectionately,

'Maisie Despard.'

'He'll like that,' said Cheriton. 'It's very jolly of you to understand the dear old boy so well. You'll see, he'll soon be lecturing me on making everything fit for you. Not good enough, indeed! Won't we astonish the natives!'

And he laughed in such joyous, boyish tones, that Jack turned round, catching an echo of days very long gone by, when Cherry's overflowing spirits had been one of the aggravations of his solemn youth.

Poor Gwendolen, whose spirits were by no means up to nonsense pitch, wondered how people could laugh, when there had been so much to rouse serious feelings.

Cheriton's fun, in combination with his depth of character, completely puzzled her. She told Maisie, however, with resolute

honesty, when they went to bed, that he had been very kind to her, and had told her things 'which she believed were true, and meant to think about.' 'He was quite fair to me,' she said, 'though I was unfair to you.'

Maisie kissed and petted her; but she never said a word about Humfrey; and the same silence was observed by them all through, what seemed to Gwendolen, that endless Sunday, with its clear cold spring sunshine, its routine of school services, and the constant coming in and out of tutors, boys, and friends, to the Jack Lester's drawing-room.

Cheriton and Maisie went to church together in the early morning; but he did not help with any of the school services; and to them the day was anything but long and tedious, rather the beginning of a condition of rest and peace that no sense of future difficulties could seriously disturb, and which made all the outside movement of life delightful to them.

They disappeared together after breakfast on the Monday morning, and presently Maisie came back with her hat on, and asked Gwendolen if she would walk down with her to Mrs. Tanner's to take a note for Gipsy.

'Isn't Cheriton going with you?' said Gwen.

'No,' said Maisie; 'he has got something else to do.'

Gwendolen went in silence through the cheerful town and across the sunny fields, starred with the first daisies, and saw, with the wall between, the delicate and various branches, the pink and white blossoms, of the trees that grew in Arden's Paradise. The world was lovely with the freshness of the morning. Everything seemed full of hope and light. If she could but cut out this dark 'year from her life and story,' and be the happy hopeful girl she had been last April!

She turned her head suddenly. Maisie had slipped away from her side, and Humfrey Bevan stood there instead.

'They sent me away from you, Gwendolen,' he said; 'but you will let me come back now?'

'Oh, not—not till I have told you all I have done—all the troubles. You can't know what you ask for?'

'Come and tell me all about it,' said Humfrey.

He took her by the hand, and led her through the gate, into Arden's Paradise once more. She did not tell him nearly so much about it as she intended to do, after all, though there were words and doubts and tears, not the sudden wordless rapture of the moment when Cheriton and Maisie had found themselves at one; but he did convince her that he could not do without her, and all her scruples only made him wonder at her unselfish goodness in entertaining them. They had come to the happy point of talking about themselves, and not about their conduct or their consciences, before Cheriton and Maisie faced them suddenly from an adjoining path.

'There!' said Cheriton, grasping Humfrey's hand, 'didn't I tell you not to send in that resignation?'

'It was very hard then to believe you!' said Humfrey; while the sisters walked on together.

'Dear Gwen,' said Maisie, 'now you will be happy too.'

'Yes,' said Gwendolen, 'and I have told him how wrong I have been. I know I had better make him happy than punish myself. But oh! if we could but do away with this past year altogether! If I did not bring that to him with myself!'

'Yes,' said Maisie; 'but we don't want them to bring us no trials. We want to share it all, and so do they. And somehow, though the bad thing can never be any better in itself, better things have come out of it. If I had met Cheriton last year——'

'You might have been engaged to him without any complications and doubts,' said Gwendolen.

'Yes,' said Maisie naively; 'but perhaps I mightn't have cared about him then.'

'Shouldn't you?' said Gwendolen, astonished.

'If I had, it would only have been his looks and the outside of him, and I should have been afraid—I could not have faced——'

She paused with a sudden falter. Perhaps the thought in her heart turned a more awful face on her than she could quite bear to see. 'But I could not have been so happy then,' she said simply, and without any further attempt to explain herself.

'Well,' said Gwendolen, with a long sigh, as of one throwing off a weight, 'I don't think I want to be happier than I thought I was going to be this time last year. But I shall try to be better.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

A NEW DAY.

MARCIA MAXWELL was never unwilling to pay one of her now frequent visits at South Warrendon, especially when she had the opportunity of making herself useful and important among the silk girls; but on the occasion when her work proved to be to take the places of Gwendolen and Maisie she came with mixed feelings.

Mrs. Maxwell had not been able to keep the secret from her counsellor daughter; and Marcia, who disliked vague sentiment on business matters as much as if she had been really an Ingleston, was only withheld from an appeal to Mr. Ingleston by her confidence in Cheriton Lester, to whom she had a great mind to write. She was very glad to escape from Hal, whom she would have liked to question herself.

'Alice and the children!' she said; 'I don't believe Uncle Ingleston would ever be cruel to them. And if he would, Lucas wouldn't let him!'

She felt guilty and uncomfortable through all the discussions of Maisie's engagement and Gwendolen's prospects, the wonder whether Mr. Bevan was coming forward now, and whether he had come forward last year, and, if he had come forward, why Gwendolen had not accepted him.

She was a favourite with Mr. Ingleston, and on the Monday morning he took her to walk across the marsh, to see the new and larger quay which he was building, in consequence of the increase of his business under Lucas's practical management.

'It always seemed to me,' said Mr. Ingleston, 'that it was a very queer thing for those two young girls, with a good fortune of their own, to want to come and settle down here and take up that silk girls' Home of Lucas's. I've known girls who were quite capable of that sort of thing. Your cousin Maria—she would have done it with all her heart, as if the Home was the whole point of the business, and there was nothing else in the world. But then Gwendolen Despard isn't that sort of girl, and she never seemed to me to care much about the work. The little one seemed to have much more go in her, but not any craze such as girls of that age must have to take up the kind of thing naturally. I've wondered sometimes if they did it for the sake of the money. I've heard of girls getting into debt to their milliners and that sort of thing; sometimes I've thought, perhaps, when they got their money into their own hands they may have thought it went further than it did, and ordered velvets and diamonds and such gewgaws, and then had to draw in their horns. Now, my dear, I ain't an old mischiefmaker, and I don't say this to slander the poor girls; but I've been uneasy sometimes—Despard was a queer lot, though he was my cousin—for fear they might not begin their married lives straight and fair in money matters. Have you any notion what made them come here?'

Marcia had remained unusually silent, for her, through this long speech.

'Yes, I know what it was,' she said, colouring uncomfortably.

'You look as if it wasn't to their credit. My wife, she always thought Maisie Despard was setting her cap at Lucas. You don't think she came here with the thought of catching him, and then finding he wasn't to be caught, took to the young parson?'

'Oh, no, indeed, it wasn't that! She never did care for Lucas. I can't think how she could have been so stupid, but she didn't. She and Cheriton fell in love at Quixeter before she ever thought of coming here. It wasn't anything to their discredit, indeed.'

'It was money matters, then? Come, Marcia, out with it, that's a sensible girl. I can't see those orphan girls left without any one to look after them, and I shall have to make inquiries and find it out myself before the settlements are ready. Did they get into debt? or had they some discreditable associate of Despard's sponging on them? Was that it? Tell me, Marcia.'

'Mr. Ingleston, I don't know if I ought to tell; but I can't tell you a lie, so if you question me like that I must. Mother told me. It was all because of Hal.'

'Because of Hal? What do you mean, child?' and Mr. Ingleston faced round quite fiercely upon Marcia, wild surmises rushing into his mind.

'Mr. Despard and Hal did something wrong to mother's money, and then when Mr. Despard was dying he repented, and told Maisie she and Gwen were to make it all up out of their income without bringing Hal into trouble, or letting any one know. And so they did; they did everything they could, and Gwen gave up Mr. Bevan because she couldn't tell him, and they came here to save their income. They were heroines, Uncle Ingleston,' continued Marcia impressively. 'And then, as far as I can make out from mother, it came between Cousin Cherry and Maisie too, till Gwen told him the secret.'

'How do you know all this?' said Mr. Ingleston.

'Why, it seems that Cheriton insisted that mother should be told, and he made Hal tell her. And somehow he undertook that she should have her money back; but that's what I can't understand, unless he means to pay it himself, which seems very unfair. He came over to Paul's on Friday, and I couldn't think what was the matter, for he looked so pale and fierce, and mother was crying—and Hal so—so mad, I was sure something had happened. Afterwards mother told me.'

'And you mean to say that my son Hal traded upon those poor girls in that way, when all he had to do was to make a clean breast of it to me, and of course I should have seen the whole thing set right at once!' growled Mr. Ingleston, with suppressed indignation, which almost frightened Marcia.

'Why, Mr. Ingleston, you were the person he was so dreadfully afraid of! You said it was his last chance, and if you found him doing anything that wasn't square, you'd cut him off with a shilling! I don't know what he'll say if he knows I've told you; but I couldn't tell you a lie.'

'No—you're a honest girl, I will say that for you. The fool of a fellow! Why, yes. I do remember saying something strong to try to keep him straight; and apparently it's just had the opposite effect. No, Marcia, we won't go to the quay now. We'll go home, and order the brougham, and I'll just go over to Paul's this very afternoon and have the whole thing out with him.'

'Oh, Mr. Ingleston! But you won't cut him off with a shilling,' said Marcia dolorously; 'remember, it's all settled now, and mother has got her money back, and there's poor Alice and all the children. Oh, I'm afraid I was wrong to tell you!'

'Not at all. It's the first piece of common sense that's been shown in the matter. No, I won't go to Paul's this afternoon. Hal may

be out, perhaps. I shall go over to Quixeter to-morrow, and get at the rights of the story from Lester myself.'

Cheriton had felt, that a confession to Mr. Ingleston not being necessary for the righting of the wrong, loyalty to Maisie's promise to her father prevented him from insisting on it; but the knowledge of Mrs. Maxwell's brother was a great relief to his mind. He called Humfrey Bevan into counsel, and explained how they had intended that the money should be replaced.

Mr. Ingleston was not at all moved by Humfrey's impetuous offer to give up the whole of Gwendolen's fortune, if, by so doing, he could clear her father's name; but Cheriton's careful insistance that the loss should finally fall where it was due, impressed him as right and justice. He said that, whatever he might afterwards do as regards his son, he wished to prevent the appeal to the trustees, and would himself replace the money to his sister's account, taking the guarantee of the two young men, and the promise of Gwendolen and Maisie themselves, that he should be repaid, interest and all, out of their income, as they had proposed to repay the trustees. Cheriton felt that this proposal lifted a great burden off his shoulders, the explanations with the trustees would have been very troublesome and very disagreeable, and Mrs. Maxwell would always have been on his hands and on his conscience. He told Mr. Ingleston, however, that, as it was in his power, he would prefer to free Maisie at once from all future responsibility in the matter, and that he could arrange to repay him her share as soon as his marriage took place. It would be better, however, in Gwendolen's case, for Humfrey Bevan to agree to the scheme of gradual repayment.

'Well, Mr. Lester,' said Mr. Ingleston, 'you have come forward very honourably—both of you, I am sure. No one would have blamed either of you if you had withdrawn from your proposals.

'It is a matter of entire indifference to me,' said Humfrey ardently.

'It was far too heavy a burden to leave on her shoulders,' said Cheriton, with a smile.

'I am ashamed,' said the old gentleman proudly, 'that the connection with my family should come before you in such a light.'

'Indeed, Mr. Ingleston,' said Cheriton, 'a connection with you will give me great pleasure. But, if you will allow me to say so, it is very much the feeling which you have so kindly expressed, that induced your son finally to work with me in the matter.

Mr. Ingleston sighed, and looked unconvinced; but asked that the two girls should be summoned to hear what had passed. Mr. Ingleston meant to apologise for Hal's conduct to them, and so in words he did; but his displeasure was difficult to distribute, and though Gwendolen felt his knowledge to be the first clear satisfaction to her conscience, it seemed to Maisie as if the very thing her father dreaded had come upon them in spite of all her struggles. She burst into such bitter

weeping, that Cheriton left Mr. Ingleston to explain himself to Gwendolen, and took her away into the drawing-room, signing to Gipsy to leave them alone together.

'It—it was what—Daddy was afraid of—the promise is all broken,' she sobbed.

'No, no, my darling, the wrong is set right as it never otherwise could have been, and Hal will not suffer. Hush, hush! I would have told you first if I had thought you would mind so much. Won't you trust me, that no harm is done?'

Maisie clung to him, still sobbing, and perhaps he then first thoroughly realised what the strain of her responsibility had been.

'Never any more, my love,' he said, 'never any more,' and she grew gradually quieter, as he soothed her, as if she had been a little child in his arms; till at last she whispered—

'I'm so sorry. Mayn't I go and beg Mr. Ingleston to forgive Hal? I won't cry any more.'

'I will tell him what you say. I am going to tell him how much good feeling Hal showed to me. But I will have you rest and get bright again, and I shall not let any one talk to you about it.'

'Oh, dear!' sighed Maisie, as he put her on the sofa, and settled the cushions comfortably. 'And I never meant to give you any trouble!'

'Didn't you?' said Cherry quaintly. 'Now I always knew I should give plenty to you!'

Gipsy's ignorance of affairs could not be supposed to extend to the fact that there was a great deal of troublesome business to settle; and she undertook not to let Maisie talk herself, or be talked by Gwen into a headache, while Cheriton went to escort Mr. Ingleston to the station.

He made out so good a case for Hal, that though Mr. Ingleston went over to Paul's Warrendon, and scolded everybody all round, till Mrs. Maxwell wept floods of tears, and felt that she paid hardly for getting her money back, his son got off with bitter words, indeed; but with no public loss of his father's countenance.

'You'll be punished enough,' Mr. Ingleston said, 'for I should think you could never look either of your cousins, or their future husbands, in the face again. And I should think they wouldn't be likely to give you much opportunity.'

'I'll take the punishment,' said Hal, rather sullenly; 'but I don't think Cheriton Lester will treat me like that.' Nor did he. During the three months that followed, more than one letter and visit helped Hal to some recovery of self-respect, and Maisie was comforted by his well doing as she could have been by nothing else.

There is little more to be said. Alvar Lester made the enlarging and beautifying of Uplands for the bride his wedding present to his favourite brother, and Mr. Ingleston came forward to propose that the double wedding should be celebrated from his house.

Gwendolen and Maisie went back to the Home, till two other

sisters, perhaps less likely to be called away, were found to take their place, and at the beginning of the Quixeter holidays the weddings took place, with considerable *éclat*.

Cheriton could not persuade the old Vicar to come south to marry him. He was inclined to harden his heart against Maisie, and considerably worried Cheriton by schemes for effacing himself on her behalf.

So Mr. Manville, having by this time discovered that Mr. Lester was not absolutely without views on Church and State, very willingly performed the ceremony for his wife's little favourite, and a certain Canon Sandford did the same by Gwendolen.

The silk girls gave Gwen a flower-glass, and Maisie an album with all their portraits in it, and came to church in full force to stare at all the stately Lesters, whose splendid looks and fine clothes somewhat modified their notions of the humility of their dear Miss Maisie's choice. Humfrey Bevan had few relations; and the Sandfords, who did their best to rally round Gwendolen on the occasion, regretted that her sister had made so much the better match.

But Gwendolen did not agree with them. She thought that her own lot would be by far the most independent, and that she would much rather help Humfrey to build his fortune, and do her share in settling the affairs of life, than be the centre of the devotion at once critical and spoiling, which the Lesters seemed inclined to offer to 'Cherry's Maisie,' as they took to calling the darling brother's wife.

Gwen and Humfrey went off for a tour in Switzerland, in which they did wonders of sight seeing and climbing, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. But perhaps her happiest moment was when, the holiday over, in recovered bloom and beauty, she set her energies to the management of her great household, and began the life that had always seemed to her the most to her mind.

Cheriton and Maisie went to Normandy; but they came home much sooner, as he wanted her to see Elderthwaite for the first time while summer still lingered.

They came to Oakby, as their own house was not quite ready for them, and Maisie soon found that it was not only a parish, but a whole country side, who were, as Gipsy had said, 'looking out for Mrs. Cherry.'

But early on the first morning he took her to Elderthwaite. He took her along the rough fell-side, and pointed out to her, one after another, the familiar objects of his life. The sun shone over the wild moorlands and along the stony paths, the fresh strong air was full of the cawing of rooks and the swirl of the wind in the larch trees, as they came to the low stone wall, all grown with ferns and moss, that divided the two parishes. Cheriton helped her up the ladder stile that crossed it, and stood leaning against the wall beside her.

'There,' he said, 'there is Elderthwaite. See how prettily the woods slope down to the valley. There is Uplands, upon the hill—

there is the church tower, and there—I declare, coming up the lane is the Vicar, and all the dogs with him!'

Maisie looked for a moment at the old man's rugged face and stalwart figure, then, with a sudden impulse, she jumped off the stile, and ran to meet him, holding out her hands.

'Here we are,' she said, 'here we are, Mr. Seyton, quite well and happy.'

The old parson looked into her fair soft face, with its smiling lips and keen yet tender eyes.

'God bless you, my little beauty,' he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her; while the dogs barked in chorus, and Cherry knew that his Maisie had triumphed, and that his old friend's heart was won.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOGETHER.

'WELL, Mrs. Jack,' said Mr. Seyton, as he drove Gipsy in his dog-cart along the bleak road between Oakby and Elderthwaite, a few days before the ensuing Christmas, with a sharp December wind blowing in their faces, 'I had my misgivings about Mrs. Lester number three, but I was an old fool. I might have trusted Cherry to know what he was about now, whatever mull he may have made of it when he was a boy. But there, when a young man comes across a pretty face, the wisest of us may make a mistake.'

'I'm so glad you like her,' said Gipsy warmly. 'Jack and I were against it for a long time, but we had to cave in too, when we came to know her. Not that she or anybody is really good enough for Cheriton.'

'No, bless the lad! But I'm getting into years, and you young folks have all got homes of your own, and I must say I've often wondered how he would do when I was gone. In old days I didn't trouble about that—I thought I should see him laid in his grave before I went to mine. But now I think, with her to look after him, he may see the last of me yet.'

'He had a sharp touch, hadn't he, when the cold weather first set in?'

'Well, yes; he was too happy to be prudent. We were in a fright one day, and Maisie went about looking as white as a sheet, but not a bit of fussing about her—she talked to him just in her natural voice, and pretended she was not a bit anxious; but, poor little thing, when he was better, I found her crying as if her heart would break.'

'Poor child!' said Gipsy, reflecting with thankfulness on her Jack's perfect and unbroken health. 'But he got over it very soon, didn't he?'

'Yes,' said the Parson joyfully; 'got strong directly. Whether it

was his wife's nursing, or that he's really outliving his delicacy at last.'

'Let us hope that's it,' said Gipsy, as they turned in at the open gate of the drive which led to Uplands, and caught sight of the obviously new stone-built excrescence on the south side of the house, with a large bay window to catch the sun—the new drawing-room, with a bedroom over it, which had been added to the old farmhouse for the bride. Some one was watching for them from the end of the bay window, and before they could reach the door it was flung open, and Maisie, with rosy cheeks and dancing eyes, stood there to welcome her guest. Jack and Gipsy had gone to Oakby for a night to deposit their children and nurses, for whom there was not room at Uplands, and Jack had walked over to Elderthwaite earlier in the afternoon, while Parson Seyton had fetched Gipsy. Jack was with Cherry in his study, which looked out the other way, and Maisie had left the brothers to chat by themselves while she waited to receive Gipsy.

Before long they were comfortably ensconced by the fire in the new drawing-room, which was already home-like, in spite of its rough-cast walls, not to be papered till next year. Gipsy at once saw how Maisie had won the old Vicar's heart when she heard her pretty affectionate invitation to come up an hour later to tea and see Jack.

'I don't mean to disturb them till then,' she said; 'but we must have you too, Vicar.'

'I see you have made friends with him,' said Gipsy, smiling, as she took off her sealskin coat.

'Oh, yes, we get on delightfully. He is a dear old man, isn't he? I think I care for him all the more because he isn't exactly a proper sort of parson.'

'What, is Cheriton too much for you in that line?' said Gipsy, much amused.

'Gipsy, you couldn't call Cheriton a proper sort of parson! He's as much above it as the Vicar's below it. But you know I wasn't brought up to be proper, and he—he reminds me sometimes of Daddy.' There was a tender reverence in Maisie's voice as she pronounced the word. 'He's not a bit like him when you think of them together, but he gives me the same sort of feeling somehow. I am so glad he likes me—and he *is* a parson in his way after all. And so is Cheriton too,' she finished reflectively.

Gipsy laughed.

'You have to learn to be the parson's wife! Are you a success in the parish?'

'Oh, Gipsy, it was so funny at first. He took me round to see the people, and they all shook hands with me, and said, "We're very glad to see you here, Mrs. Cherry." If you say Mr. Lester, they think you mean Alvar—and one old woman said, "Eh, Mr. Cherry, you've

waited a long while, and you've no but brought home a bit of a lass at last." And Cherry said, "But I've brought a bonnie one, Betty, havn't I?" "Eh, well, sir; she'll have to look a long way up to Miss Nettie. And I doubt if ye know how to take care of such a young thing." And Cherry laughed, and they talked such broad Westmoreland, I couldn't understand a word they said.'

'Yes,' said Gipsy, 'Jack begins it when he gets about as far north as the Trent.'

'However,' said Maisie, 'she finished by condescendingly saying, "that she'd be glad to see me when I liked to call," and now she tells me long stories about the Seytons, which I can't understand; and Cherry says, so much the better.'

'Well, I don't wonder your notions of parochial propriety are rather peculiar.'

'Ah, but, Gipsy, I could tell you other things, only I am sure you know—and Cherry is so fond of them all. But I don't know what Gwen would think of our ways. Do tell me about her. How is she getting on?'

'Oh—admirably. She looks so handsome, she has quite lost that hunted, harassed look, poor girl; and Humfrey Bevan worships her. She's a capital manager, and her housekeeping promises to be far more of a pecuniary success than I have ever managed to make of mine.'

'But she can't do housekeeping all day. Tell me some more. Do you see much of her?'

'What should you guess?' said Gipsy.

'I should guess that she would always feel just a wee bit constrained with you, and that it would be rather difficult to get back to your first relations.'

'Well, Maisie, to tell you frankly, I think you are right. It's partly that, and partly that she and Jack don't get on. You know Jack always was the Quixeterest of all Quixonians, and Humfrey Bevan was pretty strong; but they are nothing to Gwen, and I really think the way she goes on holds up a mirror to Jack, and makes him feel he has shared in her folly more than he likes to think.'

'How? Is she always talking about the school, then?'

'Oh, one could forgive her under the circumstances. It *is* very interesting to talk shop, you know, while you're in the shop; when I first married I thought life held no such sweetness. But it's the assumption that there's nothing in the whole world—in England, Europe, or the universe, of so much importance as the school, and the intense seriousness with which she regards the question whether the boys are to be allowed ties of many colours, or be confined to black ones, that riles Jack beyond description. You can't think how strongly she feels about those blessed black ties—she thinks the boys' morals will be permanently injured if they sport coloured ones;

and though I tell Jack,' said Gipsy, laughing mischievously, 'that it's a very good thing to have a Helot in view to teach him to avoid too much solemnity, I don't find that he tolerates Gwen the more for it.'

'Poor old Gwen! I don't think she would find any Lester quite serious enough to suit her; even Jack.'

'Yes,' said Gipsy, with a twinkle in her eye, 'I think Nettie might. Nettie thinks both you and me too frivolous for her brothers; she does not see why everybody should always be making jokes, though of course it always was Cheriton's way. But she thought it a great pity, when she came to the wedding, that Cheriton had not chosen the other sister.'

'Poor Cheriton!' said Maisie, with an irrepressible laugh. 'But you think Gwen is really happy, Gipsy?'

'Yes, I think she is—as happy as it is in her nature to be, and she's "real good." I dare say the very absorption in the school, though it seems a little ridiculous to some of us, is very good for her with such an adoring husband as Humfrey. There is no folly I might not be guilty of if my husband set me on a pedestal like that; but he doesn't. By the bye, Maisie, is it true that Mr. Lucas Ingleston is engaged to Marcia Maxwell?'

'Yes, quite true. Gipsy, it was so funny; he had to write to ask Cheriton's leave, as Marcia is under age; and Cheriton was so much amused, because he had been so jealous of Lucas when he thought I cared for him. As if any one who had once seen Cheriton could ever look at Lucas; though he is a very good fellow too.'

'And tell me—how do you get on with the Oakby people?'

'Oh, they are very kind to me. I never find much to say to Virginia, but the children are jolly little things, and we can talk about them. You know they gave a great ball to introduce me. Still, you know, I always feel as if she wasn't quite sure of me, though I wouldn't have Cherry guess it for the world. The county-family atmosphere *is* rather oppressive sometimes!'

'Yes,' said Gipsy; 'to ordinary middle-class people like you and me, it does perplex us night and morn, with the burden of an honour unto which we were not born, especially when any one sets to work to live up to it like Alvar, on principle.'

'Oh!' said Maisie, 'I was dreadfully afraid of Alvar, till Cherry was ill, and he was so good to me.'

'The Vicar has been telling me how plucky you were, you poor little thing, and Cheriton wrote that you were as good as gold.'

'I wasn't plucky—I was nearly a great failure,' said Maisie, blushing crimson.

'Were you? Do tell me!' said Gipsy. 'It was so hard on you, coming so soon.'

'It was so sudden,' said Maisie, 'and Mr. Adamson frightened me so dreadfully by saying that it was the way all Cherry's bad

illnesses began. I did try not to let him see; but he watched me so—and when I came up to him, though he smiled at me, his eyes had such a struggle in them, I—I—oh, Gipsy, I began to cry. And just then some one touched my shoulder, and there stood Alvar behind me. And Cherry caught hold of his hand, and began to speak fast in Spanish. But Alvar said, "Hush!" and lifted him up, and just did two or three little things, and watched him for a few minutes, and then he said, slowly and quite coolly, "I do not think you are very ill." I didn't believe him a bit; but I saw that Cherry did, for his face changed, and he put his head back, and just let Alvar do what he liked with him, and Alvar seemed to know what he wanted without asking him. When he is well, Alvar often worries him—but it was all different then. And, Gipsy,' continued Maisie, hiding her face in her hands, 'I don't know how I felt, but I got over crying and looked on, and after a time he went to sleep.'

'Poor Maisie!' said Gipsy, stroking her fair curls tenderly. 'It was very hard for you both.'

'Yes,' said Maisie; 'when I saw how hard it was for him, I felt that I *mustn't* make it harder. And Alvar almost made me laugh, for he said, in such a funny, simple way, as if it was quite natural, and a matter of course, "He was frightened because he loves you so much; but he will get well fast now he is quite happy."'

'That's just like Alvar. And you see so he did.'

'Yes, and when I told him, I should never behave as well as Alvar, he said, "Perhaps not, but I behaved much better than Jack."'

'I should hope so!' ejaculated Gipsy.

'Then he said we should both behave better next time. And then —then he looked at me and said, "We musn't hold each other too tight." But he did hold my hands *very* hard.'

'Poor Cherry! I suppose it is the Spanish grandee in Alvar that gives him that kind of impassive calm, for all the Lesters really take things hard. I'm glad you've taken to him, Maisie, he is a little too much for me; but they all cling to him more or less, somehow, though he provokes them sometimes.'

'I couldn't help feeling quite different to him after that,' said Maisie.

'Well,' said Gipsy, after a pause, 'I told you life would take a good deal of living; but if you have tackled the Parson, and Alvar, and even old Buffer here,' stirring up an ancient Skye terrier who was curled up on Maisie's dress, 'I think Mrs. Cherry may be called a success.'

'Buffer was much the hardest to tackle,' said Maisie; 'he was so jealous of me.'

An hour or two later, when her visitors were dressing for dinner, Maisie stood by the fire, thinking over her talk with Gipsy. Yes, the new life, happy as it was, and it was very happy, *had* taken a good deal of living. She was not naturally anxious and nervous, and

when Cheriton was well, she did not worry herself needlessly about him. But she had had a sharp and sudden trial; and she had found out that the trial was not confined to herself. Nor had she come to fill an empty life. Cheriton's heart was full of great loves, for kindred and neighbours, home and friends, loves that had their roots in his very being. He had all sorts of habits and outer ways of thought, which were second nature to him, and were quite new to her; while his inner life was lived in higher, rarer air than she had ever breathed before she knew him; and lived, moreover, at the cost of a perpetual struggle with that thorn in the flesh, which pricked poor Maisie's heart so sharply too. She, who felt as if she owed her very soul to him, had to help him to bear 'the pains austere' of this high endeavour; and to find room in her heart, for which he himself seemed all sufficient, for all the many interests that were held in his. Sweet and bright as his sweetness and brightness made her daily path, truly it was not easy to be 'good enough for Cherry.' 'He shall never know if I do mind anything,' she thought, when she felt his hand on her shoulder, and saw him looking down into her eyes.

'What, all in a brown study?' he said.

'I have been having a delightful talk with Gipsy, Cherry, She is a very nice sister-in-law to have.'

'More sympathetic than Virginia, eh? Easier to get on with?'

'I never said Virginia was hard to get on with! She is tremendously kind to me.'

Cheriton laughed a little.

'Do you think I don't know all about it? What's the good of trying to make believe? My eyes are much sharper than they were when you did deceive me—and burnt your fingers. Now, what is the matter? What's in your mind? Let's have it out?' he went on, in a half-teasing tone, as she did not at once answer.

'Why,' said Maisie, 'I want so to be just what you like. Of course I don't want you to know if I'm naughty, or—or anxious sometimes.'

Cheriton gave a quick little sigh as he clasped her hand closer. 'Surely,' she went on, 'you don't want me to be so *dreadfully* truthful as all that?'

'Really,' said Cherry, 'I don't see how we're to help it. Especially as time gets on. We shall get more and more up to each other—you see.'

'What shall I do?' said Maisie, half laughing at this matter-of-fact way of putting it. 'If you see so clear, I shall have to alter anything I think you don't like. That will be much harder than hiding it.'

'Yes,' said Cheriton, with a look that she did not quite follow. 'That is Truth—that is the Truth itself.'

'I'd like your eyes to see my soul, if it were only good enough,' said Maisie, with sudden passion. 'Whether it is good enough or

not,' she added after a moment, as he did not speak. Cheriton bent down his head.

'I?' he said, '*I?*'

Then he looked into her face again.

'Since God's Eyes, Maisie, see both our souls with all their dark places, we need not hide ourselves from each other's knowledge and sight. No, indeed, my darling! Rather the sense that we meet those All-seeing Eyes *together*, is the blessing you have brought to me—that He has given to us both.'

'LOST IN THE FINDING.'

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY in January, 1758, snow lay deep over the greater part of England. Day after day had it fallen, freezing as it fell, till the land lay white in deathlike stillness beneath its frozen shroud. Even in the towns, traffic was to a great extent suspended, and though gangs of men were employed to clear the mail-coach roads wherever it was possible, communication was greatly hindered, even where it was not altogether prevented.

So deep and dangerous were the drifts in some places, that but few ventured abroad after dark; yet at half-past ten on such an evening a horseman was making his way down the drive at Hawthorndene, and through the little village of Blaneham, out on to the high-road beyond.

The snow had again been falling all day; but now it had ceased for a time, and occasionally the moon ventured to peep through the clouds at the unusual scene below, then covered herself up quickly again, as though with a shiver at the chilly prospect, leaving the world to darkness; but both horse and rider knew their way perfectly, even in the dark; so often, (though not very lately) had they traversed the same path during the past eighteen months.

For it was Sir Godfrey Lester who was once more riding out of Hawthorndene—with a lighter heart than he had ever thought to carry forth from there again. A heart so full of comfort, and of gratitude to God, that he more than once checked his horse, and, heedless of the cold, reverently lifted his hat while he returned thanks for the mercy just vouchsafed to him.

Margaret had at last promised to be his wife. Perhaps few men could have rejoiced over a promise given as this had been, even if they had accepted it on such terms! Nor, indeed, could there fail to be some measure of sadness mingled with Godfrey's joy. But it was regret for Margaret rather than for himself; regret that she should have to sacrifice so much. So much, that even now he might have hesitated to accept what she could give, had there been any other way of saving her.

For Margaret had yielded her consent under no false pretences. She had, indeed, admitted that during the last few months Godfrey had gained from her an affection which she had not felt for him before; but it was the affection of a *friend*, not of a *lover!* About that she was determined to the last, that there should be no mistake.

'If Humphrey were to appear before us now,' she had said, 'I must go to him, *for I love him still;* if you care to take what is left, Sir Godfrey, after such a confession, you can have it; but I have nothing more to give.'

And Sir Godfrey *had* cared to take it; and now he was saying to himself over and over again that he must keep the promise which he had made to her—ever to be content with the second place. No easy thing, even to the most unselfish of men, when he loves with his whole heart! Probably he scarcely realised as yet to what he had pledged himself; for the present it seemed enough that *at last* he had the right to call her his; to remove her from the misery by which she was surrounded; to nurse her back to health and a measure (if it must be only a measure!) of happiness; to surround her with every comfort, and to place within her reach congenial pursuits; to sympathise with her past, and to help her to bear its sorrowful memory through life. And for himself; would it not be enough to live in her presence? To have her always at hand, ready to council and advise with him? To share with her, as he knew he could do, his highest aspirations? To have her to work with him in the path which he had chosen? She had confessed that she had already *some* affection for him; surely this would grow and deepen with so many ties to bind them together! And it might be even as time went on, that other and closer bonds of union might arise, such as no past memory could dispute with him! But here he checked himself; was he not already breaking, in spirit, the pledge which he had made?

But there were immediately necessary arrangements which formed safer ground upon which to fix his thoughts. Margaret must be removed from Hawthorndene with as little delay as possible. Surely when this severe weather broke, it would be advantageous for Mr. Hawthorndene's health also, to move him and his family to Plymouth. There, in some warmly situated and comfortable house, she could await the earliest day possible for their wedding. And then his mind flew to Hawick. There was his mother's little morning room, opening into the rose garden: *that* should be Margaret's special sanctum. How often he had pictured her there, filling that mother's place as no one else could fill it. Hitherto he had felt bound to put such thoughts from him as soon as conceived; but *now* he had a right to dwell on them, and, indeed, to conjure up fresh joys to share with her for every hour of their lives. How he should enjoy introducing his *wife* to his dear old tutor! But no; he need not wait till then. Dr. Browne must come to Plymouth and marry them! He

would take no refusal, for he felt sure there was no one whom Margaret would like better, since Dr. Allen was out of reach.

Perhaps, too, it might be as well not to go straight to Hawich, since the spring there was apt to be bleak and cold. It might be wiser to wait, and let Margaret see her home for the first time in its summer beauty; and in the meantime he could fulfil part of his pledge to his father, by taking her to some warm sheltered place in the south of France, where she would get complete change of scene, and something more like her native air.

How terribly worn and white she was looking now! Surely those about her must have been blind and heartless not to see that she needed as much care as her uncle. But she had youth on her side; while he, poor man! And Godfrey shook his head, as he thought of the change which had come over Mr. Hawthorne since he first made his acquaintance fifteen months before. Then he was a vigorous, hale—if not robust—man, in the prime of life. Now, he really might have passed for seventy years of age. Godfrey had had a short interview with him that evening after taking leave of Margaret, and had been much touched by his way of speaking of his niece. 'Poor child!' he had said. 'For her sake I am thankful that you will have your desire, Sir Godfrey. Yet I could have wished that it had not come about as it has done. She will carry away no happy memories of her father's home, I fear!'

And now there was Mr. Faversham to be informed, and his consent obtained; though, indeed, the asking was a mere matter of form in this case. They say that the course of true love never runs smooth, thought Godfrey, smiling to himself; but surely I may claim to have had my share of troubles already, and need not expect further trial and hindrance now.

It was, indeed, fortunate that his horse knew the road as well as its master, and had not only fewer distractions of mind to hinder him from picking his steps discreetly, but also the attraction of a good stable and better fare than he had enjoyed that day, awaiting him at the end of his journey. Once out of Blaneham, they had pursued the high road for a considerable distance between high banks topped by a wooden paling, behind which on either side a dense wood stretched away; this being, in fact, a road cut through the wood, so that the overhanging trees effectually obscured what little light there was. To proceed at more than a foot's pace would have been extremely dangerous, not so much from fear of obstacles, as of losing the middle of the road where the untrodden snow gave a tolerable foot-hold, and of wandering into the ditch on either side, where the depth might be really dangerous, especially as the road had been twice cleared during the past week, so that the snow was piled into immense banks beyond. These, however, with the help of the lantern which Godfrey carried, served as guides, and there was a far more dangerous part of the ride yet to come, when, emerging

from the shelter of the wood, he would find himself on the open common, across which the snow had drifted at will, hurled about by the north and north-east winds which had prevailed for some days past.

It was still enough now, however, fortunately for Godfrey; and he felt no nervousness when the increasing thinness of the screen of trees showed him that he had reached the edge of the wood. More than once already he had dismounted to clear his horse's hoofs from the snow which 'balled' in its shoes from time to time; he took this precaution again just as they reached the last clump of trees, and remounting, had only ridden a few yards, when, to his astonishment, the animal shied from one side of the road to the other, nearly unseating his rider, and running a narrow risk of plunging into the opposite bank of snow!

It was years since steady old 'King' had been guilty of such a misdemeanour; and now, while his horse stood trembling and panting with fright, Godfrey looked round to see what could possibly account for the animal's terror. At first he could discover nothing; then, as the moon suddenly appeared from behind a cloud, he caught sight of something shining on the snow. Dismounting hastily, he advanced towards it, and, by the light of his lantern, discovered that it was a diamond ring, still worn on a man's hand—white as the snow itself!

There could be no doubt about it, and little as to how it came there. Stories had been plentiful lately of people, especially foot passengers, lost in the snow—falling into snow-drifts, or, exhausted and blinded, wilfully lying down to indulge in that fatal sleep which could only end in death: but such a fate might not as yet have befallen the owner of this hand; the very fact that it was still above the surface made it probable that, whoever he might be, he had not lain there long. Godfrey was soon at work, shovelling away the snow with both hands from the arm, which now appeared to have been stretched out *flat*, away from the body. He only paused to direct 'King' to stand still and wait, an order which the good horse was sure to obey, though he indulged in a whinny of remonstrance at his master's proceedings.

It was not strange that Godfrey was seized with a sudden remembrance of another hand—very different in appearance, indeed—but by which he had once before recognised the presence of a hidden human body!

There was no time, however, for more than a shudder at the coincidence. Godfrey worked with a will, almost *tearing* a hole through the frozen snow, so that it was not long before he could feel the body of a man, who had evidently fallen into the ditch at one side of the road. Probably it was in a last effort to extricate himself that he had thrown his arm over and along the edge, thereby helping to save himself from sinking further when he became unconscious.

It was no easy task, even when the snow was cleared away, to lift the heavy body back on to the comparatively firm road. Godfrey had to lean over the edge at imminent risk of falling in himself, and exert his utmost strength with both arms clasped firmly round what might, after all, prove to be only a corpse! This once done, however, he could remove the snow from the features and see what age and what manner of man this was whose life he was trying to save. He rose to fetch his lantern for this purpose, and, kneeling down once more beside the body, beheld by its light the face of *Humphrey Copplestone!*

For an instant a wave of something like unconsciousness swept over him also. Then he flung aside the lantern, and, staggering to his feet, told himself that he was mad! That it was utterly impossible! Could the dead come to life to die again! He had been deluded by some fancied resemblance. It was natural enough, considering how his nerves were over-strung by the exciting events of that day, and the remembrances of the past which were crowding into his mind even at the very moment of this discovery. But at that instant, as if to mock his hopes, the moon, which had hitherto shone only in fitful gleams, suddenly seemed to shake aside the hindering clouds, and putting forth her fully awakened powers, gleamed brightly down, lighting up all around in a bath of silvery radiance, and shining full on the upturned face of the long lost man.

There could be no disguising the truth from himself now. After one more brief examination, Godfrey rose softly to his feet again, almost as if afraid of disturbing the rest of that other who slept so soundly. With overwhelming velocity the full consequence of this one life seemed to unveil itself before him; to scorch the bitter truth as with letters of fire into his heart and brain. But Humphrey was dead; *of course* he was dead, it was utterly impossible that a living man could look like *that!* Would it not be better for Margaret—kinder far—that she should never know of this? What a mass of half-buried memories it would revive in her heart; what endless self-upbraidings and vain regrets? Might it not affect her health; nay, endanger her very life, in her present delicate condition?

And how easy it would be to prevent all this? He had only to lay the *body*—it could not be a living thing!—back where he had found it; to cover it gently with its former shroud of snow, Nature would soon do the rest. The heavy clouds all round the horizon showed plainly that there was still more snow to come. Before morning all sign of his struggles and efforts would be obliterated, and long before *it* was found again, all chance of recognition would probably be over. Indeed, what chance was there of that now? No one within miles save himself and Margaret had ever seen Humphrey. True, there might be marks on his clothes or papers about him which could betray the secret; it might be well to ascertain that.

No easy matter, as Godfrey found, when he knelt down once more to this fresh task. He felt a guilty repugnance about what he was now doing, very different from the ardour of his previous efforts. Unfastening the overcoat, coat, and vest, he found that Humphrey was thoroughly protected against the cold as far as clothing was concerned. Gently inserting his hand in search of inner pockets, he came upon the soft flesh. Was it his fancy, or was it still slightly *warm*. There could be no doubt about it, and, at that discovery, he drew back as though a serpent had stung him! But something had caught upon the button of his cuff, and came out hanging from it: a small, white square of linen, which must have been folded over, or near, the dead (?) man's heart. He held it to the light: it was a lady's kerchief, such as he had lately seen in Margaret's hand; and embroidered in one corner in tiny red letters were her initials, M. H.

So it was not Margaret alone who had remained faithful! Poor Godfrey turned sick and faint at this fresh discovery. What *should* he do? What *could* he do? If only he could have changed places with the inanimate form lying there, how gladly would he have done so. *That* sacrifice would have been comparatively easy, since rest and oblivion must follow.

He must decide something quickly; there had been no change whatever in the still, white face, with closed eyes turned up to the sky. He thrust the handkerchief back where he had found it, and hastily replaced the clothing he had unfastened. He could not rob the dead! Had he not read somewhere that dead men's eyes were rarely closed; but then, of course, they had not died like this—sleeping away their lives. It was a very easy death, he had always heard. Had the poor fellow known, he wondered, how near he was to his old love when he sank down there to die? Surely not! Such knowledge would have carried *him* through anything!

Should he lay him back where he was before? No! Something told Godfrey that he could not do that, let the consequences be what they might. He would ride on, and let things take their chance. News spread slowly in such places as this, and he would hurry Margaret away to Plymouth directly a thaw set in.

Turning to where his horse still waited a few yards behind him, he re-mounted hastily, and, carefully averting his gaze from *that* side of the road, prepared to ride on. But the instant they came alongside of the figure lying white and still in the moonlight, King shied again, this time so violently, that, unnerved as he already was, Godfrey barely retained his seat.

Urge the horse as he might with whip and spur, nothing would induce it to pass that object. Quiet King, who had long ceased, seemingly, to have any will of his own, seemed now like one possessed; kicking, plunging, and finally wheeling right round so as to face the direction from which they had come. Two or three times Godfrey brought him back to the same point, but always with the

like result; till the horse was covered with foam, and trembling in every limb. But the Tempter was still at Godfrey's side, whispering in his ear. Even this might be to his advantage! He must ride back some little way, and then make a circuit over the common. If anything were visible to the next passer-by, the marks of the horse's struggle would amply account for the man lying on the road.

He did actually ride a few yards, and then some impulse made him look back once more; and suddenly a vision of another face arose before him; a pale, thin face, looking up into his on the Lisbon Terrace—within sight of the wooden cross, while he was showing the relics of the dead, and telling the tale of death which he *then* believed to be true. How could he ever look into those eyes again with a lie at his heart?

'If Humphrey were to appear before us now, I must go to him, for *I love him still.*'

What right had he, then, to claim her any longer?

'"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."'

Godfrey never knew that he uttered the words audibly; but even as they passed his lips, his cry was heard, and the Tempter fled.

Once more he was off his horse—rubbing the cold hands with snow, chafing the heart, gently raising the stiff head upon his knee, while he tried to force some brandy from his pocket-flask between the tightly closed lips. It was long before he could succeed in doing *that*, but at last it seemed to him that a few drops went down, and that—feeling the heart again—there was some slight beating, so slight, however, that it might be only fancy. But already a few falling flakes and returning gloom warned him that he could do no more where he was, and fresh difficulties arose before him. If he could but get Humphrey on to King's back! No easy task, even if King were willing.

First he tested with his riding-stock the depth of the ditch where Humphrey had lain: satisfied that it would answer his purpose, he led his horse to it, and coaxed him to descend, thus bringing his back almost on to a level with the road. To shift Humphrey by rolling him over on to the horse's back would have been impossible, had not the good creature himself seemed to understand what was wanted, and what part he was to play. He stood perfectly still when the unwonted burden was at last lying helpless on him; while Godfrey took off his long, heavy riding-cloak, and bound it tightly round under the horse and over the man. Then came another difficulty: could King, thus weighted, struggle back on to the road? Once, twice, he tried and failed, while his master held the bridle; then Godfrey fastened it loosely round the horse's neck, and retreating to the middle of the road, called to him to come. It was a desperate struggle; Godfrey shut his eyes, lest he should see the two roll over together. But no; there stood poor King, trembling and panting indeed, but ready to receive his master's caresses, and, led by him, to

start at a foot's pace away from the spot which he had so obstinately refused to pass before!

They had still a mile and a half to go before they reached the first shelter—a little way-side inn. But for the brandy in his flask it is questionable whether either of the two would ever have arrived there that night. Wet through with snow, and without his cloak, Godfrey was stiff with ice before they reached their destination, and could do little at first to assist in the efforts which were at once made to revive the other. The latter was recognised as a gentleman who had stopped there some hours before with his horse quite exhausted by hard riding, and unable to proceed. He himself had determined to go on on foot in spite of the entreaties of the landlord who had warned him of the risk he ran; but he was bent upon reaching Blaneham that night, he said; had laughed at the idea of risk, and had started off in spite of the 'wish (bad) weather, as if 'e were billed (distracted)!'

'And sure, sir, he owes his life to you, if ever a man did to anybody!' added the landlady; who, originally a Londoner, could talk plain English.

'Is he reviving then?' asked Godfrey wearily.

'Yes, sir, finely; but he seens to want something, I can't make out what, and I thought maybe if you knew him——'

'I don't know—yes, I will come,' said Godfrey, checking his first disclaimer, as he raised himself stiffly from his seat in the ingle-nook.

They had lain Humphrey on a mattress in the little inn parlour; and there Godfrey found him with his eyes half open, and muttering uneasily as he tried vainly to move his stiff, half-frozen limbs.

'Where am I?' he asked feebly, as Godfrey bent over him.

'Among friends. You will be better soon; you were lost in the snow, but you are safe enough now.'

Humphrey lapsed into silence, while the women about him continued to chafe his limbs, and Godfrey sat down near at hand, glad to yield again to the stunned feeling which had crept over him during the last hour, and which left him no sensation but a sort of stupid wonder as to what would come next.

'See! He can move his arm his-self now!' exclaimed the landlady exultingly, as Humphrey slowly raised his hand to his head. 'But sure-*ly*, he ain't a furriner!' she added, doubtfully, as her patient muttered a few words which Godfrey recognised as Portuguese.

He did not, however, know the language well enough to follow what Humphrey said, and after a pause, the latter, whose voice was gaining in strength, called, 'Jacobo! Jacobo!' and again clasped his forehead.

It was evident that he was confusing his present surroundings with something in the past. Godfrey went to him again, and asked

if his head ached. Apparently the question addressed to him in English helped him to rally his senses, for he said—

'Yes; tie something round, please.'

Godfrey remembered to have seen his mother tie a handkerchief round her head when in pain, and tried the same plan. Seemingly it was what was wanted, for Humphrey said—

'Thank you, that always does good.' Then after a moment's pause he added, 'Who are you?'

'You would not remember me, I think,' said Godfrey. 'You must really try to rest now, and we will answer all your questions by-and-by.'

'You will not go away?' and again came the puzzled look, and some words in Portuguese which Godfrey could not comprehend.

'No; I will stay, if you will try to sleep,' he answered; and the other composed himself almost at once, while the landlady motioned Godfrey to the little horsehair sofa, which, however, she managed to make more comfortable for him with blankets.

There, worn out with exertion and cold, he mercifully slept till, two hours later, the landlady awakened him with many apologies, saying that the strange gentleman was beginning to talk again.

Not Portuguese this time, but the one word '*Margaret*,' repeated over and over again, as he moved his head uneasily from side to side.

They had taken off the bandage; but Godfrey placed his hand across his forehead, using gentle pressure, as he said—

'Is it Miss Margaret Hawthorne whom you want?'

Humphrey started, and half raised himself, gazing anxiously in the other's face.

'She cannot come,' he said. 'They will not let her in.'

'Yes, they will,' said Godfrey steadily, 'as soon as she can get here; but that may not be quite directly.'

'Did the Governor say so?' inquired Humphrey eagerly.

'You are confused, I think,' said Godfrey, anxious to relieve, and yet fearing to over-excite him; 'tell me where you think you are.'

'I don't know; is it not Belem? They have moved me to a fresh room, and you have come instead of Jacobo.'

'You are in England,' said Godfrey, speaking very slowly and quietly, 'in a little wayside inn, not far from Blaneham in Devonshire.'

Humphrey opened wide his large blue eyes, and fixed them on Godfrey's face.

'They told me that Hawthorndene was near Blaneham?'

'It is, and Miss Margaret Hawthorne lives there.'

'Do you know her? Is she? Does she?'

Godfrey understood what question it was which the other's lips could not frame.

'I saw her only yesterday,' he said, 'and she told me then that she loves you still.'

'*Thank God!*'

It was no mere exclamation; the grasped hand relaxed, the eyes closed, but from underneath their lids great tears forced their way down Humphrey's cheeks.

Godfrey turned away. For a moment there was a lump in his throat which threatened to choke him; and then he, too, could say 'Thank God!' though from an aching heart. . . .

A few hours later Godfrey was again plodding his way on foot in the direction of Blaneham. It was early morning now, but he had not even waited for full daylight, in spite of the remonstrances of his host and hostess, who tried to persuade him that he would certainly share the fate of his last night's companion. And, indeed, it was no small risk to run, exhausted as he was by his previous adventure. But Godfrey was already beginning to feel that inactivity was the worst torture. Moreover, on inquiry, he had ascertained that the coach from Plymouth to Exeter would pass that way later in the day, if, indeed, the roads could be sufficiently cleared, which they were making every effort to do; and this, he knew, might be the last chance of bringing Margaret to Humphrey's side for some time to come, if the present weather continued.

Shame at the half-yielded-to temptation of the previous night was strong in Godfrey's breast as he passed once more the scene of that fearful struggle. He felt as if the only retribution in his power lay in bringing those two together; and that then his present work would be done. Of what lay beyond he could not yet bear to think.

And so, late that afternoon, the great lumbering coach stopped at the little inn, and from it descended Margaret, with old nurse as a most unwilling escort! Fortunately the room in which Humphrey was now able to sit up faced the other way, so Godfrey could go in first, and prepare him for what was coming. He was not really long, but to Margaret, waiting outside in the narrow passage, it seemed another age till he came back and led her in, then shut the door, and, leaving those two together, went out alone into the world.

CHAPTER XII.

How many of the greatest mysteries of this world might be explained by a few words, if only the dead or the absent could speak! The problem of Humphrey's reappearance was, after all, easily solved when, after a few days of good nursing, and, above all, of the intense happiness which he was able to enjoy even before he could fully comprehend it; his clouded brain cleared, and enabled him to narrate all that had taken place during the past two years.

It was true that he had accompanied his grandfather to the Lisbon office on the morning of that fatal 1st of November. Mr. Copplestone had, as we know, parted from his junior partner in great anger on the previous day. He returned home agitated

and excited in the highest degree; and his grandson's evident despondency by no means served to calm him. One thing at least he could and would do for the boy without further delay. The will so long unsigned should be executed at once. He had a double motive for promptitude, for, by the one already signed and in the hands of a London lawyer, half his fortune would go (as we have seen) to Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne if Margaret did not marry Humphrey; and, in his present state of feeling concerning the Hawthorne family, Mr. Copplestone was determined to at once destroy all chance of this. He had a lurking hope, too, that Mr. Thomas Hawthorne might relent when he knew that Humphrey was actually and formally acknowledged as his heir.

But the unsigned will was, with his other papers, locked up in a strong box at the office; and he neither wished to have it searched for by strange hands, nor to again encounter Mr. Thomas Hawthorne at present. The next day's holiday, when the office would certainly be empty, was an opportunity not to be lost, if only he could secure suitable witnesses in time. He therefore sent Humphrey at once to an old friend of his, urging him, in a brief letter of explanation, to oblige him in this matter. His friend acquiesced on condition that the hour fixed for their meeting at the office should not be later than 9 A.M., as he had another engagement in the city half an hour later.

A second witness was soon found; for, as it happened, Humphrey's foster-brother, Jacobo Sinella, hearing of his return, came that afternoon to see him. Jacobo, an intelligent young man, had been devoted to Humphrey since the time when, as babies, they had played together. His father was one of the jailors employed in the great fortress prison of Belem, just outside Lisbon. His mother, an Englishwoman and a Protestant, had been maid to Humphrey's mother, had accompanied her mistress to Portugal, had there married, and had given birth to her first child just before young Mrs. Copplestone's death. She had entreated to be allowed to nurse the poor little orphan with her own child; an offer which his grandfather most thankfully accepted; and, in return, the latter had always taken an interest in her son, and had assisted his father to give him an education far above the average in his class of life. Now Jacobo was only too glad to make himself useful, and willingly undertook to meet Humphrey and Mr. Copplestone at the office at the early hour named, holiday though it would be.

And he was true to his appointment; but, in his impatience, his patron had a little forestalled the time, and arrived before either his friend or Jacobo had appeared. The will was soon found, and while engaged in looking it over, Mr. Copplestone begged Humphrey to see whether the two witnesses were yet in sight.

Humphrey had hardly got farther than the little area, which we have already described as being just outside the office door, when a cry for 'help!' from his grandfather caused him to rush back. A

horrible sight awaited him! As he entered he saw the poor old man struck to the earth by a blow from a cudgel wielded by a ruffianly-looking man—who must have been secreted in the room for purposes of plunder. Humphrey dashed at him, snatching up as he did so the only weapon he could see, a small penknife which was lying on one of the desks. With this he probably inflicted a slight wound on his antagonist, though he could afterwards remember nothing but a crushing blow on one side of his head, which must have completely stunned him. Evidently the wretch had only time to rifle one of his victims, when he himself was startled by the first awful crash of the earthquake, and, dropping Humphrey's purse and ring, was endeavouring to escape when he was overwhelmed by the fall of the mass of masonry under which his body was afterwards found, but which did not reach the spot where Humphrey and his grandfather lay almost side by side.

For when Jacobo made his way there with the utmost difficulty some hours later, he found the latter quite dead, though there were still signs of life in Humphrey. To rescue his foster-brother, if possible, was his first thought, and the only way of accomplishing this seemed to be to take him by water to his own home within the fortress. To this his father consented, though at considerable risk to himself; and the two had managed to convey him away that night by boat, when the water in the river had a little subsided.

But it soon became evident that Humphrey's injury was no slight matter. Brain fever set in, and for four months he lay between life and death, knowing no one about him. Jacobo had made inquiries, and had been assured that all the Hawthorne family had perished, and that their's and Mr. Copplestone's houses were alike in ruins. He therefore entreated his father to keep Humphrey where he was; and, indeed, after the first, it was less dangerous to keep him than to send him away, though they had to pass him off as one of the prisoners and to put him in a common cell. Jacobo did not scruple to assert that he was suffering from a contagious fever, and the Governor, never over particular about his charges, and implicitly trusting Sinella (who was now head jailor), left the matter in their hands, and soon forgot even to inquire after their patient.

Unfortunately Humphrey's old nurse was no longer living; and though the two men did their best for him, they dared not call in a doctor, who would at once discover his nationality from his wandering talk, and report the matter to the Governor! Possibly Humphrey fared none the worse! But when at last sense began to return to him, and he was able to realise where he was and to ask for explanations, Jacobo was unfortunately absent, and his father, a rough though well-meaning man, told him all that had happened so abruptly, that the fever returned, and Humphrey became even worse than before.

His recovery this time was slow indeed, for there was now no

motive-power to help him. With his grandfather, Margaret, and her parents all dead, what, indeed, was there to live for? He had actually been a prisoner for eight months, and was beginning to consider how he could relieve his kind guardians of his presence with the least risk to themselves, when Jacobo, coming back from Lisbon one day, told him that he had met Señor da Costa, who was coming to pay him a visit, as soon as evening rendered it prudent to do so.

The little Portuguese had been one of the survivors from the earthquake, but he had left for Brazil immediately after, and had returned on the previous day. Returned, only to be warned that he had better leave again at once, for that some of his imprudent remarks had made him enemies in Lisbon, and the Inquisition was on his track! Remembering his father's fate, he needed no second warning, but proposed to sail the next day, and now he urged Humphrey to go with him. The sea voyage and complete change of scene would be the best possible thing for him, he said; and Humphrey could not but agree, though he longed first to visit the ruins of all he once held so dear; but consideration for Jacobo and his father helped to decide him, as such an opportunity of getting rid of him undiscovered might not occur again for months. On his arrival in Brazil he wrote at once to Dr. Allen, begging him to send any details he could: that letter (like many others at that period!) must have been lost, for no answer ever reached Humphrey, who, after waiting some months, simply concluded that his old tutor had shared the almost universal fate.

It was not till the previous autumn that, completely restored to health, he had re-visited Lisbon, feeling that he had already too long indulged his weary shrinking from the duties and responsibilities of life, and that he ought to take some steps towards reclaiming the fortune which he knew was due to him from his grandfather under the previous will. We need not describe his unexpected meeting with Dr. Allen, or what followed! While he was waiting for the next ship to England he had visited Sister Ellen (who had now attained to the dignity of Lady Superior, as a reward for her preservation of the iron keys!), and had learned from her all that had taken place during that terrible winter: he had seen the ruins of the two houses, and had realised something of what poor Margaret's sufferings must have been when, standing on the Terrace walk, the memory of all the happy days they had spent together there, passed again before him; and he pictured her sitting, sad and lonely, close to her buried dear ones, and, so far as *this* world was concerned, without one ray of hope in the future to cheer her breaking heart! Ah! if she had only known that there was at least *one* left, whose refuge lay actually within her sight through all that weary time! The great walls of Belem seemed actually to mock him as they rose white and glistening in the distance. How he reproached himself now for what seemed

like apathy and carelessness! If he had only insisted upon seeing and inquiring for himself, surely the absence of *her* name on the little wooden cross would have inspired him with doubts and hopes! Certainly he would not have left Lisbon without finding out Dr. Allen, and would so have saved months of anguish to them both. But had *both* suffered all this time? Might not Margaret have found comfort? Ought he even to wish otherwise? She had, as it were, been rescued by, and had travelled away in the same ship with Sir Godfrey Lester, and in her condition of grief and loneliness, what might she not have been induced to do in the natural craving for sympathy and love?

It was little wonder that when he landed in Plymouth, he had, in his impatience, refused to accept council or warning, and had again nearly lost the life which had already been saved as by a miracle. Nor was it strange that the consequent shock and exposure should for a few days produce a slight return of his old malady.

Godfrey was not the only person to whom Humphrey's unexpected return was a crushing blow: Madame Hawthorne's feelings on the subject may be better imagined than described; and she may perhaps be excused for indulging, when the news first reached her, in the worst fit of hysterics which even her husband could remember against her! It seemed, indeed, as though the cup of prosperity were destined to be raised to her lips, only to be dashed again and again to the ground.

But whatever Mr. Hawthorne's private feelings may have been, no fault could be found with his outward demeanour. It was he who first heard the news from Sir Godfrey; who spared the latter the pain of breaking it to Margaret; and who, entering into the unusual features of the case, sanctioned her starting off at once as Godfrey suggested, and insisted that old nurse should accompany her, without telling his wife anything about it till they were safely on their way.

It was he, too, who did his utmost to expedite the marriage which was not long after consummated between these two whom Fate had seemed so determined to divide. Without his consent and assistance they might still have had to wait until Margaret came of age; for Mr. Faversham was much opposed to it, and was, indeed, as keenly disappointed as Mr. Complex himself at Humphrey's re-appearance! So strongly, indeed, did Mr. Faversham feel about it, that he actually again travelled down into Devonshire to remonstrate in person with his fellow-guardian; for it was, alas! no longer possible for Mr. Hawthorne to go to him. Perhaps the sight of his old friend's failing health did much to soften him, combined with Humphrey's generous views concerning the inheritance which now undoubtedly belonged to him and Margaret.

Humphrey argued that had they become possessed before Mr. Thomas Hawthorne's death of all Mr. Copplestone's fortune, the

former would most certainly have felt justified in remitting the debt which his brother owed him on behalf of the family estate, and probably in helping him still further. Also that the law-suit which had so nearly ruined Mr. Ambrose Hawthorne was in great measure occasioned by his own disappearance, and that the costs of it should therefore fall upon him.

Mr. Hawthorne consented to all this on one condition, that Humphrey and Margaret would become little Ambrose's guardians in the event of his own death, and would reside at Hawthorndene during the time of the boy's minority, which, he quietly added, would be amply long enough to give the estate time to recover! It was the first intimation he had given that he knew of his own hopeless condition, which no one about him could any longer fail to recognise. His wife, he said, was amply provided for by her own marriage settlement, and would, he knew, prefer to live in London; and Ambrose must spend a fixed period of each year with her so long as she remained a widow. Probably he divined that this condition would not expose the boy to injudicious influences for very long!

And Godfrey?

Margaret soon learned that, by his own wish, it would be many years before he and she would meet again; though, during the next few months, there was much intercourse between him and Humphrey, and it was from his own lips that the latter heard the full history of that terrible night of suffering and temptation. It was by Godfrey's desire, too, that Margaret also was told the whole, and also that Godfrey intended to fulfil his father's wish, and travel abroad for some time to come.

'For the rest,' he said, 'I must wait till time and experience teach me whether I can best serve God as a priest or as a layman. Tell your wife never to grieve over our intercourse. Certain words spoken by her mother during the only evening we ever spent together, have dwelt in my memory ever since. "Surely we may trust the Father, who created nothing in vain, to give to each of His children exactly the right training to fit each for the purpose for which he was individually created? A purpose to be fulfilled when this life has been left behind, and the true home reached."'

Once, not long after, when little Ambrose was inquiring why Sir Godfrey never came now, Margaret told him, too, the history of the snowstorm, and how Sir Godfrey had saved Cousin Humphrey's life; and most fully did she agree when Ambrose, looking up in her face, said—

'Cousin Margaret, I think Sir Godfrey was *better* than the good Samaritan! Don't you?'

THE END.

My outstretched arm, and I give it unto whom it seemeth right to Me. And now have I given all these lands into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, My servant; and the beasts of the field also have I given to serve him . . . and all the nations shall serve him, and his son, and his son's son, until the time of his own land come; and then many nations and great kings shall serve themselves of him. And the nation and the kingdom . . . which will not put their neck under the yoke of the king of Babylon, that nation will I punish, saith the Lord, but the nation that shall bring their neck under the yoke of the king of Babylon and serve him, that nation will I let remain in their own land, saith the Lord; and they shall till it, and dwell therein.'

Jeremiah, however, was not the only prophet who claimed to be the messenger of Jehovah; and there were many of his order who preached the exact contrary of this policy; as Ezekiel phrased it, some built up a wall, and others daubed it with untempered mortar, which would be washed away in the first summer storm. To them it seemed incredible that Jehovah should not show His power by delivering His own people from the heathen conqueror; they did not realise how little national independence was worth beside moral purification; and they backed up Zedekiah in his rebellion by assuring the people that Nebuchadnezzar's power was on the decline, and that the captives who had been taken away, together with the Temple vessels, should shortly return to their own land. Hananiah the son of Azzur, on a public occasion in the Temple, took the wooden shackles from Jeremiah's neck and broke them. 'And Hananiah spake in the presence of the people, saying, Thus saith the Lord; Even so will I break the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon within two full years from the neck of all the nations. And the prophet Jeremiah went his way,' probably doubtful whether this were a true revelation—hoping and fearing—until the distinct message came to him to deliver, 'Thou hast broken their bars of wood, but thou shalt make in their stead bars of iron.' This was followed by the foretelling of Hananiah's death as a false prophet within the year, and in two months he was dead.

It was at this time that Zedekiah seems, either personally or by proxy, to have formally renewed his homage to Nebuchadnezzar, whose suspicions were perhaps awakening. He must have been playing a thoroughly deep and treacherous game if this was the case, and one which Ezekiel thought unpardonable in the face of the plain laws of right and wrong; but it is, on the other hand, possible that he was swayed first one way and then the other rather than deliberately treacherous.

'Shall he prosper? shall he escape that doeth such things? shall he break the covenant and yet escape? As I live, saith the Lord God, surely in the place where the king dwelleth that made him king, whose oath he despised and whose covenant he brake, even

with him in the midst of Babylon shall he die. . . . As I live, surely Mine oath that he hath despised, and My covenant that he hath broken, I will even bring it upon his own head.'

Soon after this Zedekiah formally forsook the Chaldæan for the Egyptian allegiance; and the old bad days of Jehoiakim seemed to have returned. It seems a question whether we are to refer some of the chapters not hitherto mentioned to this period or to that of Jehoiakim, as for instance, chap. xviii., which might answer equally well to the requirements of both. Jeremiah was persecuted, the people had apostatised, and doom was pronounced upon them. The one thing which makes it perhaps rather referable to the time of Zedekiah than of Jehoiakim is that in Jehoiakim's reign, after Jeremiah's early conflict with the priests and prophets, the latter seems to have been precluded from any public ministry such as is indicated in verse 11, and his messages were given through his disciple Baruch. His position was considerably freer in the time of Zedekiah, who seems throughout to have been personally favourable to him; but this very freedom made him the object of more widely spread execration from the opposite party. It is probably to this time, therefore, that we may attribute chaps. xix. and xx. He was to bring a potter's earthen bottle, and take the elders of the people and of the priests with him to the valley of Hinnom, where probably the great metal image of Moloch of Baal had been re-erected for human sacrifice. We know how the Carthaginians performed this rite, which had come to them, as to the Israelites, from Phœnicia. The eldest boy of a family, while not above seven or eight years old, was taken by his parents to the place, given toys and other things to amuse him, and then placed before the image. A pulley was worked from behind, and while music played, the great iron arms of the monster descended, clasped the child, and deposited him in its cavernous maw, where a great fire was burning, which shortly consumed the tender little body. It would almost appear from Jeremiah's words that some among the Judæans actually sought to worship Jehovah with these revolting rites. The prevalent ideas of Egyptian and Phœnician religion had doubtless got mixed up in the minds of many with the worship of Jehovah, just as after the fall of the Roman Empire local forms of worship of Jupiter and Venus were carried on in honour of some object of Christian veneration. 'Because,' said Jeremiah . . . 'they filled this place with the blood of innocents; and have built the high places of Baal, to burn their sons in the fire for burnt offerings unto Baal, which I commanded not, nor spake it, neither came it into my mind: therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that this place shall no more be called Tophet, nor The valley of Hinnom, but The valley of slaughter. . . . Then shalt thou break the bottle in the sight of them that go with thee, and shalt say to them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Even so will I break this people and this city, as one breaketh a potter's

vessel, which cannot be made whole again: and they shall bury in Tophet, until there be no place to bury.'

The result of this was the first act of violence performed upon Jeremiah by his enemies. Pashhur, the chief officer of the Temple, put Jeremiah in the 'stocks' for a night; and from chap. xx. 7 to the end, we have one of those pathetic revelations which this prophet gives us of the inner working of his spirit.

It is evident that he was not by any means of those to whom isolation seems to add force, like Hildebrand or Becket. Sometimes he seems to doubt himself and his own convictions, as when Hananiah breaks the wooden yoke off his neck, and he goes quietly home without a word—to return, it is true, next day with a stronger counter-declaration. In chap. xi. he says that when Jehovah gave him knowledge of the doings of His people, 'I was like a gentle lamb that is led to the slaughter; and I knew not that they had devised devices against me, saying, Let us destroy the tree with the fruit thereof, and let us cut him off from the land of the living, that his name may be no more remembered.' His gentleness was not unmixed, however, with the vindictiveness towards his personal enemies which was natural in a Jew, and which jars upon us in him, only because centuries of a Christian ideal have made us expect the reverse wherever we find a high type of moral character; 'O Lord of Hosts, that judgest righteously, let me see Thy vengeance on them: for unto Thee have I revealed my cause.'

So in chap. xx. it ought not to surprise us that he prophecies to his 'familiar friends, who watch for his halting,' an 'everlasting dishonour that shall never be forgotten.' This is a part of the character of the man; the Divine Justice which is to work its will upon evil-doers in general is also to work its will upon his personal foes. But what is more individually characteristic of Jeremiah is the evident personal suffering caused him by his antagonism to the line taken by the patriotic, if mistaken, feeling of his nation.

'O Lord,' he cries, in a bold metaphor, 'Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed: I am become a laughing-stock all the day long, every one mocketh me. For as often as I speak, I cry out, I cry violence and spoil; because the word of the Lord is made a reproach to me, and a derision all the day. And if I say, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name, then there is in my heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I am weary with forbearing, and cannot contain.'

Sometimes utter despair seems to overtake him for the time. 'Cursed be the day wherein I was born: let not the day wherein my mother bore me be blessed. Cursed be the man who brought tidings to my father, saying, A man child is born unto thee; making him very glad.' But generally speaking the darkness is tempered with hope. 'Behold, they say unto me, Where is the word of the Lord? let it come

now. As for me, I have not hastened from being a shepherd after Thee . . . Thou knowest: that which came out of my lips was before Thy face. Be not a terror unto me: Thou art my refuge in the day of evil.' And as the prospect darkens, we shall find how a greater and wider hope than any merely personal one gradually gleams upon his soul, till the dark present seems to fade before the lovely future—the vision, as the Chaldæans would have put it, of the Land of the Silver Sky.

For the present the prospect grew darker and darker. Reversion to the Egyptian alliance meant also reversion to the domestic policy of Jehoiakim, and the covenant of liberty to the people was deliberately disregarded. Probably this was not done by any positive law, but by here one, and there another, great man detaining his Jewish slave beyond the seven years of his specified service. The Egyptian-minded aristocracy got more and more hold over the weak young king, and Jeremiah's influence waned. The nation looked to Pharaoh-Hophra to back them up against Chaldæa, but apparently again in vain. There was a moment when (as Dean Stanley points out) it had been submitted to the diviners who accompanied the Chaldæan army, whether Rabbath of Ammon, or Jerusalem of Judah, should be first dealt with, and the diviners had given their verdict for Jerusalem. Nebuchadnezzar's army was now on the march against Judæa to avenge its rebellion, and Hophra had shown no sign. Nebuchadnezzar's generals harried the country, put the unwalled villages to fire and sword, besieged Lachish and Azekah, the only fortified cities of Judah left, and prepared to besiege Jerusalem itself. Like the Conqueror, he showed himself 'mickle stark to them that withstood his will.'

In chap. xxi. we find that the extremity of the situation had impressed Zedekiah sufficiently to send a solemn embassy to Jeremiah, as Hezekiah had done to Isaiah in Sennacherib's time. 'Inquire, I pray thee, of the Lord for us; for Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon maketh war against us; peradventure the Lord will deal with us according to His wondrous works, that He may go up from us.' But if Zedekiah had hoped for such an assertion as Isaiah had received—'He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there; neither shall he come before it with shield, nor cast a mount against it'—he was greatly mistaken. Jeremiah had nothing but death and destruction to promise him. Zedekiah and the princes were to be smitten with the edge of the sword; and, instead of fanning to white heat the patriotic flame which burnt into the heart of the people, counselling them to resist to the death, his message was this: 'Thus saith the Lord; Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death. He that abideth in this city shall die by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence: but he that goeth out, and falleth away to the Chaldæans, he shall live, and his life shall be unto him for a prey.' The only thing, so Jeremiah indicated,

which might even yet stay the coming wrath was a thorough change in the domestic policy of the king and princes. If they would give up their despotic tyranny there was still a gleam of hope. He repeated to them the old message originally given to Jehoiakim: 'Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest My fury go forth like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings.'

Possibly Zedekiah, always impressible, showed signs of improvement, for in the beginning of chap. xxxiv. we get a milder message to him. The punishment was not to be averted; he was to be taken captive by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon. But then comes this prediction: 'Thou shalt not die by the sword: thou shalt die in peace: and with the burnings of thy fathers, the former kings that were before thee, so shalt they make a burning for thee; and they shall lament thee, saying, Ah lord! for I have spoken the word, saith the Lord.'

We must, I think, class this prediction with others which were not literally fulfilled; such as Ezekiel's of a forty years' captivity of Egypt, of a new Scythian attack with a crushing defeat, with Jeremiah's own of the utter destruction of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar. The human element which is so strongly to be traced in the prophetic deliverances not unfrequently led them into errors of detail, which sometimes they faced and corrected themselves. Thus Ezekiel, having distinctly declared that Nebuchadnezzar, in his attack upon Tyre, should 'make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise,' declares, sixteen years later, that because Nebuchadnezzar had gained no spoil from Tyre, Egypt was to provide the spoil and prey for wages for his army. It was true that Zedekiah did not die by the sword, but he died in prison, a sightless captive, and certainly had no royal funeral like his forefathers. But on the other hand, we find Jeremiah, during the second siege, endeavouring to persuade Zedekiah to imitate his predecessor, and to give himself up for the safety of his nation; in which case his case would doubtless have been a less cruel one than it was.

Suddenly the scene changes. Hophra's army appears in the south-west, threatening Gaza, and the Chaldæan troops withdraw for the time. Probably some damage had been inflicted on, or was feared for, some more important strategic point than Jerusalem, and vengeance was for the moment postponed to the necessities of defence.

The Egyptian party welcomed Hophra's advance, and Nebuchadnezzar's retreat, as final. They took the opportunity of enforcing their policy of domestic oppression. Jeremiah, heedless of the added danger from the temporary defeat of the Chaldæans, with whom people identified him so that he was looked upon popularly as a traitor instead of a patriot, spoke one of his solemn denunciations against them for their breach of faith.

'Therefore thus saith the Lord: Ye have not hearkened unto Me to proclaim liberty every man to his brother, and every man to his neighbour; behold, I proclaim unto you a liberty, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine; and I will make you to be tossed to and fro among all the kingdoms of the earth. . . . And Zedekiah king of Judah and his princes will I give into the hand of their enemies, and into the hand of them that seek their life, and into the hand of the king of Babylon's army which are gone up from you. Behold, I will command, saith the Lord, and I will cause them to return to this city; and they shall fight against it, and take it, and burn it with fire; and I will make the cities of Judah a desolation, without inhabitant.'

Zedekiah, probably again impressed by these words, sent two messengers to Jeremiah, saying: 'Pray now to the Lord our God for us.' Jeremiah had no other message, whether for favour or fear. The words with which the messengers returned were an assurance that Pharaoh would return to Egypt, and the Chaldæans return. 'Thus saith the Lord: Deceive not yourselves, saying, The Chaldæans shall surely depart from us: for they shall not depart. For though ye had smitten the whole army of the Chaldæans that fight against you, and there remained but wounded men among them, yet should they rise up every man in his tent, and burn the city with fire.'

Whether or not it was at this time, or at some earlier date, that the horrors of drought were added to those of war, it is difficult to say. The two are combined in the lamentations of chaps. xiv. and xv. In some respects the tone is less hopeless than in the Zedekiah prophecies; but, on the other hand, the bitterness of his isolation would seem to make it suitable to this period, when he stood alone, apparently antagonistic to the noblest and most generous impulses of his nation. 'Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth! I have not lent on usury, neither have men lent to me on usury; yet every one of them doth curse me. . . . O Lord, Thou knowest: remember me, and visit me, and avenge me of my persecutors . . . know that for Thy sake I have suffered reproach. Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy words were unto me a joy and the rejoicing of my heart; for I am called by Thy name, O Lord God of hosts. I sat not in the assembly of them that make merry or rejoiced; I sat alone because of Thy hand: for Thou hast filled me with indignation. Why is my pain perpetual, and my wound incurable? Wilt Thou indeed be unto me as a deceitful brook, and as waters that fail?'

The ensuing promise that he should be to his people 'as a fenced brazen wall' was shortly to be put to the test. It was not wonderful that suspicion of more than disaffection fell upon him. He attempted to go out of the city to his home, Anathoth, to 'receive his portion,' probably to see how much of his property—for he seems to have been not without means—had been left to him after the Chaldæan raids.

As, however, he seems publicly to have declared 'He that abideth in this city shall die by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence; but he that goeth forth to the Chaldæans shall live,' it was not surprising that the guard of the gate took him as a deserter and brought him to the 'princes,' who demanded of the king that he should be put to death. Zedekiah answered, with weak petulance, 'Behold, he is in your hand; for the king is not he that can do anything against you.'

Jeremiah was beaten and thrust into prison, and apparently almost at the same moment the Chaldæans reappeared and invested the city. Whether from the drought, or from the fatuity of the Egyptian party, no preparations had been made for provisioning the place, and the horrors of famine were from the first added to those of war. Either from awe of his pretensions as an interpreter of the Divine will, or that Zedekiah's protection still counted for something, the princes did not actually put Jeremiah to death; but they went as near it as they could without laying their hands upon him. There was a prison-pit in the 'court of the guard,' probably used for a reserve of water at ordinary times; but now, owing to the drought, the water was dried up, and only slime remained at the bottom. Into this they let down Jeremiah with cords, and apparently left him to die of hunger—a sickening and loathsome death from those things which most surely depress the vital powers of the human frame—damp, darkness, and inanition; in fact, it was the death of the oubliette, where the victim had not been fatally hurt by his fall.

This is evidently the incident referred to in the third chapter of the Lamentations—

'They have chased me sore like a bird, that are mine enemies without cause.
They have cut off my life in the dungeon, and have cast a stone upon me.
Waters flowed over my head; I said, I am cut off.
I called upon Thy name, O Lord, out of the lowest dungeon.
Thou heardest my voice: hide not Thine ear at my breathing at my cry.
Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not.'

What were Jeremiah's thoughts as the stone over the prison-pit closed him away from the world, we may dimly guess; but happily he was not left there long. Ebedmelech the Ethiopian, one of the attendants on the royal harem, boldly went to Zedekiah and interceded for Jeremiah's life, assuring the king that the prophet must die there from famine alone. Zedekiah gave him a force of thirty men—probably to overcome the opposition of any of Jeremiah's enemies who might stop him until too late; and having provided himself, from the royal wardrobe, with soft rags to ease the strain of the ropes with which Jeremiah was to be drawn up from giving too much pain to his enfeebled body, Ebedmelech took Jeremiah out of the pit, and placed him in the 'court of the guard,' where he was under military surveillance, but not otherwise treated as a prisoner. Here, by Zedekiah's order, 'they gave him daily a loaf of bread out of the bakers' street, until all the bread in the city was spent.' The

Ethiopian's kindness was not forgotten. A special message was delivered to him by the rescued prophet: 'I will deliver thee, and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely save thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, because thou hast put thy trust in Me, saith the Lord.'

Zedekiah, after this, sought another interview with the prophet. He appears to have been now in complete bondage to the Egyptain party, who were above all things anxious to keep him from Jeremiah's influence. Jeremiah at first refused to say anything; but when Zedekiah swore that he would keep him safe from the Egyptian party, he told him what was the only thing now to be done. It was to follow the example of Jehoiachin and Nehushta, and to give himself up to Nebuchadnezzar to save the city; in which case Jeremiah promised him that his life should be safe, and that 'this city should not be burned with fire.' Zedekiah weakly replied that he was afraid of the mockery of his own people who had 'fallen away to the Chaldæans.' What, no doubt, he had really to fear, was the personal vengeance of Nebuchadnezzar upon a treacherous vassal, and it would have needed faith and courage beyond his capabilities to insist upon putting himself in such danger against the pressure of his 'mayors of the palace.' As it was, he ordered Jeremiah to be silent on the question he had asked him, and to report that the interview had only been on the subject of a repetition of his late imprisonment.

One episode of Jeremiah's imprisonment in the court of the guard, while the siege was going on, is given to us in chaps. xxxii. and xxxiii.; one of the first lightenings of dawn, which came to him, as to Ezekiel, when the night was at the darkest. He had a premonition that his cousin Hanameel would come to him to ask him to buy his field in Anathoth, since, according to Jewish law, the right of redemption fell to him as nearest of kin. Now Anathoth was absolutely in the hands of the Chaldæans: and, according to Jeremiah's own foretelling, the siege was to end by the conquest of Jerusalem and the desolation of the country. But the impulse to buy the field, in spite of all this, was one that he felt to be divine: for the conquest of Jerusalem and the desolation of the country was not to be the end of all things. There was a 'future and a hope.' So all the ordinary legal formalities used in the transfer of land, apparently as complicated as our own, were gone through; the deed was signed, sealed, and delivered to Baruch the son of Neriah, and enclosed for safety in an earthen vessel and probably buried. 'For thus saith the Lord of hosts the God of Israel: Houses and fields and vineyards shall again be bought in this land.'

It was an onlook, so different from the outlook of the time, that it is no wonder if—the act of faith being carried through and finished—doubts overwhelmed the prophet's mind. It was easier to catch a momentary glimpse of the better time than to walk on through the

darkness believing it to be there. Jeremiah is not the only person who has felt the recoil of the wave of doubt after a moment of lofty faith in the unseen. Accordingly, it is not surprising that after he had delivered the deed to Baruch, the whole of the miserable present —his nation's sin and its punishment—overwhelmed him. 'Behold the mounts, they are come unto this city to take it; and the city is given into the hand of the Chaldæans, that fight against it, because of the sword, and of the famine, and of the pestilence: and what Thou hast spoken is come to pass; and, behold, Thou seest it. And Thou that said to me, O Lord God, Buy thee the field for money, and call witnesses; whereas the city is given into the hand of the Chaldæans.

'Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah, saying, Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for Me?'

The announcement that followed was first of the near destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldæans, and then of their later restoration. 'Behold, I will gather them out of all the countries, whither I have driven them in Mine anger, and in My fury, and in great wrath; and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely: and they shall be My people, and I will be their God: and I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear Me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them: and I will put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me. . . . And fields shall be brought in this land, whereof ye say, It is desolate without man or beast; it is given into the hand of the Chaldæans. Men shall buy fields for money, and subscribe the deeds, and seal them, and call witnesses in the land of Benjamin, and in the places about Jerusalem, and in the cities of Judah, and in the cities of the hill country, and in the cities of the lowland, and in the cities of the south: for I will cause their captivity to return, saith the Lord.'

Still wider was the scope of the next 'word of the Lord,' which came to Jeremiah in his imprisonment. He was shown a vision of happiness, peace, and prosperity overspreading the desolated land: 'The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that say, Give thanks to the Lord of hosts: for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: and of them that bring sacrifices of thanksgiving into the house of the Lord.' The Messianic promise, which follows this, is perhaps a less clearly spiritual view of the coming king than we get in Ezekiel or in the latter part of Isaiah; though of course, embodied in the assertion that the kingship of the house of David, and the priestship of the Levites, should never cease, we may trace the lofty intuition that there should be One whose spiritual rule should be in truth that of Jehovah, and that true ministry should be the loftiest employment of His people.

At last the end came, after the second siege had lasted a year and

a half. 'In the eleventh year of Zedekiah, in the fourth month, in the ninth day of the month, a breach was made in the city,' and the 'middle gate' was in the possession of the enemy. Zedekiah tried to escape, with his principal officers, leaving the city to its fate, and got as far as the 'plains of Jericho' before he was pursued and taken. He was taken to Riblah in the north, where Nebuchadnezzar was awaiting the end of the siege; and a worse fate than simple death was allotted to him. His children and friends were slain before his eyes; then his eyes were put out in the brutal manner which we see represented on the Assyrian sculptures, and loaded with fetters; he was taken to Babylon to die in prison, which he did probably not long after.

As for the ill-fated city, the doom Jeremiah had pronounced so often was carried out to the full upon her. The system of deportation of captives, and the official plunder of the treasures, probably somewhat lessened the horrors of slaughter in a sacked city; all the people of any eminence in Jerusalem, who were not influential enough to be supposed to be sharers in the rebellion, were carried off as captives to Babylon. The collecting-place of these prisoners before their final journey was Ramah in Benjamin, and here Jeremiah was brought in chains among the other prisoners. Here, however, he was set free by Nebuchadnezzar, who told him that he was at liberty either to come with him to Babylon, or to stay behind in his own country, such as it was. Jeremiah chose the last; he preferred freedom among the wretched remnants of the harried villages of Judah to the favour that he might expect at Babylon from the conqueror with whom he had been forced to side.

The city was deliberately burnt, its temple and palaces razed, and any of its inhabitants who found an opportunity, tried to escape to the neighbouring tribes, especially Ammon, which was friendly, and apparently still unconquered. But here the old enemy of Israel, Edom, took the opportunity of showing its ancient hostility. They not only 'stood on the other side in the day that strangers carried away his substance and foreigners entered into his gates and cast lots upon Jerusalem,' but they 'laid hands on their substance in the day of their calamity,' 'stood in the crossway to cut off those of his that escaped,' and 'delivered up those of his that remained in the day of distress.'* This was more bitterly remembered by the Jews than even the conquest by Babylon. 'Remember the children of Edom, O Lord, in the day of Jerusalem; how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.' This seemed to them gratuitous cruelty on the part of a people who claimed kinship with Israel, and who had themselves taken part in the league against Nebuchadnezzar, for which Judah was now suffering, and they never forgot it.

* Obadiah.

VIII.

AFTER THE SIEGE.*

THE stroke had fallen, the city was taken and destroyed, but there still seemed to be work for Jeremiah to do for his country, and that of a constructive kind which he could hardly have hoped for. Nebuzar Adan, the general in command, seems to have had a power of organising not always found among military men, especially in the despotic empire of the East. He 'left of the poor of the people which had nothing in the land of Judah, and gave them vineyards and fields at the same time.' The son of Jeremiah's faithful friend Ahikam, Gedaliah, was left in command, and Jeremiah was sent by Nebuzar Adan to him when he determined to remain in his own country instead of going to Babylon. The idea of Gedaliah seems to have been to build up the shattered nation by little and little, under the Chaldæan suzerainty, to which he was to be responsible. He took up his abode at Samuel's old judicial centre, Mizpah, where Jeremiah lived with him, and where he was put in charge of the 'king's daughters'—as some think, with the idea of marrying a princess of the royal family when she grew old enough. The fugitive Jews returned from the neighbouring countries where they had taken refuge, and inhabited the deserted villages round Mizpah, where a plentiful harvest seemed to offer them a good omen for the future; and the guerilla chiefs, who had been fighting on their own account during the late disturbances, also rallied round him. It was a peaceful breathing space after the turmoil of the late struggle, and in some ways it must have seemed more hopeful to Jeremiah than the kingdom had been at any time since Josiah's reign, if then. The oppressive aristocracy had been carried away or killed, the captives were learning their lesson of faithful loyalty to Jehovah beside the 'waters of Babylon,' and it would be a task worth doing to keep the country in a condition to receive them on that return to which Jeremiah so bravely looked.

There is a tradition that the Lamentations were written at Mizpah during this interval; but granting that they are rightly attributed to Jeremiah, it seems more probable from their tone that they should have been composed in Egypt later on, not while this evanescent hope was still gladdening the prophet's heart. The two chapters, happiest in tone in Jeremiah—xxx. and xxxi.—where the prophet's outlook seems to be wide and fuller than in any other, seem, by internal evidence, to belong to this Mizpah period.

As with Ezekiel, the moment the blow has fallen, the messages of comfort begin. The catastrophe is not minimised: 'Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's

* Chapters xxx., xxxi., xl., xli., xlii., xliii., xliv.

trouble; but he shall be saved out of it.' But it was to be followed by amendment and restoration. The sufferings of the nation would not have been vain. 'For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee: for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have scattered thee, but I will not make a full end of thee: but I will correct thee with judgment, and will in no wise leave thee unpunished.' 'The fierce anger of the Lord shall not return, until He have executed, and until He have performed the intents of His heart: in the latter days ye shall understand it.' 'For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord' . . . 'and the city shall be builded upon her own heap, and the palace shall remain after the manner thereof. And out of them shall proceed thanksgiving and the voice of them that make merry.' Then follows a passage which shows a further insight into the great revelation, for which all this bitter national chastisement was preparing the Jewish nation, than Jeremiah had attained even in his persecution and imprisonment. The idea of the Messiah appears again, not now merely as a righteous King of the seed of David representing Jehovah, but as one sprung from the people themselves, yet holy enough to approach Him as none had ever done yet. 'And their prince shall be of themselves, and their ruler shall proceed from the midst of them; and I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto Me: for who is he that hath had boldness to approach unto Me? saith the Lord. And ye shall be My people, and I will be your God.'

In chapter xxxi. it is interesting to see that the old antithesis between Judah and Israel is forgotten. 'At that time will I be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be My people.' The wailing of the captives of Ramah is accredited not to Judah only but to the whole nation of Israel; Rachel, it will be remembered, was the ancestress of Ephraim. 'I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus; Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a calf unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God.' Then he goes on to his yet more beloved Judah. 'Yet again shall they use this speech in the land of Judah and in the cities thereof, when I shall bring again their captivity: The Lord bless thee, O habitation of justice, O mountain of holiness. And Judah and all the cities thereof shall dwell therein together, the husbandman, and they that go about with flocks. For I have satiated the weary soul, and every sorrowful soul have I replenished. Upon this I awaked and beheld; and my sleep was sweet unto me.' The present reality must have been cold and bare after the vision, however high the prophet's faith.

The passage which follows is again and again quoted in the New Testament writers as the faithful description of the Gospel as opposed to the Law; nay, more, it is probably alluded to by our Lord Himself in the institution of the Holy Communion. The New Covenant which was not to be enforced by outward laws, but written in the inward

inclination of the heart, is the highest conception of morality to which any human soul has yet attained, and even now, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, can hardly be looked upon as having passed out of the region of the ideal to the world in general. 'They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more.' *

Even this is not the end of the vision, which marks the highest level of Jeremiah's, or perhaps of almost any other prophecy. All evil was to be conquered some day, and even the valley of Hinnom—defiled by Moloch sacrifices even more than by its use as the common place where all the refuse of Jerusalem was consumed by perpetually burning fires—was not only to be purified, but to be 'holy unto the Lord.' It is an idea that we seldom find thus clearly indicated in the Old Testament, though no doubt it is the same as that expressed in other words by St. Paul and St. John, when they spoke of the victorious reign of Christ.

But the ideal has to be worked out through much suffering and failure; and if it was the case that Jeremiah imagined that the road lay clear or even direct before him, whereby it might be attained, a heavy disappointment was in store. A cursory reading would make us think that this happy interval only lasted one year; but Canon Cheyne suggests, and gives reasons to support the suggestion, that Gedaliah's rule may have gone on for three or four years before the catastrophe which closed it. It was not for the interest of Baalis the king of Ammon, who was probably still antagonistic to Nebuchadnezzar, that Judah should become peaceably a Chaldæan province; and one of the guerilla chiefs, Ishmael the son of Nethaniah, who himself belonged to the Davidic family, probably looked with jealousy on Gedaliah's position as governor, and this jealousy was worked upon by the Ammonite king.

The other chiefs warned Gedaliah of his danger, and even offered to forestall it by assassinating Ishmael for patriotic purposes, in a way which shows, to say the least of it, a very familiar acquaintance with murder; but Gedaliah's generous nature refused to believe in the danger, and he refused the offer. In consequence, he was treacherously massacred by Ishmael after a feast, and his companions and the Chaldæan soldiers who were at Mizpah to see to the interests of Nebuchadnezzar, fell also. All the rest of the important personages who had been put under Gedaliah's charge, including Jeremiah and the princesses, he carried away, intending to take them to Ammon; but Johanan the son of Kareah, who had ineffectually warned Gedaliah of his danger, pursued Ishmael, and after a fight re-

* It is interesting to recollect, in reading this passage, that Jeremiah had had experience of an attempt to enforce the existing covenant upon an *unwilling* nation in Josiah's reign.

captured the prisoners at Gibeon. He did not, however, return to Mizpah, but took his little colony to Bethlehem, whence they could easily reach Egyptian territory if pursued by the avenging Chaldæans, who apparently were not thought likely to apportion justice very accurately to supposed malefactors.

There was yet one hope. If they were courageous enough to await the coming of the Chaldæans to investigate Gedaliah's murder, it was yet possible that the experiment, so rudely broken upon, might be continued, and that the country might still be inhabited by its own people. Some among the people apparently wished to do this, and even Johanan—whose mind was apparently made up beforehand—joined with them in a deputation to Jeremiah, to inquire of him what ought to be done. He did not answer them at once, but promised to pray to God for direction, and to tell them when the direction came. In ten days he called them, and said that it was the Divine will that they should not go to Egypt, but stay in their own country without fear of Nebuchadnezzar. Johanan, however, and his party declared that this was not a Divine direction, but the work of Baruch the son of Neriah, whose Chaldæan sympathies seem to have been suspected where it would not have been politic to accuse Jeremiah of them; and all the party were carried by force to Egypt, Jeremiah among them.

The question here strikes us how it was that Jeremiah appears not to have resisted this forcible expatriation. Had his incarceration in the prison-pit physically disabled him for the rest of his life? or did he feel that his going with the colony was the only hope of keeping the Jews in Egypt loyal to Jehovah? or was he actually compelled by physical force to accompany the caravan, as a kind of talisman, to secure the favour of his Master? Whatever may be the solution, he was carried with the rest to Tahpanhes, or Daphne (now Defenneh), on the Egyptian frontier, where Hophra had allotted them certain lands to live in, and, as modern investigations would lead us to believe, placed an empty palace, which had been in the time of Psammetichus the central fort of the camp of Greek mercenaries, at the disposal of the princesses and their guardians. The 'Palace of the Jew's Daughter' is the name of a ruin which remains to this day.

'Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah in Tahpanhes, saying, Take great stones in thine hand, and hide them in mortar in the brickwork, which is in the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes, in the sight of the men of Judah; and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Behold, I will send and take Nebuchadnezzar, My servant, and will set his throne upon the stones that I have hid; and he shall spread his royal pavilion over them. And he shall come and shall smite the land of Egypt, such as are for death to death; and such as are for captivity to captivity; and such as are for the sword to the sword. And I will kindle a fire in the houses of the gods of Egypt; and he shall burn them, and carry them

away captives: and he shall array himself with the land of Egypt, as a shepherd putteth on his garment; and he shall go forth from thence in peace. He shall also break the pillars of Bethshemesh, that is in the land of Egypt; and the houses of the gods of Egypt shall he burn with fire.'

The 'pavement,' which must have been in the course of construction when Jeremiah was at Tahpanhes, is still to be seen before the 'Palace of the Jew's Daughter;' but whether the prediction of the utter destruction of Egypt was to any extent fulfilled is one of the secrets which have not yet been yielded up by history.

No traces of any crushing catastrophe have yet been discovered in Egyptian records. Indeed, Nebuchadnezzar's final vengeance on Ammon for the murder of Gedaliah and its results seems to have been for a time delayed by a serious reverse.* Hophra gained a naval victory over Nebuchadnezzar, took Sidon, and received the submission of the other Phœnician towns. We may therefore conclude that some time went by, during which Nebuchadnezzar seemed to be successfully kept at bay by the 'Crocodile of the Nile;' and the last sight we have of Jeremiah shows us the political scene yet unchanged.

The Jewish colony had either spread beyond Tahpanhes to 'Migdol and Noph and the country of Pathros,' or else had dispersed further from the frontier for fear of the Chaldæans; and at Pathros Jeremiah stood up, perhaps for the last time, to remonstrate against the relapse into Egyptian idolatry, especially Isis-worship, into which the women of the colony were leading their husbands. Jeremiah warned them that their punishment should be that the name of Jehovah should 'no more be named in the mouth of any man of Judah in all the land of Egyt, saying, As the Lord God liveth;' and the sign should be the death of Hophra at the hands of his enemies.

Hophra was, in truth, assassinated in a popular revolution some time about 569; but it is difficult to arrange the chronology of this part of Jeremiah. In 581 Nebuchadnezzar seems to have wrecked his vengeance for the murder of Gedaliah upon Moab and Ammon, and to have desolated Judah afresh; and some think he carried his raid into the east of the Delta, in which case Tahpanhes may have fallen into his hands. Perhaps this may account for the Jewish colony being found transferred to Pathros; exterminated it evidently was not, since the allusion to the impending death of Hophra would seem to place the Pathros incident quite ten or twelve years later than the last raid for the vengeance for Gedaliah's murder. Indeed, Jeremiah seems in this last passage to foresee rather the absorption of the Jewish colony into the heathenism of Egypt, as its final punishment, than any actual catastrophe of blood and fire.

In the 37th year of his reign, about 567, Nebuchadnezzar set off on

* Canon Cheyne's view that Gedaliah's governorship lasted for some years would, however, account for this delay.

an expedition against Hophra's successor, Ahmas or Amasis, and it appears that Amasis lost his Phœnician possession and had to submit to the Chaldæan conqueror, who is said by some authorities to have penetrated as far into Egypt as Syene; but at present the only certainty we have of any crushing catastrophe is what we get in such passages as Jer. xlvi. 14–28, which it seems impossible to conceive can be other than a contemporary document.

This period—after the raid which destroyed Ammon and Moab—seems to be the most probable one for the date of the 'Lamentations,' whether they are the work of Jeremiah, as used formerly to be taken for granted, or whether their alphabetical form makes it more probable that they were written by another hand. The original idea in them seems to be to personify the afflicted nation as the sorrow-bearer; but centuries of Christian use have so accustomed us to apply the passages in them to the Sorrow-Bearer of the world, that it seems hardly possible to us to divide the two ideas. Nor perhaps need we do so. It was the experience of the Jewish nation in its two great crises, under Nebuchadnezzar and Antiochus, which brought the higher souls among them to be capable of learning the mystery of suffering and the meaning of redemption; and in this school Jeremiah was both teacher and example.

What happened to the Jews in Egypt? and what was the end of Jeremiah? There is one legend that they stoned Jeremiah for his constant and faithful witness to righteousness, and another that when Nebuchadnezzar came against Egypt, he carried the prophet back with him to Babylon. In fact, we know nothing. It would seem as if some Jews may have listened to his teaching and repented, and that thus there may have been some who escaped the doom of losing their distinctive character in the land of their ancestral bondage. For although, later on, the great Alexandrian colony of Jews dated its origin from Ptolemy Lagos, who doubtless encouraged a large influx of their nation, it seems probable that from the time of Jeremiah downward there were Jews in Egypt, who kept themselves distinct from the Egyptians, round them and preserved their distinctive religion and custom. If so, we may look upon this last utterance of Jeremiah's as one not ineffective upon his hearers.

At the same time, supposing that this was the case, and that Jeremiah's colony did not merge into Egyptians, Jeremiah was quite justified by the facts of the future in warning them against going there. By doing so they cut themselves off from the great experiment of the Restoration, when the gallant little band of returned exiles came back to recolonise their desolated land, and to carry on through generations the training and discipline which were to fit them to produce the stock from which the Saviour of the world should be born.

Even without looking so far forward as this, it was a marvellous change that was wrought upon the dry bones of Israel, when, out of the weak-willed people constantly wrought upon to apostatise by the

allurements of Phœnician fanaticism, rose the gallant band of the Maccabæan confessors, who could say with truth: 'Though all this be come upon us yet have we not forgotten thee, nor behaved ourselves frowardly in Thy covenant; no, not when Thou hast smitten us into the place of jackals, and covered us with the shadow of death.' Isolated martyrs and confessors had been found since the beginning of the world; the lofty sight of a nation undergoing martyrdom was the direct outcome of such teaching and example as that of Jeremiah.

It is interesting to see how he strikes a modern writer, the historian Maspero, who takes him, as this extract shows, in a purely historical light, apparently without reference to the Divine Revelation in which he is to us so important a link.

'Jérémie exigeait trop de ses contemporains: ils n'avaient ni l'esprit assez large, ni l'âme assez pure pour le suivre jusque sur les hauteurs où il plaçait son idéal. Sans doute il ne s'était pas dégagé entièrement des lieux communs du prophétisme; les appels perpétuels à la peste, à la famine, à la guerre, les menaces de l'Assyrien ou du Chaldéen, les malédictions lancées contre les rois et les peuples infidèles, les espérances excessives en l'avenir d'Israël, toute cette rhétorique trop connue et qui ne se sauvait plus que par la perfection de la forme littéraire, avait reçu des évènements assez de démentis, et de démentis sanglants, pour lasser le plus grand nombre. Mais si l'on écarte le voile dont les habitudes d'esprit de ses contemporains l'obligeaient à envelopper sa pensée, quelle haute idée ne prend-on pas de l'homme! Honni, battu, emprisonné, sans cesse sous le coup d'une condamnation légale ou d'une exécution sommaire, relancé jusque dans l'exil par la haine de ses adversaires, sa ferveur et sa confiance en la bonté de sa cause ne l'abandonnent jamais.' *

What else, indeed, could be the case? when Jeremiah's key to the wretchedness and misery and the confusion and suffering of the world is expressed in the truly Divine words which he utters as the mouthpiece of Jehovah towards His erring people—'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

NOTE.—Since these papers have been passing through the press, a letter has appeared in the *Academy* from the pen of Professor Sayce, stating that he has seen an ancient seal, recently purchased in Egypt, with an inscription in Hebrew letters of Jeremiah's date, 'To the peace of Jeremiah.' He thinks that if it could be proved that the seal was found during the recent excavations at Defenneh, we might believe that we had here an authentic personal relic of the Prophet.

* 'Histoire ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient,' par G. Maspero.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

XI.

THE same story is constantly repeated, tranquillity was more dangerous to the welfare of the Church than peril from without. Tokens of the later temptations began to appear; there were other Bishops besides Paul of Samosata who displayed considerable temporal pomp and pride, and were dictatorial towards their flocks; while, on the other hand, there were feuds and quarrels between the Christians, and there was a strong tendency among those who had received their faith by inheritance, without going through the struggle of conversion, to be slack and indifferent, giving themselves up to an easy life of luxury. And the Roman luxury of the early Empire was most corrupting and effeminate in its excess, and its ministrations to vanity and sensuality.

It was the reaction therefrom that formed the character of St. Antony, the founder of the Cenobites or hermits. He was a native of Egypt and bred a Christian, and was always a grave and thoughtful boy, caring little for amusements or companionship; at eighteen he was left an orphan with one little sister, and the owner of considerable wealth. About six months after he was struck by hearing in the Gospel read in church the text, 'If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell all thou hast, and give to the poor.' He went home and acted on the injunction, selling all his possessions, and only reserving enough for his sister's maintenance among a company of dedicated virgins. He retired into a solitary place, and worked for his living, because he took the rule literally, 'If a man will not work neither let him eat,' and he spent every moment available either in devotion, or in conversing with the holiest and most earnest men he could hear of. He found himself subject to temptation, which he combated by mortification of his body. His dwelling-place was in one of the Egyptian tombs, where when he slept it was on a rush mat upon the ground, and he lived only on bread, salt, and water, never eating before sunset, often only once in two days, and sometimes fasting for four days together.

It was then that he had those struggles with the devils of which we have all heard, upon his own word, given to, and recorded by, St. Athanasius. Sometimes the tempter assailed his faith with doubts

and arguments, sometimes his spirit with terrors, sometimes his flesh with scourgings, and what was worse, with enticing manifestations of all that was beautiful and could tempt a young man's inclinations. It was not in dreams, but to his waking senses, in bodily form, that these appearances took place; and though they were dispersed by prayer and the Holy Name, he suffered agonies unspeakable from them for full twenty years of his long life.

No one then durst suggest, if any one knew, the effect of physical exhaustion in such a place as an Egyptian tomb; nor is it possible for any of us to aver that when the powers of the body were almost annihilated by hunger and sleeplessness, the evil angels would not wrestle with the spirit in such a real and actual conflict that to the senses and memory it would appear that the perception had been by the bodily eyes. It will be remembered that others, notably St. Dunstan and Martin Luther, have undergone the like struggles, and believed themselves to have not only felt in spirit and soul, but seen with eye, and heard with ear, the enemies who assailed them. At any rate, St. Antony and his solitary life, with its strange combats, had a great effect in after times on the life of Christians.

In the meantime, however, a fresh ordeal was preparing to prove and to purify the faithful. Symptoms were not wanting that the peace so long enjoyed was not to last, and that another storm was preparing for them.

Aurelian was at home and at leisure to attempt reformations at Rome, and this generally boded ill for those who would not follow the State worship. He was a bountiful sovereign, and whereas his predecessors had hitherto fed the early Roman mob on bread and oil, he gave them pork, and would have given wine, but that his advisers suggested that if he did so, the next demand would be for fowls and geese.

He built a temple to the Sun, and called on all the priests to attend to their duties, and the summons was soon followed by an edict for universal worship of the gods.

Almost at the same time, however, Mnestheus, the Emperor's secretary, found himself detected in frauds upon the revenue; to save himself he drew up a list of names for proscription of the chief officers in the army, and showed it to them, whereupon they rose on Aurelian and killed him, but discovered the deception too late to do anything but slaughter the traitor, and cause Aurelian to be honoured among the gods.

Whether Pope Felix was martyred or not in consequence of Aurelian's edict is uncertain. He was preparing his flock for the trial when he died in 274, and the Romans count him as a martyr, though no account of his death is preserved, and it is probably only because all the Popes during the first three centuries are collectively said to have been martyred. This is sometimes called the Ninth persecution; but as there is no evidence of any one having suffered, it

is more usual to divide the final persecution into two by those who are anxious to reckon ten persecutions to coincide with the ten plagues of Egypt.

Aurelian was killed in Thrace, and after some delay, the senate elected a gentle moderate old man of seventy-five named Tacitus, who had the felicity, so rare in a Roman Emperor, of dying in his bed at the end of six months. His brother Florianus was assassinated, and Probus obtained the Empire, and reigned prosperously for six years, during which he gained several victories, and repaired no less than seventy cities.

The degeneracy of the Roman Army is plainly shown by the mutiny which caused the death of this Emperor. Formerly, the spade was as much the implement of the legions as the sword. They entrenched camps, raised ramparts, dug canals, and formed the marvellous Roman roads; but when Probus required the pampered and tumultuous men who called him Emperor to dig a trench for the draining of Sirmium, they broke out into murmurs and rebellion, besieged him in the tower he had raised to enable him to overlook the works, and finally killed him in the year 282.

Carus, the Captain of the Prætorians, was elected Emperor, and marched to put down an invasion of the Persians under Bahram II.; but the marshes of the Euphrates proved fatal to him. His son, Numerian, is said to have so weakened his eyes by excessive weeping as to have become unable to bear the light, so that he had to be carried in a closed litter, where one Arrius Aper murdered him, meaning to disclose his death and be proclaimed Emperor as soon as the army was prepared.

There was among the troops an officer from Dalmatia, said to have been born a slave, or the son of a slave, named Diocles, to whom a soothsayer had once predicted that he should be made Emperor by the slaughter of a wild boar.

On the death of Numerian being discovered and brought home to Aper, Diocles plunged his sword into the criminal's breast, and exclaimed, 'I have at length killed the wild boar!' The army then elected him Emperor at Chalcedon in 284, and he expanded his name into Diocletianus, and quickly put down and destroyed the party of the remaining son of Carus.

Diocletian was a much more able man than had reigned since Severus. He was more of a statesman than a general, and he plainly perceived that the present state of the Empire was utterly unstable and uncertain, when any body of troops in a distant province might set up a favourite officer as Emperor, upon which there ensued a struggle for life and authority, while the barbarians were left to maraud on the frontier. The Prætorian guards, who had always been leaders in these violent revolutions, and had a prescriptive right to salute the Emperor, were therefore to be abolished, but this was not done by a wholesale slaughter, as of the Janissaries and Mamelukes

in after times, but by dispersing them in small bodies, and then taking away their privilege when they could not coalesce.

Moreover, Diocletian decided on dividing the Empire, so that a man of imperial authority might everywhere be at hand. He therefore joined with himself Maximian, a brave general, who had long been his intimate friend and colleague, and on whose co-operation he could entirely depend. They were to be the Augusti: Diocletian, at Nicomedia, reigning over the East; Maximian, at Rome, over the West; but their acts were to be all done jointly, and their names united. Still further to hold the Empire in hand, each was to have a Cæsar under him; Diocletian appointed his son-in-law, Galerius, to carry on the Persian war; and Maximian chose Constantius Chlorus to deal with the extensive province of Gaul, in which were included Britain and Spain.

The Emperor had hitherto been in theory a victorious general, absorbing the offices of state. Diocletian, to remove this idea and give stability to his position, assumed the character of a monarch, wearing a diadem of gold, a robe of interwoven purple silk and gold, buskins of purple adorned with gems; and he exacted lowly prostrations, and insisted on being called Lord and Master by those who approached him. It was the same with Maximian, so as to set the Augusti on a pinnacle beyond the reach of the soldiery.

He also devised a fresh system of taxation throughout the Empire; laying on imposts which were needed not only for wars, but for courts, four in number, and of which two were far more splendid than had before been usual. There was great success in the earlier years of the New Government. Diocletian defeated the wild tribes who crossed the Danube, Galerius drove back the Persians and Armenians, Maximian defended the Germanic frontier, and Constantius overthrew Carausius, a Gaul who had established a great naval force in Britain, calling himself Emperor, and thus making the first rift between Britain and Rome.

All this does not sound very like Church history, but it is necessary to the understanding of what has next to be told. Of the four who ruled over the Empire, Diocletian had the leading intellect, and was a just, thoughtful, and fairly humane man; Maximian was a mere rude, savage, and barbarous soldier; Galerius was also a fierce and cruel man, and Constantius was at once a brave warrior and a kind, tolerant man.

So much progress had Christianity made that Prisia, the wife of Diocletian, her daughter Valeria, married to Galerius, and Helena, the wife of Constantius, were all Christians, openly avowed. Tradition has striven to persuade us that Helena was a British lady, daughter to King Coel, of Colchester; but alas! evidence is on the side of her having been a native of Bithynia. At any rate, she had taught her husband and son to respect the Christian faith before he had to pay the price of his elevation by being compelled to divorce

her, marry the daughter of Maximian, and send his son Constantine to him as a sort of hostage at Nicomedia.

Maximian, however, and the Cæsar Galerius were both known to be bitterly opposed to Christianity; and, though no edict of persecution had as yet been issued, any breach of military discipline connected with the faith was severely visited. There was one legion under the command of Maximian called the Theban, because first raised at the Egyptian Thebes, and it was placed in Gaul, because the principle was to employ the troops as far as possible from the provinces with which they were connected.

The heavy imposts of the Augusti had led to a great revolt of the Bagaudæ, the peasants of the Valais, and Maximian marched to put them down. He had crossed the Simplon, and had reached Octodunum, the present Martigny, the Theban legion being at Aganum, the place that commemorates the name of Mauritius, its primicrius or commander, as St. Moritz.

It has been suggested that the Christian soldiery would not massacre the peasants, and that this exasperated Maximian into insisting on their all joining in a sacrifice to the gods. Though called a whole legion, it is certain that all were not at Aganum, for the entire number would have been above 6000, and they would have been dispersed in numerous garrisons. It was probably one cohort, a tenth division of the legion, about 600 men, on whose behalf the three commanding officers, Maurice, Exuperius, and Candidus, refused to join in the idolatrous ceremony.

Maximian raged at the news, and commanded that the troop should be decimated. A few came forth and undertook to sacrifice; the others closed up their ranks, and cast the lot. Every tenth man went down on his knees and was beheaded with the sword. The order to sacrifice was given again, but again refused. A second decimation followed, equally without daunting the faith or breaking the discipline of these valiant men, among the mountains with arms in their hands. The tyrant, enraged, then bade that all should be slaughtered, the entire band dying without resistance—their leader, Maurice, last of all. The stone where he knelt, a long flat slab, is shown at Veriolez, a little way east of St. Moritz, where in the church his ring is said to be preserved, and quite possibly may be genuine.

Maximian was supreme in the West, and though Constantius was averse to persecution, he could not interfere. At Soissons suffered the two brother shoemakers, Crispin and Crispinian, notable chiefly to us because of 'Crispin, Crispian's day,' as that of the battle of Agincourt. Several more died at Trèves, where Maximian for a time held his headquarters. At Arles, the scribe of the tribunal, a young Catechumen named Denes, heard such noble and beloved persons condemned that he could not bear to write the sentence, but threw down his waxed tablets before the judge and rushed out of the hall.

He was pursued, and as he could not be found, was sentenced to lose his head. He sent an entreaty to the Bishop to baptize him, but the answer was that he might be content if he were baptized in his own blood. He tried to swim across the Rhone, but was captured, and at once beheaded.

A young officer named Victor, of noble family, living at Marseilles, was brought before Maximian, who caused him to be dragged about the streets to be pelted by the populace. He was as resolute as ever, and was thrown into prison, with three soldiers to guard him. He converted them all, and then, together with a priest, all repaired in the middle of the night to the sea-shore, where they were baptized, Victor taking each by the hand to raise him from the waves, which was the token of sponsorship. Duty and discipline carried the guards and their captive back to the prison, but in the morning the doings of the night were made known, and the three men were executed.

Victor was beaten with rods and ox-sinews, and again brought before the Emperor. An altar to Jupiter and a priest stood ready.

'Cast incense thereon,' said Maximian.

Victor kicked it over, and immediately his foot was cut off, and he was placed under the sails of a sort of windmill, which struck him at every turn; but it soon broke, and he was beheaded.

A voice was heard to exclaim at the last moment, 'Happy Victor, thou hast vanquished!'

That a soldier should own allegiance to a Power higher than that of the Emperor, and die rather than disobey, was monstrous in the eyes of the Augusti. Diocletian, too, had been offended. In one of his campaigns, when the army stood round the altar where sacrifice had been offered, the Augur sought in vain for the accustomed tokens in the inward parts of the victims, and the silence of the oracle was ascribed to the presence of the Christians, who had made the sign of the Cross, and thus deprived the demons of the power of making auguries. Orders were then given that all who abstained from sacrificing should be expelled from the army.

Still Diocletian held his hand from persecution, under the influences of his own family, and perceiving how large a proportion of his best subjects and soldiers would be involved. Galerius, however, was entirely on the hostile side, impelled by his mother, who was a fanatic worshipper of a goddess to whom she daily sacrificed, afterwards holding a banquet, which all her court were expected to attend.

At last, but not till 301, the seventeenth year of his reign, Diocletian collected at Nicomedia a council of men learned in the law, and of military men. Half of these were opponents of Christianity, the other half were only ready to side with their master. At last the oracle of Apollo at Miletus was consulted, when, whether demoniacal or human, the answer was certain to be that the atheists must be forced to conform. Still, however, when Galerius desired

that all who refused to sacrifice should be burnt, Diocletian insisted that there should be no loss of life, but consented that the churches should be seized, their endowments confiscated, their books burnt, their congregations ruined, unless the edict to sacrifice was obeyed.

The feast of Terminalia, at the end of the Roman Year, on the 23rd of February, when the god of boundaries received sacrifice, was fixed upon for the execution of the decree that was to restore the ancient honours of the deities of the Empire. On that day of the year 303, the Prefect of Nicomedia, at the head of his officers and a large following, advanced to the doors of a large, handsome church which stood opposite to the gates of the imperial palace. The doors were opened, the Pagans entered, and were amazed to find no images within. They plundered and destroyed all they could, and would have set it on fire but that Diocletian thought that the flames would spread dangerously, and sent workmen by whom it was levelled with the ground.

The next morning the edict came out, and was fixed up in all the public places. It was torn down, and in its stead appeared the words, 'Such are the victories of the Emperors over the Goths and Sarmatians.' The deed was traced to a daring Christian, who avowed it, and bore with fortitude the penalty of being roasted over a slow fire.

A few days later a fire broke out in the palace, and had nearly reached Diocletian's own chamber before it could be extinguished. The cause is unknown. Constantine, who was in the city at the time, believed it to have been lightning. The Christians ascribed it to the spite of Galerius and his heathen friends in the desire to impel Diocletian to sanction their cruelties. At any rate, it had that effect. Diocletian was persuaded that it was the work of an incendiary Christian, and not only loosed those two bloodhounds, Maximian and Galerius, but made death and torture the penalty of all in his own household who would not apostatise. His wife and daughter submitted, but they must have suffered more than from physical torture when their nearest attendants stood firm and died in the flames, and their Bishop Anthimus was beheaded.

Thus began, in 303, the last and most extensive of all the persecutions, lasting full ten years. Priests and deacons were at once seized without question. Some were slain at once, some thrown in a heap into a great fire, some thrown into the sea with stones hung to their necks. A church in Phrygia was burnt with all the congregation within, and where the populace was cruelly disposed, horrible and ingenious tortures were invented. Some magistrates contented themselves with branding and maiming, or sending the Bishops and clergy to work in the mines or tend herds of camels in the desert. Much no doubt depended on the temper of the governors of cities and provinces, but everywhere the order was given for destruction of churches and of books. In Gaul, Constantine refused

to continue what Maximian had begun. Britain, as part of the province, was exempt on the whole, but to this period are ascribed the four martyrdoms of our land, namely those of Aaron and Julius at Chester, and of the priest Amphiballus and the soldier Alban at Verulam. As we all know, Amphiballus, being pursued as a priest, took refuge in Alban's house, and there converted the master. On his retreat being discovered, Alban presented himself in the robes of his guest, confessed his faith before the tribunal, and was led out to be beheaded, thus receiving what was called the baptism of blood. Bede adds that a fountain of clear water burst forth on the spot. As four hundred years and the Anglo-Saxon conquest took place between the event and the full chronicle, it can hardly be said to rest on full evidence, but the tradition had certainly lived on among the Romanised Britons of Verulam, and is mentioned briefly by St. Germain in 429 and by other authors; so that we may fully accept St. Alban as the primary martyr on our island, though he probably was not a native. The glorious abbey first founded by Offa, King of Mercia, not only preserved his name, but absorbed that of the city of Verulam, became noted in English history, and finally has become in our own day the chair of a Bishopric.

Africa was not very severely treated, but there is a curious schedule extant of the properties seized in the Church of Cyrtha, a Roman colony in Numidia, which gives an idea of the possessions of even an obscure provincial congregation: Two gold chalices, six silver chalices, six silver cruets, a little silver caldron, seven silver lamps, two great chandeliers, seven little copper chandeliers with their lamps, eleven copper chandeliers with their chains. Then followed the store of garments for the poor: eighty-two women's tunics, thirty-eight veils, and so on. There was a great search for books, which were in the houses of the Readers, and were surrendered. If not burnt, idol pictures were drawn upon them to profane them. The sub-deacon Sylvanus here acted as traitor in this case, or the articles would not have been found; and the vestments seem to have been successfully hidden. The African laity seem to have been unmolested, and in Spain there was no very violent assault on the Christians except at Zaragoza, where the chief deacon, Vincent, was roasted like St. Lawrence, with salt thrown on him, but did not die until he had been taken off and laid on a bed.

Eulalia, a girl of twelve, who had been carried for safety to a village near Merida, escaped, walked into the town, and there cried out, 'I despise idols because they are nothing, and Maximian for adoring them!' She was horribly tortured before her triumphant death, but such courting of martyrdom was decidedly discouraged by the sober-minded, and sometimes ended in failure.

It is rather hard on Diocletian that this persecution should be called by his name, considering how slowly and reluctantly he

consented to it, and only to capital punishment in the panic caused by the fire in his palace, and that he reigned scarcely eighteen months after it began.

In those eighteen months, he put down a pretender in Syria and afterwards met Maximian, and entered Rome with him in triumph, giving the populace the accustomed sports, but with an economy that displeased them. The persecution of the Christians was in full force there. A young officer of Milanese birth, named Sebastian, who had been highly esteemed by both the Emperors, and raised to the command of a cohort, was discovered to be daily ministering to a pair of prisoners, brothers named Marcus and Marcellinus, who were shut up in the house of Nicostratus, the keeper of the records. There were sixteen heathen prisoners there besides, and they were visited by the father of the youths, as well as the keeper of the house and his wife Zoe. Among all of these Sebastian stood, looking in his bright armour like an angel of light. He came to exhort his friends to constancy, but he won over the entire company, and had seen them baptized, before he was apprehended and brought before the Emperor.

'What,' said Diocletian, 'have I had thee about my person, and hast thou conspired against me?'

'I pray daily for thy safety,' said Sebastian, 'and for the prosperity of the State, to the God of Heaven, for I reckon that no succour is to be had from gods of stone.'

Diocletian commanded him to be taken out into a field, tied to a tree, and shot to death with arrows by his Moorish guard. He was pierced all over and left for dead; but a pious widow named Irene, going out to provide for his burial, found him alive, took him home to her rooms, at the head of the great staircase of the palace. Just as he could walk again, he heard the trumpet notes, announcing that the Emperor was passing by. Feeble and ghastly, he crept out. 'Diocletian,' he said, 'false are the words of thy idol priests, my sovereign, who say that Christians are enemies to the State, who cease not to pray for thee and thy welfare.'

'What!' exclaimed the Emperor, 'art thou Sebastian?'

'I am Sebastian, raised from death to testify against thy cruel persecution of the servants of Christ.'

Diocletian had no pity, but enraged by this defiance, caused the youth to be beaten to death by clubs. A good woman named Lucina buried him in her garden; a church was subsequently built on the spot, and St. Sebastian has always been one of the most esteemed of saints. There are so many pictures and figures of him that he has been called the Apollo of Christian art, but whereas the Apollo of Greece expressed nothing but scornful joy over the conquered Python, the heavenly countenance of the Christian martyr, bound and transfixed with arrows, is full of radiance in the victory over physical suffering.

It was apparently the very next day that a young girl of thirteen

died, Agnes, the fair daughter of a noble family. She was sought in marriage by a young man, which seems less improbable when we recollect that Juliet was only a year older. She declared, 'I am already pledged to One: to Him alone will I keep my troth.'

When it proved that she meant no earthly lover, the prefect demanded whether she meant to be a Vestal Virgin; but she said she certainly was not going to dedicate herself to gods of wood and stone. When it was understood that she was a Christian, every attempt was made to degrade her, but all in vain. She was stripped of her clothes and driven out into the street, but, like Lady Godiva, she let down her hair and it veiled her completely. Fetters when placed on her wrists were so large that they fell off; her lover on trying to approach her fell fainting; fire would not kindle upon her; and when at last she knelt to be beheaded, she was said to look like a white lily waiting to be plucked. The Greek name signified Pure; and *Agnus*, the Latin lamb, was no doubt given for the same reason to the pure and dedicated creatures. Perhaps the resemblance of the name gave rise the belief that her sorrowful parents beheld her in a dream with the martyr's palm in her hand and a snow-white lamb beside her.

There are two very ancient churches at Rome dedicated in her honour, and she has always been a most popular saint, the subject of beautiful paintings where she stands with her lamb beside her, as in the splendid Domenichino at Windsor, where she has hands clasped in prayer, and a lovely face of innocence. She stands as the special emblem of pure aspiration.

'Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That on my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark
To yonder argent round.

So shews my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in my earthly house I am
To that I hope to be!'

On her day, the 21st of January, lambs are presented to the Pope, blessed by him, and afterwards supply the wool of the palls sent to Metropolitans. So curiously has the influence of the martyrs of the Early Church taken form in after ages.

Diocletian was by this time much out of health; he was carried to Nicomedia, and became much worse, and though he recovered in some degree, he felt unequal to continue the toils of government, and we may almost believe was sick at heart at the effects of the persecution which he had authorised against his better judgment, in a moment of panic and indignation. Galerius urged his resignation,

and he induced Maximian to join him in laying down the imperial dignity, after twenty years of sovereignty, on the 1st of May, 305.

Constantius and Galerius became Augusti, and Galerius appointed his favourites Severus and Daia to be Cæsars, instead of the more natural choice of Constantine, son of Constantius, and Maxentius, son of Maximian. He mistrusted both, especially Constantine, who had been kept resident at Nicomedia, as a sort of hostage for his father, and was in great favour with both the Augustus and the people, alike for his courage and beneficence; Daia was nephew to Maximian, who, to the confusion of historians, had bestowed on him the name of Maximin. Diocletian built himself a splendid abode at Salana, now Spalato, containing four temples, one of which is said still to exist as the Cathedral of Spalato. He much rejoiced in his leisure, and delighted in his gardens, saying that he now only was able to feel the beauty of the sun, and when, in a time of confusion, he was entreated to resume the Empire, he only answered, 'Come and see the coleworts I have planted with my own hands.' He lived about ten years after his abdication, and all that time the persecution raged. Some of the most affecting histories of martyrdoms belong to this period. Julitta, a young widow of Selencia, fled to Tarsus with her three years old boy, Cyriac, and her two maids; but she was there seized by the Procurator Alexander, and as she stood at the tribunal, only answered to all interrogations, 'I am a Christian.'

The Governor commanded that she should be put to the rack, and took the child on his knee to divert his attention and began to caress him. Little Cyriac screamed and struggled to get to his mother, and presently turned round, slapped the Governor on the face, and cried out, 'I am a Christian too!' In a rage, Alexander threw him down, and falling on the marble steps, his skull was fractured, and he was killed on the spot. His mother gave thanks aloud that he was safe, and had won his crown, and the Governor, in increased wrath, caused her to be beheaded. The maids were able to bury them, and afterwards revealed the spot.

Phocas was a good old gardener at Sinope in Pontus. Two soldiers were sent to put him to death, but as they did not know him, they asked hospitality at his house, were greatly pleased with his kindly entertainment, and asked him where one Phocas lived, a gardener, whom they were sent to execute as a Christian. He told them that he would show them on the following day, and when they had gone to bed, he dug his own grave, prepared his grave clothes, and set his house in order. In the morning, he quietly said to them, 'Here is Phocas.' They were a long time resolving to execute their orders, but he encouraged them and assured them that death would win life for him. They finally cut off his head, and he was buried in the grave he had dug. This beautiful history is on the authority of St. Chrysostom.

Thus far the persecution had proceeded, when in 306 Constantius Chlorus fell sick, and sent messages to Nicomedia, earnestly

desiring the presence of his son; but this Galerius was very anxious to prevent, and when permission had with great difficulty been extorted, orders were secretly sent to Severus to stop Constantine on the way. However, by travelling very swiftly, and chiefly at night, the journey was safely accomplished, and Constantine arrived in Gaul in time to cross with his father to Britain. Here he had had time to conduct a successful expedition against the Picts and Scots before Constantius died at York in July, 306. The brave son was immediately hailed Augustus by the army, and assumed the purple, showing himself worthy of it by defeating the Franks, who were beginning to make incursions into Gaul.

Galerius was much enraged, but was forced to acquiesce, especially as old Maximian and his son Maxentius had attacked Severus, made him commit suicide, and seized Italy. They made alliance with Constantine, who married Maximian's daughter, Fausta, and Galerius retreated to the East, where he made his comrade, Licinius, Emperor, while Maximin Daia held Egypt. There were thus for a few years six Augusti; and everywhere, except under Constantine, the hunting down and slaughter of the Christians continued as savagely as ever. The number of victims has been estimated as 20,000. Many of course were utterly unknown, others were recorded in the diptychs, and to their names legends, sometimes allegories, attached themselves.

Of these were the Dragon legends. The promise that the victorious Christian should trample on the Dragon became, as it were, embodied in the story of Margaret, a child martyr of Antioch, who, on the night before she was beheaded, was believed to have had an encounter in her cell with the Great Dragon, who swallowed her, but instantly burst asunder and was trod under foot.

> 'Maid Margaret in meekness treading
> Upon the Dragon 'neath her spreading,'

was always an object of fervent devotion in the Mediæval Church, and Raffaelle's picture in the Louvre, rendered even more beautifully as to expression by Denoyer's engraving, is a wonderful embodiment of childlike innocence triumphing almost unconsciously over evil.

And most especially to George of Cappadocia has the dragon story been joined. There certainly was a martyr in this persecution so named; but the acts written of him in Latin and Greek are contradictory, and the only approach to a dragon in either is that he was said to have forced a dæmon inhabiting a statue of Apollo to declare himself an evil spirit. The romance of St. George, as we know it, probably arose from some allegorical picture coupled with the recollection of the old myths of Perseus or of Bellerophon. Gibbon suggested that St. George might really be a heretical Bishop George of Cappadocia, an opponent of St. Athanasius, and who was murdered, but this is disproved by the certain fact that St. George was commemorated in the Church while the heretic was living.

Another of these mythical saints was Katharine, the learned maid of Alexandria. Eusebius speaks of a Christian maiden whose beauty led to her being tormented by the admiration of Maxentius, and who was tortured and martyred by him in revenge for his repulse. On this foundation, possibly mixed with the story of Hypatia, grew up the legend of Katharine's visible betrothal as the bride of the Heavenly Bridegroom as an Infant in His Mother's arms, of her rejection of the Emperor, of the wheel prepared for her torment but shattered by lightning, of her final death by the sword, and transportation by the angels to the convent on Mount Sinai which bears her name, and whose monks appear to have invented the story.

St. Barbara is another of these mythical saints. Eastern romance made her a pupil of Origen. She brought upon herself her father's wrath by having a third window inserted in a tower which he was building, so as to teach that light enters the soul through the threefold influence of the Godhead. Her father denounced her, and finally cut off her head with his sword, but he was immediately after struck by lightning. One version of the legend says that the rods with which she was scourged turned to feathers, and in the many beautiful representations of her, she generally bears a feather, and has her tower by her side. We know her and St. Katharine as shutters to the triptych at St. Cross, and still better do we know her graceful figure opposite to St. Sixtus in the most perfect of all Raffaelle's Madonnas. Apocryphal martyrdoms are generally placed under this persecution, because the number seems to be unlimited.

Yet Spain, as belonging to Gaul, was quiet enough for a synod to be held at Illiberis or Elvira chiefly engaged with discipline; indeed, except in Italy, the West suffered comparatively little, but the East was treated with the utmost cruelty. The Priest Pamphilus of Cæsarea in Palestine was a great scholar, especially in sacred literature, and had been master to Eusebius the historian. He was arrested in his school, and with him an old man who knew the Scriptures so perfectly that he could repeat any portion of them as if he was reading. These, with two more, were kept for two years in prison, and there heard of the cruel deaths of many of their friends and pupils. Among these were five young Egyptians who had been called at their baptism, Elias, Jeremias, Esaias, Samuel, and Daniel. When carried before Firmilian, Governor of Tyre, he asked them to what city they belonged, and they said, 'To Jerusalem.' The name was unknown since the change to Ælia Capitolina, and the Governor caused Elias to be stretched on the rack to make him tell the truth. He said he meant that Jerusalem above, to the Eastward, whither all good people were journeying. After much torture all five were put to death. This examination was witnessed by Eusebius himself, and he afterwards shared for a time the prison of Pamphilus, and assisted him in writing a defence of the orthodoxy of Origen.

Pamphilus was barbarously torn with iron hooks, and then burnt

by a slow fire. But the persecution was beginning to slacken by the year 309. Old Maximian took advantage of an expedition of his son-in-law Constantine against the Franks to make an attack on Gaul. Constantine besieged him in Marseilles, and captured him, leaving him at large, but depriving him of the purple, until he made an attempt to murder the young Emperor, upon which no grace was offered him but the choice of his mode of death, and he accordingly caused himself to be strangled.

Almost at the same time Galerius fell sick of the fearful ulceration that some have called the persecutors' disease, since it seems to have been the lot of Antiochus Epiphanes, Herod Agrippa, Galerius, and later of Philip II. He lingered long in great agonies, and not only revoked all his edicts of persecution and promised to rebuild the churches, but entreated the prayers of the Christians about a month before his death in 311 at Sardica.

There remained, besides Constantine, Maximin Daia, Maxentius, and Licinius, all three of whom bitterly hated Christianity, though they had been forced to consent to Galerius' tardy edict of toleration. Maximin forbade their assemblies, and encouraged the cities, beginning with Antioch, to send him petitions against having any Christian inhabitants. Priests were placed in every town charged to make constant public sacrifices, and to notify to the authorities who failed to attend them, as well as to prevent the rebuilding of churches. A still more mischievous measure was the forgery of some false Acts of Pontius Pilate, containing blasphemous accusations against our Blessed Lord, and these were sent to all the schools in Daia's dominions, with orders that the scholars should learn them by heart.

Several Christians were seized at Alexandria, for whose sake Antony left his desert hermitage to help and encourage them to the last. He never was himself arrested, and returned to the Thebaid as soon as the danger to his brethren decreased. A fearful famine and pestilence prevailed in Syria and Egypt, and the people complained that the cattle were wasted on sacrifices, and that the Emperor stored the corn in his barns and sold it at an exorbitant price.

With jealous eyes these Emperors looked at the peace and prosperity of the western provinces under Constantine. Maxentius declared war as the avenger of his father, and allied himself with Daia, while Constantine asked the assistance of Licinius in the far East.

For the present, however, he had only his army trained in Gaul to depend upon, and with it he crossed the Alps and entered Italy. Maxentius would not leave Rome because an oracle threatened him with death beyond its gates; but his generals advanced and were defeated three times, and Constantine was encamped almost at Rome.

Still wavering between Christianity and Paganism, or perhaps philosophy, Constantine prayed to the God of his mother for a sign. At noon, looking up, he beheld in the sky a luminous cross with a

circle round it, and believed himself to read the memorable words, '*In hoc signo vinces.*' All the army saw it likewise, nor is there anything incredible in the appearance. Mr. Whymper saw three such crosses as he was descending the Matterhorn immediately after the fatal accident to Mr. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas, and he figures them in his frontispiece. Such a cross has again been seen of late years in England, and there is no doubt that it is an effect of light. That it should have occurred at that instant was no doubt the Supreme will of Him who commands Nature and works by ordinary means to fulfil His purposes. Whether the words were distinct or supplied by imagination working on lines of sunlight it is vain to inquire, but the impression on Constantine was such that he described it to Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, when almost on his death-bed. He also said that in a dream the next night he was bidden to change the Roman Eagle standard for this emblem, since known as the Labarum; it was done, and the first standard thus made was given to the bravest Christian of his soldiers.

Maxentius meanwhile was consulting all the oracles in Rome, and making all sorts of sacrifices to his gods, even of lions. He had the Sibylline books consulted for the last time, and learnt that the greatest enemy of Rome was to perish that very day. Greatly encouraged he marched out, crossed the Tiber, and met Constantine at a place called the Saxa Rubra or Red Rocks. The battle was a fierce one, but it ended in the flight of Maxentius and his troops to the Milvian Bridge, which became choked with fugitives and broke down, so that he, with many others, was pushed over the parapet and met his death in the river. This, which is one of the most memorable battles in the world, took place on the 29th of October, 312.

Constantine was hailed at Rome as the deliverer of the nation from a cruel tyranny, and before a month had passed the Christians knew that they were safe; in five months' time, namely in 313, the two Augusti, Constantine and Licinius, had met in friendship at Milan, and jointly issued an edict, permitting the exercise of whatsoever religion a man thought fit, recalling the exiles from the mines and deserts, and restoring the property of the churches. Long trains of persons, scarred, maimed, and bowed with toil, were seen returning, and the prisons were opened. It was heartily done by Constantine, grudgingly and unwillingly by Licinius, who was still heathen, and in Egypt, Maximin Daia, after a short interval, renewed his cruelties.

However, he soon took up arms against Licinius, was defeated by him, though his numbers were superior, and at Tarsus took poison in despair, crying out, as he was dying, that God was taking vengeance on him. His children were put to death by Licinius, who, as he felt greater security in the East, began to renew the persecution, especially against the Bishops, and on the soldiers who refused to sacrifice. Blasius, Bishop of Sebaste, on the Armenian border, was put to death by having his side torn with iron combs.

It is worth mentioning that the wool-combers adopted him as their patron, and the Bishop Blaise Inn at Romsey is a remembrance of the trade formerly exercised there. Seven women who dipped kerchiefs in his blood were put to death; and as this deadly persecution began with the Theban Legion, so it ended with the Forty Soldiers of Sebaste.

On their refusal to sacrifice, these brave men were all thrown into prison together, and there began by singing the ninety-first Psalm, and praying that their number might be unbroken. In the depth of winter, they were sentenced to stand all night naked upon the ice of the mountain lake. A house was near, with fire, hot bath, and food for any who might yield, and soldiers watched there in turn. They heard the men on the lake in the deadly cold praying aloud 'that as there were forty wrestlers, so there might be forty crowns.' Then one of these guards, as he slept, dreamt that he saw an angel fly down with a crown, go back and return with another, and so on, up to thirty-nine. He was wakened by a stir. One of the sufferers had come to the fire, but he died as he was put into the bath. The dreamer than declared himself a Christian, and took his stand on the frozen pool with the survivors through the remainder of that wondrous vigil. Few lived to see the morning light; the commander caused their limbs to be broken while they still had breath to give thanks that their souls were escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, and the living and the dead together were thrown into a pit.

In a short time, however, a dispute with Constantine led to a war, in which Licinius was defeated, first at Adrianople, then at Scutari. He surrendered himself, and was kept in captivity for a year at Thessalonica, but being detected in treacherous correspondence with the enemies of the Empire, he was put to death.

The new era of the Church had already begun, dating from 313. There had been little of note either in writers or in arguments during the twenty terrible years she had gone through; but she had been tried, as it were, in a sevenfold-heated furnace, before entering on her new course of prosperity and general influence.

The cry 'How long, O Lord, how long?' was silenced for the time. Christians might live securely; and though there have been since occasional local outbursts of persecution, in the attacks by heathenism as in Persia, or by some form of heresy or false doctrines, yet never again was the main citadel systematically attacked by Paganism; and Christianity was acknowledged as the dominant faith, thenceforth connected with progress and civilisation.

For, as history has proved, Christianity is the only religion capable of fostering continual and indefinite progress in intellect or material civilisation. The classic heathenism, Buddhism, Zoroasterism, Mahometanism, all have led up to a certain level, where either there is stagnation or subsidence. The Christian race alone has infinite possibilities in this world as well as in the next.

Looking back on the century, we find few controversies and few great names. Origen, as a commentator on Scripture, Tertullian, as an apologist, and incidentally a historian, and Cyprian, as a great organiser, are the only writers of universal note or interest; and both the former belong to the earlier period, and the doubtful orthodoxy of some of their writings shows that they were not bound to, or instructed by, strict definitions of doctrine.

To defend the Faith by death instead of by argument was the part of the Christians, and the argument was a convincing one. A martyr was truly a witness that there was something worth dying for, and the unflinching readiness of the very weakest and most timid told more and more on the world around.

These years had discredited heathenism and rendered it a mere weariness. Philosophy had made an effort to allegorise its myths, and to emulate the morality of the Gospel; and a higher standard prevailed even in the outer world; but both alike had been proved a failure, and were in rapid decay, while the Church was the growing body full of vitality.

In one respect this period may be said to correspond to that in Israelite history of the Judges, when every one did what was right in his own eyes, when there were fearful attacks from without, and at times 'the land had rest forty years.' There was no definite centre, no collective government.

Local synods were indeed held, and their decisions and rules announced by letter to distant churches, but not as having authority. It was reserved for the next period to hold assemblies to formulate doctrines and draw up decrees binding on the entire Church, whose representatives met together for the purpose. But when they met it appeared that in all the churches, scattered from the Atlantic to the Tigris, whether in wealthy towns or poor ones, whether among the learned or the illiterate—with their books frequently destroyed, always handed about secretly, and, in many cases, with difficulty of communication—the same faith, identical in all essentials, prevailed; there was the same ministry, the same devotions, similar though not uniform, the same rule of life, all alike, through the shocks of three hundred years.

Surely this was no small testimony to the perfect truth and oneness of the Church. False traditions ever change and vary. These were all agreed, and thus bore more certain evidence to their origin and its truth than if they had been repetitions of such an authoritative creed as was found necessary when this early testimony by the consensus of the churches had fulfilled its work.

That seems to have been the special mission of this period we have been dealing with, to show that the faith was worth living and dying for, and to give it the unanimous testimony of multitudes scattered through a vast area.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Spider. Here we rejoice in a whole pile of books of all sorts and kinds!

Arachne. Do you rejoice, or are you bewildered?

S. A little of both! Let me dip!

A. What have you brought up?

S. Diana, by Georgiana Craik.

A. It is like all her novels, harmless and entertaining, but not going very deep. Diana is a high-spirited young lady, sent to visit a horrid old grandfather, who is somewhat amused by her; but she is not so successful in subduing him as Lord Fauntleroy was, and she reigns much better at home over her gentle old father and his second wife. The unlucky thing is that the hero whom she *does* marry is so disagreeable.

S. Here is *Apples of Sodom*, by Mary Bramston.

A. A book of much higher tone—one of those which do not leave the people content to be on the same level as that on which they begin in spiritual matters, but lifts them higher, and shows that what has not the true spirit in it, does become ashes in the enjoyment. The heroine, who sees the man with whom she has been led into a mutual confession of love, forced by honour to fulfil a previous engagement, watches and pities him through an uncomfortable married life; then when his wife dies, and she attains her wish, finds all as unsatisfactory as ever, because he has been through the purifying fires, and risen to an atmosphere to which she cannot reach, and even his affection cannot make her happy.

S. Does she at last? Through suffering, I suppose.

A. Oh, yes, through the wall of flame she comes to him and his feelings at last. I am afraid he is a little weak and morbid, and, as a general rule, I do not like these stories turning on the affections of the married; but this is a very noble idea, though I am glad when I have passed through the tribulations with the poor, little, silly, selfish first wife.

S. And *Jack-a-Lanthorn*, by Christabel Coleridge. I have read that, and it is an exceedingly clever book, with the collisions between the wrong-headed, perverse young man, and the dear good guardian, who does his best, and only succeeds after he is dead. The delightful part of it is that Alaric does his desperately foolish things just to make himself believe in himself and his own theories, with his mind misgiving him all the time, though he won't listen to it.

A. Yes, that was what made Martin's last advice come home to him. His cousins are very good, too, I mean the dissenting set. It is a clever little touch that when Alaric, the gentleman, wants to believe in the gipsy great-grandmother, the middle-class mind of Clarence Burnet revolts from the idea. Miss Coleridge does understand that lower middle mind wonderfully, and knows that there may be vulgarity without depravity—as in the story of *Maud Florence Nellie*, one of the National Society's set of reward books; a capital set as usual.

S. What an odd name, *Maud Florence Nellie!*

A. It is the name chosen by a novel-ridden mother, wife to the lodge-keeper of a cemetery, for her daughter, who turns out a great bouncing creature like a young animal, but who has to be tamed by contact with a strange little bit of adventure about some long-lost jewels.

S. And the others?

A. Miss Bramston's *Pair of Cousins* contrast the spoilt girl, a farmer's daughter, with her sensible High School cousin, and makes very pleasant reading. *The Cunning Woman's Grandson* is of the early days of Hannah More and Cheddar, where the centennary of that good woman's undertaking has first been kept. It is odd that there should be rather a run upon witches this year in the National Society. Miss Peard's *Blue Dragon* has a suspected witch in the very well described and amusing history of the acting of a 'Mystery Play' at Chester, and of the escape of a young Fleming from the proscription of such foreigners by Henry VII., after Perkin-Warbeck's attempt. Smugglers have afforded plenty of subjects for stories, and Miss Palgrave *In Charge* has a delightful little heroine, not only the heroine of the tale, but one in the true sense of the word. Both this and Esmé Stuart's *Cast Ashore* are concerned with the wild contraband traffic of the beginning of the century, the latter being placed among the quicksands of Morecombe bay, and involving a very pretty story of the return of a runaway. Again, too, we have a notable witch and a slight touch of smugglers in *Banning and Blessing*, an old-world Devonshire story, by the author of the *Atelier du Luys*, all turning on the recognition of a grandchild, as in *Cast Ashore*. Yet there is no resemblance between these stories; and the provincialism in *Banning and Blessing* are excellently given, with the habits of farm life at the beginning of the century.

S. Fairmeadows Farm, by Mary Debenham?

A. It is of another lost grandchild, but in a different line, taking in the rescue of a fugitive from Monmouth's army, who turns out to be the brother of a little girl, driven from France by the Huguenot persecution, and adopted by some good farmer folk. Young folks will like it much. Smuggling comes in again in *Chris Derrick*, with the time of the war.

S. The S. P. C. K. has a great many most excellent books this time

A. Is there one by Miss Shipton this year?

S. Yes; *The Way Home*, a runaway youth in London, and the way he is reclaimed. It is very touching, and reads like truth. Then Miss Lyster has another runaway in *Mother's Golden Guineas*, where the lad borrows—as he thinks—her hoard without leave, goes for a sailor, and has just made it up threefold to restore to her, when he is pressed, and at last, when he does come home, it is to find her in the workhouse.

A. I don't think in the days of press-gangs people got to the workhouse so easily. Was it a Union workhouse?

S. I suppose so, for it was not in her own parish.

A. That is a mistake, for the old women almost always had relief and lived at home.

S. From Life, by Phœbe Allen, is very good, too—the story of greedy relations watching for an inheritance. And *St. Anne's Court* is about the days when labourers used to rise and break thrashing-machines. And another very amusing one is *The Tenant of the Tower*, not by any means the Tower of London, but an old ornamental ruin, where a very funny little London street boy, called Penny Wise, takes up his abode, and helps to detect some thieves who meet there.

A. If you want to get up any acting this Christmas, besides the one in this number, and the *Terra Cotta Plays* of last year, here are some very amusing short ones, called *Half Hour Plays*, by Amabel Jenner (Smith and Innes), with *Rumpel Stilzchen*, *Little Prit*, *The Three Bears*, etc., so simple, that they can be played by school children, or by quite little things. Here, too, is our own Christmas story of *Little King Pepito*, by Miss Cresswell, published by S. P. C. K., with illustrations by Kate Greenaway, and four of Miss C. Coleridge's put together as the *Makers of Mulling*.

S. Is *Worth While* there? I always think that is such an encouragement to one's dullest work.

A. And I should like to put as its motto the Bishop of London's saying, that ninety-nine hundredths of all good work must be drudgery.

S. Must it, indeed?

A. 'Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.' What is that but drudgery?

S. Two delightful books of Mr. Fowler's have come in my way, and are charming to all lovers of natural history—*A Year with the Birds*, which is all actual observation, and *Tales of the Birds*, which is more of the fable, but as true in observation and fact.

A. The Tract Society has a beautiful book, well got up and illustrated, of that lamented naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, called the *Brook and its Banks*, with water-rats, kingfishers, water-spiders, and all those creatures charmingly described in all their ways. *Wayside Sketches* (S. P. C. K.) are something in the same style; and there is another book that I like very much of the Tract Society,

called *Ways and Means*. I believe it once came out in the *Leisure Hour*. It consists of most sensible little essays, or remarks—I don't know which to call them—of a retired doctor and his wife, upon numerous difficulties of the present day, and their remedies, all in an excellent spirit, and often very clever.

S. I had almost forgotten another story by Miss Armstrong, the author of *Red Herring*. It is called *Her Own Way*, and is the breaking-in of a step-daughter. The school scrapes are very good.

A. And I have just finished a novel of Miss Peard's, *Paul's Sister*, which I like better than her last book. Paul's sister, who deceives without speaking untruths, is very ably drawn, and her sister-in-law is a very fine straightforward creature, who bears and forbears with Paul's sister to expiate her girlish want of perception, of Paul's state of health during their brief marriage.

S. Two or three more pretty children's books are here, two of Ismay Thorne's, *Quite Unexpected* and *A Flock of Fam*, which is to the first a *squeal*, as the boy in *Right Side Up* calls it, by Janie Brockman. They are all published by Wells Gardiner, and very prettily got up. He also has a comical book of pictures and verses called the *Red Spider*, in droll Japanese imitation. Thence, too, we have a book called *Sunday Readings for the Young*, all stories and pictures, a delightful book for those who have to read to Sunday classes. And famous short story reading, too, is Mr. Skeffington's *Stories Jolly, Stories New, Stories Strange, Stories True*, all by noted writers. It sometimes is a great thing to know where to find some verse and pointed stories serve for a reading. A pretty book, too, is Mrs. Molesworth's *The Rectory Children*, where we have an interesting study of ill-temper.

A LETTER TO BIBLICAL STUDENTS

PREPARING FOR THE CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATION.

THE suggestions made in this Letter are offered especially to those who may be preparing to study the Books of Samuel, one of the Old Testament subjects for the Local Examination of this year. This short Paper contains in itself no subject matter for examination; but I propose to clear the ground by making a few preliminary remarks, and thus enabling us to give our whole attention in the six Papers which are to follow to the consideration of the Sacred Text. Let it be remembered that six Papers, nay, sixteen, will not do much to help those who do not help themselves—by faithful private study. Just as first-rate music-lessons would be thrown away upon a player who refused to practise scales, so would any lectures or instructions whatever be useless to a careless superficial reader, in preparing for Examination. Ladies do not always appreciate this fact.

Now what is this study to consist of? In the present case, of the Bible itself—your own Bible, with marginal references, these are indispensable. It is of this Scripture study that I should now like to say a few words, especially for inexperienced readers. I have known young students who felt a conscientious and reverent diffidence as to their own powers of discriminating between sound and unsound, right and wrong, criticism of Holy Scripture. It is well they should be on their guard, lest even the increased stimulus and multiplied facilities, for study in this our day, should start them on undesirable lines of thought, and should bring them unprepared into contact with much that can only be termed dangerous tampering with the written Word. But there is one rule, so practical and simple, that the most unlearned can understand and adhere to it, it is this: Never allow yourself to regard the Bible as an ordinary book. In whatever way you study it, and for whatever purpose, let your study be reverent; keep before you the fact of its Inspiration throughout. To many this will sound superfluous advice; but do not therefore despise it. Much of the attractive, brilliant, if somewhat shallow, criticism put forth of late years, seems intended to contradict this truth, and to bring the Bible, more especially the Old Testament, down to the level of other books. It is scarcely possible to keep entirely out of the way of such writings, they are so widely diffused, and often presented in so popular a form; but the danger is greatly diminished to those who hold resolutely to the principle that the Bible is in-

spired, from first to last. When we waver and make concessions upon that point, danger is at hand.

In a former generation, people needed reminding that there is a human element in Scripture; the pendulum of thought has swung in the opposite direction now. Men study the history, poetry, and archæology of the Bible exactly as they would any purely human collection of writings, in forgetfulness both of the Divine character and central purpose of the Book. Young people, preparing for an Examination, may find themselves attracted to books otherwise helpful, save for this great blemish, which nothing can excuse. Fair and honest criticism ends, and irreverent scepticism begins, when people once allow themselves to speak of the Old Testament as less deserving than the New, of the honour which our duty to God bids us pay to 'His Holy Name and His Word.' There is no such distinction, we must accept the whole Bible, or none at all. So entirely is this the case, that the enemies and assailants of Revelation commonly begin with insidious attacks on the Old Testament, because they know that to disintegrate and undermine it must shake our faith in the New; every evidence for the inspiration of the later portions exists and speaks as strongly for the former.

When in the earliest days of the Christian Church strange and subtle errors, Gnostic teachings, were already seeking to undermine the purity of the Faith, St. John thus warned his flock: 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, *but try the spirits* whether they are of God' (1 John iv. 1); and then he goes on to give a test which even a child might apply, belief in the Incarnation. If any man believed in the Divine and Human nature of Our Lord, he could not be tainted with any of the Gnostic heresies which all assailed this Truth. In like manner, we may fearlessly apply as simple a touchstone to all Scripture criticism, belief in its Inspiration by the Spirit of God. It follows, therefore, that all study of it for any purpose whatsoever must be reverent and prayerful, otherwise we hurt not only our own souls, but the souls of others we seek to teach or influence. It is not necessary to speak at length of 'Inspiration.' One has known young people who were distressed and perplexed because they were not able at once to define it. The fact is, that no definition in few words seems to cover all we mean by inspiration, so much is included in the term. The same holds good of Canonicity, which can only be viewed as a part of the same great subject. Only those writings which the Church holds to be inspired are received as Canonical. But without entering further upon topics which lie beyond our present limits, and do not admit of being treated in few words, I again urge upon Bible students as a test of written criticism, 'does it accept the fact of Inspiration?'

It has been rightly said: 'For many purposes it may be enough to regard religion as a mere collection of doctrines and precepts. It is often enough when we are dealing with its history, or its develop-

ments; with the criticism of documents, or the evidence of dogmas.' * These words are explained by the argument which follows them. It may be well when meeting sceptics on their own ground, to place the Bible alongside of writings they respect, in order to show them its superior claims. But in the case of young Bible students it should be an invariable principle that the Bible is not to be viewed on the level of other books. Study, in their case, is not destructive, but constructive; not uprooting error, but building up in the knowledge of God. In this view, both the Inspiration and the Purpose of Holy Scripture must be constantly borne in mind. Let me explain this. Our Father in Heaven had a special design in giving us the Bible—this was the Manifestation of Himself in His Son. The whole Book leads up to the Coming of Christ, and the showing of His Perfect Life on earth. Were we to remove any part of it we should therefore mar the unity of plan, and to a certain extent obscure the rest. When Our Lord said: 'Search the Scriptures . . . for they are they which testify of Me' (St. John v. 39), He alluded to the Old Testament, which in the present day is often neglected and spoken of as a mere collection of ancient writings. When St. Paul spoke of all Scripture having been given by inspiration of God; St. Peter of holy men speaking as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; they, too, were referring only to the Old Testament. The keynote of both Testaments is struck in Heb. i. 1: God spake 'at sundry times, and in divers manners.' In the long-past ages His Revelation was veiled in types and prophecy; but in these 'last days' of the Christian dispensation He has spoken unto us by His Son. Therefore all parts of the written Word, no matter at which of these sundry times they were issued, or in which of the divers manners the Revelation was made, must needs be fitted in as parts of one mighty whole. People who are preparing for Examination are pre-supposed to be students—learners. It is not enough for them to view the Bible as 'a mere collection of writings,' or to study any one book or section of one without due regard to its connection with all the rest. But if the central purpose, and the unity of plan in Holy Scripture, be invariably taken into account, I believe that all study of it must tend to the Glory of God and the edification of the members of Christ's Body—the Church.

And now, to those who intend to study, one word more. I have said that it is not necessary to dwell upon or define inspiration in this place; but there is one way in which both learned and unlearned may alike test for themselves its awful truthfulness: the witness of our own human spirits. Primarily, the Bible reveals God; but as

* Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. 'The Religion of Humanity.' Paper read at Manchester Church Congress, 1888. I commend the whole Paper, which is very thoughtful and powerful, to the consideration of my readers; but as this sentence without its context might mislead and confuse in a way the Author did not intend, I speak of it in this place.

a necessary corollary of this, it reveals man also. It is a key to history, philosophy, and every study which shows us man's life, actions, and thoughts. Think this out quietly for yourselves. You will see that no book supplies us with an unchanging standard whereby to guage man, his greatness and littleness, except the Word of God. In reading every other record of the past, by uninspired writers, we have to make, however unconsciously, a mental effort to reach a common standpoint, to see as they saw, to get ourselves into harmony with the spirit of their times. But the Bible comes home to us at once, it meets us on our own ground, we find our own human selves there. See how the inspired story goes straight through all superficial accidents, all differences of time and place, climate, country, nationality—enormous as these gulfs are—down to the roots of our common nature. How is this? Why do we find these creatures of flesh and blood, men of like passions with ourselves, only in the Bible? Why, in spite of endless versions and re-translations, do we find ourselves best able to cry to our Heavenly Father, in the very words of Asiatics so many centuries ago? Is it not, must it not be—that the writers of these records received an in-breathing from above, enabling them to do that which men alone have failed to do—to show forth God's creature as he is in the sight of God? Must not this double Revelation be indeed the 'two-edged sword' of the Spirit, piercing asunder the very joints and marrow, discerning the most hidden thoughts and intents of the human heart? And if the central purpose of Scripture is, as we saw, the setting before us of One Perfect Life, is not that Life the imperial standard whereby we must measure every other? Even men who scoff at and would dispense with the Bible, are insensibly forced back to it when they try to fix the value of human standards. Let this instinctive witness of our own spirits to the truthfulness of God's Word as regards ourselves, quicken our faith in its truthfulness when it speaks of Him. As the Incarnation is the centre of all human history, so let the Bible be to us the centre of all literature, the better understanding of it, the ultimate object of all our study. Then we shall never be tempted to mar its Unity, to make differences in our reverence for one part or another, when we can view all parts as progressive stages of one great work of God the Holy Ghost. The better to understand His work, we shall grudge no intellectual powers committed to us, whether great or small; Scripture being truly the river with 'shallows the lamb may ford, and deeps Leviathan may swim.' And the more we become aware of the slowness of the stages by which God prepared the world for the Coming of His Son, the less need we fear the mocking of the sceptic at the corresponding slowness of the processes by which the kingdoms of this world are becoming the kingdoms of God and His Christ.

Lastly, let all study be prayerful. The best of all prayers is that 'form of sound words,' so earnest and Scriptural, put into our mouths

at this Advent season by the Church, the accredited guardian and interpreter of God's written Revelation: that 'through patience and comfort of Thy Holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.' Yes, surely, through patience! not the patience which endures for a little while and then yields before the pressure of impatient spirits, or the fashion or taste of the day; but the patience which is permitted to 'have her perfect work,' which says in all uncertainty, like the saint of old: 'My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning;' words answered back centuries after, by the echo-like assurance: 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.'

L. D.

N.B.—Of the six following Papers, three will be on the First Book of Samuel, and three on the Second. It has been a frequently-recurring criticism in the Reports of Cambridge Examiners, that Bible students appear to have read more *about* the Bible than the Bible itself. The object of these Papers is to help candidates who wish thoroughly to study the text for themselves. With this aim in view, the questions set at the end of each Paper will be so framed that they may be answered by those who read the Bible itself, irrespective of any other books or commentaries. Any authority quoted will be named, but reference to it will not be indispensably necessary. The writer uses the Oxford Teachers' Bible; but always has a paragraph Bible at hand; its notes and references being excellent, and the absence of the divisions into chapters and verses very helpful. The small edition of the Religious Tract Society is portable, and so cheap as to be accessible to all.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

VI.

NOTHING is more difficult to us moderns than really to conceive the feelings of an audience in classic times, or yet more so in the Middle Ages, when they listened to those dramas which now read so coldly. We vainly try to understand that to those for whom the Tragedy, or Comedy, or Mystery were composed, the things which they heard or saw were real; rousing terror, sympathy, hope, indignation, beyond anything which a play can possibly do for ourselves. The origin of tragedy has been asserted to be the 'Ballad-Dance,' which combined speech, music, and imitative gesture; the latter a very different thing from what is now understood by dancing, its fundamental notion being, as Becker tells us in his 'Chronicles,' the bodily expression of some inward feeling; that which poetry effected by words, dancing had to do by movement. . . That which elevated it into a fine art is that it did not consist of mere senseless evolutions, but was the outward representation of an inward idea, which all the limbs took their share in expressing. Something of this lost dancing still survives in Greece, for an English traveller some years ago chanced in a remote district to meet a funeral train, singing some immemorial chant, and coming onward with rhythmic motion, their mourning garments falling in long folds and swaying with each movement. Such must have been the dancing in classic times, so admirably described in 'Hypatia' as a 'miracle of art, only possible among a people of the free and exquisite physical training and delicate æsthetic perceptions of those old Greeks even in their most fallen days. A dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion . . . and the highest physical activity was manifested, not as in coarse comic pantomimes, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and self-sustaining grace.' But in the wild dithyramb used at the feast of Bacchus, or rather, Dionysius, we find drama beginning, passion awakens; the worshippers wore costumes and disguises; by-and-by lyric poetry was added to the dithyramb; dialogue was introduced, and lyric tragedy was born. When the pagan theatres fell, the Greek Church utilised the love of the people for scenic

displays, and set before them events in sacred history, and Hallam suggests that the pilgrims who visited the Eastern empire might have brought back notions of dramatic representation with them.

At all events, the drama of the Middle Ages was born in the Church. In Greece, after the war-songs of Homer and those used in the cyclic dances, came dramas founded on religious legends; in France, after the Chansons de Geste came the Religious Mystery. 'Adam,' a Norman mystery of the 12th century, whose regular versification and polished language show that it cannot be a very early attempt, gives us an excellent specimen. There are full stage directions; as usual a temporary shelter was erected close to the church; on one side was a scaffold for Paradise, surrounded in such a manner that the actors got over certain obvious difficulties by only being visible as far as the shoulders, amid fruit-bearing trees; below is a vacant space where Adam is to live when driven out of Paradise, and which the Evil Spirit crosses before entering there. On the other side is Hell, with demons, chains, cauldrons, and smoke. An artificial serpent climbs the tree, the church choristers sing Biblical words which explain what is going on. The costumes are all mentioned; where Adam and Eve appear driven from Paradise they wear respectively a red silk tunic and a white gown and veil; Cain is dressed in red, Abel in white. The demons carry off *both*, but treat Abel respectfully, since one day he will be delivered from their realm. There is a procession of Biblical personages: Abraham with a great beard and ample robes; Moses with his rod in one hand and the Commandments in the other; Aaron as a bishop, holding his rod laden with flowers and fruit. Jeremiah and Isaiah, who prophesies, and is challenged by a Jew, whom he tells that Israel is rejected for unbelief; Nebuchadnezzar, who relates the history of the burning fiery furnace. Driven from Paradise, Adam and Eve dig the ground, and when they sit down weary, the Devil sows thorns and thistles, over which they lament and bewail their sin. Evidently it was not professional actors who performed in this mystery, for there are minute directions that Adam is to be taught not to reply too fast or too late, and that all the performers are to be trained to fitting gestures. One, at least, of the actors comes out of the Church itself, for churches and cathedrals were then looked upon as intended not only for worship, but instruction and protection; there counsel was taken by the notables in time of danger, and there the corn was heaped if threatened by an enemy. For a long time there was only sacred drama; the nobles, scattered in their châteaux, seldom met except for a festival or a tournament; the bourgeois were busy making money; neither class wanted to go to see a 'play.' But by degrees a new element stole into the mysteries. Letters patent of Charles VI., in A.D. 1402, authorised the Brotherhood of the Passion to meet and act sacred dramas. This

Brotherhood consisted of pious artizans, who spent their spare time in edifying and entertaining the public. The Church supported them, lending vestments and crosses, and advancing or delaying the hour of a service so that the congregation might be present both at Mass and at the Mystery, and all worked harmoniously until the Brotherhood enlarged its *répertoire* by introducing scenes from profane history, and acting farces with the help of the gay and libertine 'Enfants sans souci.' 'As if they had known,' says Saint Beuve, in his admirable 'Tableau historique de la Poésie française et du Théâtre au 16me siècle,' 'that fools, since Adam's time, have been in the majority, they bestowed on poor humanity the name of Folly; and as if they had also known that folly is often ruled by laughing at it, they assumed a kind of ingenious power and lordship over it, and their chief was called "Prince of Folly, or of Fools."' This chief was Pierre Gringoire, who lived in the reign of Louis XII.—not, as Victor Hugo, with his usual disregard of historic truth, pretends, in that of Louis XI. He seems to have been actor, trouvère, and mountebank, assuming the office of teaching virtue and morality, while attacking the sins of the Church and the claims of the Pope. How he escaped being burnt is difficult to guess; instead of that we are amazed to find him at a later date herald-at-arms to the Duke of Lorraine.

It is needless to say that by this time the Brotherhood was at war with the Church. A passage from Desperriers, secretary to the Queen of Navarre, shows this from its comic side. The curé of Saint Eustache, much annoyed by the beating of a tambourine outside the Church where he was preaching, ordered the player to be silenced. The members of the congregation who went to carry out his order did not return, and the noise only grew louder. The curé himself went out to stop it, exclaiming: '"Hí! qui vous a fait si hardi de jouer du tabourin tandis que je presche?" Pontalais le regarde, et lui dit: "Hí! qui vous a fait si hardi de prescher tandis que je joue du tabourin?" Alors le prescheur, plus fâché que devant, prit le couteau de son famulus qui était auprès de lui, et fit un grand balafré à ce tabourin avec le couteau, et s'en retournait à l'église pour achever son sermon. Pontalais prit son tabourin et courut après le prescheur, et s'en va le coiffer comme d'un chapeau d'Albanais, le lui affublant du côté qu'il étoit rompu. Et lors le prescheur, tout en l'état qu'il étoit, vouloit remonter en chaire pour remontrer l'injure qui lui avoit été faite, et comment la parole de Dieu étoit vilipendée. Mais le monde rist si fort, lui voyant ce tabourin sur la tête, qu'il ne sut meshuy (that day) avoir audience, et fut contraint de se retirer, et de s'en taire, car il lui fut remontré que ce n'étoit pas le fait d'un sage homme de se prendre à un fol.'

In 1512 Gringoire was playing 'Le Prince des Sots,' in the Halles at Paris. The theatre now began to meddle with politics; Louis XII. was a placable prince, and capable of hearing truth, even if he did

not profit by it. There is no attempt now to teach a sacred lesson, but we hear—

'Le prince est sage; il endure,
Aussi il paye quand payer faut . . .
Pour ce que l'Eglise entreprend,
Sur temporalité elle prend,
Nous ne pouvons avoir repos—'

And the Abbé de Plate Bourse comes forward, following the Seigneur de Joye, 'toujours avec le féminin,' and the Seigneur de la Lune, with a crescent on his head, declaring himself 'hatif, soudain, léger d'esprit, fort variable.' Sotte Commune slips in behind the lords and clergy, suggesting that the main thing is to have peace and quiet, and then appears in gorgeous vestments Mère Sotte, disguised as Mère Sainte-Eglise, who tries to gain over the clergy and the nobles in a league against the Prince of Fools; the abbés are seduced by promises of canonries and benefices, but the lords, with the exception of La Lune, stand firm, and the Seigneur de Gayté strips Fausse Eglise of her vestments and reveals Mère Sotte.

Those who saw the drama must have read the lesson readily enough. The ambitious Clergy, encroaching on the royal rights; Sotte Commune, the nation indifferent to their proceedings; the King, gentle, but well aware of their aim, with the same interests as those of his people—all appear before the spectators; and, in the second part, l'Homme Obstiné, we get the Pope, attended by Simony and Hypocrisy, and the Italian people, who bewail their own sufferings and congratulate the French on their excellent king—a bit of flattery which no doubt delighted the audience. There is an amazingly audacious passage where l'Homme Obstiné makes a confession of all manner of vices and crimes, and defies Divine Justice, who, suspended over his head, exclaims, 'Tremblez! tremblez! tremblez! On se repent quelquefois trop tard.' French and Italians prostrate themselves; the Pope alone stands upright and braves the heavenly messenger.

Only the condition of politics, when the Pope was the avowed enemy of Louis XII., could have protected Gringoire. There is a third part of this famous drama, but the least said about it the better; it is a farce, and a detestable one, passing even the amplest limits granted by the coarseness of the time—a coarseness which pervaded the pulpit quite as much as works such as Brantôme's 'Dames Galantes,' or the 'Nouvelles' of the Queen of Navarre, which is the strangest mixture conceivable of sermonising and licence, impossibly crude and gross to the modern reader, and yet in its own day held to be 'd'un style doux et fluant et plein de beaux discours et de belles sentences'—'ung livre que Marguerite fit en ses gayetés' is the description which Brantôme gives of it. These political pieces were called 'Sotties,' from their buffoonery—being, in fact, a kind of satirical allegory in dialogue, where the personages were supposed to

belong to Folly, but all represented to the spectators real people. The work of Gringoire, which we have been describing, falls into a trilogy, as do many of the pieces played in the fifteenth century, beginning with a monologue and a sotie, then a morality, and lastly a farce. Besides the Brotherhood of the Passion, and some minor confréries, there were the Clerks of the Basoche, or Palais de Justice, who devoted themselves especially to the morality, and ousted the old mystery actors; indeed, in A.D. 1548, the Parliament of Paris forbade the representation of Scriptural subjects as indecent and profane, and thus ended the existence of the Mystery altogether. The morality had the cardinal fault of being dull, and farce soon took their place, intended merely to amuse instead of aiming to instruct—'a middle link,' says Hallam, 'between the extemporaneous effusions of the mimes and the legitimate drama.'

The author of the best known piece produced at this time is unknown, but its popularity has lasted down to our own time—how popular it was is shown by its having added several words and a proverb to the French language. The personage who gives it its title is the 'Avocat Patelin,' who has got some cloth on credit by his plausibility. Patelin is a made-up name, like Tartuffe, but it has come to mean one who deceives by flattery, as Tartuffe since Molière's day has meant a pious hypocrite. 'Ce n'était point Tartuffe, ce n'était point un Patelin, c'était un prélat de conséquence,' wrote Madame de Sévigné. We have also the higher degree of archi-Patelin, and Pasquier says: 'Nos ancêtres trouvèrent ce maître Patelin avoir si bien représenté le personnage pour lequel il était introduit qu'ils mirent en usage ce mot de patelin, pour signifier celui qui par beaux semblants enjauloit (cajoled), et de lui firent un pateliner et patelinage pour même sujet.'

The proverb is the well-known one, 'Revenons à nos moutons.' The draper, Guillaume, has been robbed of his sheep by his shepherd, Agnelet, and of his cloth by Patelin. Agnelet is arrested, and when the case comes on, and the draper finds that Patelin is his counsel, the poor man loses his head in his indignation, declares that the shepherd stole six yards of sheep, and hopelessly mixes up the two stories, in spite of the magistrate, who urges him 'to return to his sheep.' The farce was recast by Brueys, a Huguenot, out of whom Bossuet made a bitter opponent to the faith he deserted; he adapted the edition of 1656, but there is a much older one of 1490. Brueys' version was to have been acted by the chief nobles of the court, in Madame de Maintenon's apartment, had not war broken out and occupied them very differently, and we find a distinct allusion to Fénelon's Télémaque. Patelin pretends to be wandering in mind when the draper comes to demand payment for his cloth. 'Monsieur Patelin . . .' 'Je plaide, messieurs, pour Homère.' 'Pour Homère?' 'Contre la nymphe Calypso.' Then the draper asks who on earth Calypso can be, and Madame Patelin explains that her husband's

brain is running 'on a book which he was reading when he fell ill.' Brueys' farce is in prose; the original is in verse, and the following extract may give some notion of it. The scene is the one above mentioned.

The draper knocks and asks for Patelin: Guillemette, the wife, opens—

Drap. Dieu vous gard', dame!
Guill. Ha! plus bas! *D.* Et quoy? *G.* Bon gré, m'ame.
D. Où est-il? *G.* Las! où doit-il être?
D. Le qui? *G.* Ha! c'est mal dit, mon maistre . . .
Où est-il? et Dieu par sa grâce
Le sache! Il garde la place
Où il est, le povre martir,
Unze semaines, sans partir . . .
D. De qui? *G.* Pardonnez-moi, je n'ose
Parler haut; je crois qu'il repose;
Il est un petit aplommé (assoupi).
Hélas! il est si assommé,
Le povre homme . . . *D.* Qui? *G.* Maistre Pierre.
D. Ouay! n'est-il pas venu querre
Six aulnes de drap maintenant?
G. Qui, luy? *D.* Il en vient à tout venant.
N'a pas la moytié d'ung quart d'heure.
Délivrez-moy, car je demeure
Beaucoup. Çà, sans plus flageoller,
Mon argent! *G.* Hí! sans rigoller!
Il n'est pas temps qu'on rigolle.
D. Çà, mon argent? Estes-vous folle?
Il me fault neuf francs. *G.* Ha! Guillaume!
Il ne faut point couvrir de chaume
Icy, ne bailler ces brocards.
Allez sorner à vos coquards (godelureaux)—
A qui vous vous voudrez jouer . . .

And so on. Of course we have no Télémaque here.

Sometimes the farce ran somewhat into a morality, as in 'Folle Bomtance,' where the representatives of three chief classes in society are all caught by the allurements of the syren whose name is the title of the play, and live to repent it. Here we get a satire on the light lives of the noble, the merchant and the farmer. Some—quite unreadable—treat of the vices of the clergy; others, hardly less immoral, of domestic life. 'La farce du Cuvier' is one of this class, less coarse than most: a henpecked husband is set by his wife to look to what are properly her duties; she presently falls into a deep washing tub, and to all her appeals he only answers, 'Cela n'est point à mon rollet' (*rôle*, part). These pieces seem to have been acted down to Molière's time; probably his company played some of them.

The Pléiade had its dramatists as well as its critics and poets, acting on the strenuous advice of Du Bellay to strengthen the drama from classical sources; and Italian plays, acted at the court of Francis I. and Henri II., had accustomed Fenchmen to plays on classic lines. De Baïf translated the 'Electra' in 1537; Buchanan and others arranged Latin plays for their pupils to act. Strangely enough, the classic plays, which shaped and influenced the young drama of France,

were those of Seneca, though apparently not intended for the stage. The only Greek tragedian who seems to have impressed French dramatic writers was Euripides. They preferred Seneca, with his poor plots, his rhetoric, and his strict observance of rules easy to follow. Comedy escaped in some degree from this bondage, in the hands of Larivey, six of whose comedies made an epoch in the history of the French stage, and became a mine from which even Molière did not disdain to draw.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—VI.

Questions for December.

36. Explain the value of the Mystery to the populace.

37. Is it correct to state that both the serious drama and dramatic farce owe their introduction into France to the Church? Give proofs.

38. What was a Mystery, a Morality, and a Sotie?

39. What was the aim of Gringoire's 'Le Prince des Sots.'

40. Are Corneille and Racine justly considered the fathers of French tragedy?

41. Give a sketch of Jodelle's life and influence, with a full account of his Cléopâtre.

Marks for October.

Pertheiren	100	Lambda	70
Cripps	90	Hinemoa	63
Feu Follet, Hermione	85	Iris	61
L.	80	Les Verges	55
		White Heather	50

Omitted last time, Feu Follet 55

Unavoidably Delayed.

Hinemoa	July 55, Aug. 38, Sept. 48	White Heather	July 65, Aug. 45, Sept. 50

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it well to be stern in our judgment and dealings with those who have forfeited our esteem?

Papers received from *Molly, Semi-breve, Wild Thyme, Emerald, Forget and Forgive, Fuimus, Bath Brick, Cotton Grass, Marigold, Antidote, Melrose, Amyas Leigh, Bessima, Beta, Elcaan,* and *Daffodil.*

So many papers having been received, and many of them being so long, it is impossible to do more than acknowledge most of them. Almost all answer the question in the negative, and advocate leniency, on the grounds of our own weakness, and the probability of being mistaken in our judgments of others. A great many beg the question, by saying we ought to be stern *when* it is desirable, and *not* when it is not! One correspondent makes the extraordinary statement that sternness is due to ourselves if we have been personally injured, but that otherwise we should lean to the merciful side. Most, however, give warnings as to allowing ourselves to be biassed by personal resentment. The papers are all, or nearly all, incontrovertible; but they do not strike Chelsea China as particularly *practical.* She thinks a distinction might be drawn between *personal* and *official* relations. It is when we stand in an official relation to people that the question most often comes before us. We may be *personally* lenient, no doubt we should be; but surely we ought to be *officially* strict. Rules of guilds, societies, and schools bind the officers as well as the members, and these things become a farce if they are played with. Moreover, salvation does not depend upon connection with a particular body, and it does not follow that the offender is to be neglected because he or she is cut off from misused privileges. The higher the aim of a society, the stricter, so Chelsea China ventures to think, should be its management.

And concealing facts when giving characters, leads to endless mischief, and sometimes to scandals of the most serious sort. Moreover, it is not infrequently supposed by the ignorant that the clergy, for instance, are aware of scandals and condone them, when really they have never reached their ears. It is therefore necessary to show that evil is not regarded with indifference.

When the relation is a *social* one only, of course the question is somewhat altered. It is not necessary to rake up and make public facts, long gone by, when we have no responsibility in the matter, or to refuse to assist honest attempts to recover character when the sin is a matter of the past. But still there are those who have to

hold up the standard. Would it be well, for instance, if the Queen were less particular than she is known to be?

As to the *personal* question, between friend and friend, or still nearer relations, surely that cannot be settled in a general discussion. That is between two only, and the result, whatever it may be, is often absolutely inevitable. But the relation is altogether on another level from those we have been discussing, and cannot be judged on the same grounds.

Daffodil's paper is selected as the only one definitely on the side of sternness. *Beta's* as putting the other side strongly and at moderate length. Many of the other papers are equally good.

Passing judgment upon others is apt to be a very dangerous proceeding, even in unavoidable cases. Most assuredly we ought not to be stern in our dealings with those, who may, according to our ideas, have forfeited our esteem.

It would be well for us if we kept constantly in our minds these words: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

How true it is—

> 'Not e'en the tenderest heart and next our own
> Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.'

And surely, if in ordinary life this is the case, how much more must it be so in times of unusual trial and temptation. How little we know of the various steps which have led to the action which we, in our ignorance, so strongly condemn, what scorching fires have been passed through, what unavailing efforts and despairing struggles to do right, and then do we always know the real reason failure came in the end?

We ourselves are not generally so absolutely perfect that we can afford to pass too severe a judgment on others. Justice tempered with mercy should show itself in our dealings with others. And if we had more of the latter than we usually exhibit, it would be an uncommonly good thing for our neighbours. The quality of mercy is much more likely to make those who have been unfortunate enough to lose our good opinion anxious to rise again in our estimation, than any amount of sternness used towards them. Sternness and severity in the greater majority of cases would be almost certain to start a hardening process, and could in no way tend to raise and help those who have fallen.

Above all, when we find ourselves obliged to pass judgment, we should be most careful in avoiding rash judgments, and not be swayed by personal feelings, but weigh the evidence on every side truly and justly. We ought to deal very decidedly and clearly with any wrong doing which comes across our path of duty; not shrinking from exposing the wrong when it ought to come to light, yet at the same time doing it in a gentle and loving spirit.

Would it not be an advantage if we were to view ourselves from the same point of view, and to weigh ourselves in the same scales, as we do other people? It would have the effect, I think, of checking the stern critical judgment we are so prone to pass on others.

BETA.

If the advocates of universal charity and toleration would only consider the stumbling-block thrown in the way of the young who are trying to act on right principles, and to resist temptations, by their excessive leniency to those guilty of lapses of honour, truth, and honesty, they would allow that some sternness in judgment and dealings towards those who have forfeited esteem might prove better and act as a deterrent to evil-doing. The knowledge that ill-conduct is so constantly condoned and glossed over now-a-days is doing infinite harm, and lowers instead of elevating the standard of right and wrong. Surely the precept 'to think no evil' does not mean that we are wilfully to shut our eyes and ignore the facts of wrong-doing. Those who resist temptation, often after hard and bitter struggles, are at least as deserving of encouragement as those who yield to it, and whose smallest expression of repentance, even when untested by continuous amendment, is regarded as sufficient atonement for grave errors, leading the inexperienced to think that steady well-doing is after all of little consequence. It is so hard to distinguish between Christian toleration and indifference to evil, and the plea for the one is sometimes dangerously near being mistaken for the other.

DAFFODIL.

LIVING BY RULE.

Several more papers on living by rule have been received. *Bramble* against doing so. *Cotton Grass* strongly in favour, much too long for insertion. *Perseverance* very clear and in favour of rules. *Elcaan* interesting. Part of *The Letter L.'s* pretty paper is given.

She quotes Mrs. Gatty's Parable of the Gardener and the Climbing Rose, and then—

Do we not see from this what should be the principle upon which we should form our rules? to let them be what they are intended to be, just aids in fulfilling God's purpose for us—a carrying out of His great laws into the little details of our particular lives—according to our own peculiar circumstances and needs. 'Freedom to serve' is our true and right condition. Let us be careful that our rules help us to this and do not hinder. We are very apt to be selfish in making them—to set our own improvement and good before us as the object—and so far as we do this we shall find that they do hinder, if not destroy, our freedom.

There are some persons who carry their love of rule to such an

extent that their characters resemble those unhappy plants on which gardeners delight to show their skill by training them into unsightly cones or pyramids, to the utter destruction of their natural grace of form. This is surely a sad misuse of rule, springing from a misunderstanding of its ultimate object, which is not to make us into something which we, and perhaps our friends, may admire, but to help us in carrying out God's will in our daily lives, fitting us for the uses He has made us for, training us towards that which He would have us become. It is by keeping the right object in view that we shall be able to choose the right means.

THE LETTER L.

IMITATION OF OUR SOCIAL BETTERS.

Moonraker sends a good paper on wise and foolish imitations. *Nut* and *X. Y. Z.* take up the subject from new points of view, but unfortunately there is again no room for their papers.

Chelsea China can *never* undertake to return papers.

She is *not* the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet,' nor the Church History Critic, and cannot undertake to forward papers to those authorities.

There are no rules for Debatable Ground, except to write on one side of the paper only, and no subscription. It is open without restriction to the whole British and American publics.

SUBJECT FOR JANUARY.

Is 'A bird in hand worth two in the bush,' or 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' the best motto?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, by January 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

The Conversion of the Heptarchy.

Questions for December.

45. Compare the Roman and Keltic Mission work, showing which ultimately prevailed, and marking the English districts converted by—

α. Those whose mission was from Rome.

β. Scotic Missionaries.

γ. Later English missionaries.

N.B. Nationality of missionaries themselves of less importance, than the source whence they received mission.

46. A short account of any two of the following battles: Hatfield, Heavensfield, Maserfield, Winwidfield.

47. Describe the Conference of Whitby, and explain the Catholic, Quarto decimam, and Culdee Easters.

48. A life of St. Wilfrid.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by January 1st.

September Class List.

First Class.

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* Three answers only.

Remarks.

33. Best answers on the Henoticon, etc., by *Cocksmoor*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, *Bluebell* (rather too short), *Ierne*, *Violets*, *Hegesippus*, *Countess*, and *Polypodium*. *Portia:* The date of the Henoticon was

482. *Erica:* The Ecthesis, published 639, not 539. *Water Wagtail:* The Type was issued in 648, not 640. *Verena*, *Decima*, and others, though very good, do not point out that the two latter were designed to quiet Monothelite, rather than Monophysite disputes, the former being a development of the latter, and attributing to the Son one Will and mode of action, endangering the Doctrine of the Two Natures. It was quite an abstract point of Faith, yet its importance is shown in the fact that men like Martin I. and Maximus were content to accept torture and death, rather than false doctrine. *Mervarid:* John of Antioch was no hypocrite, but a singularly straight-forward man, and regained his orthodoxy sooner than Theodoret. *Frideswide:* The Acephali opposed the Henoticon, because it did not distinctly oppose the decrees of Chalcedon.

34. The Fifth Council best answered by *Etheldreda*, *Decima*, and *Water Wagtail*, who gives the really important reason (far beyond the Emperor's policy) for condemning the 'Three Chapters,' namely, that they were still quoted to support heresy. *Bluebell:* Origen can hardly be called a Heresiarch. His writings (and never his person) were condemned. *Countess* mistakes, it was Theodoret's writings, not himself, which the Fathers of Constantinople condemned. This condemnation has never been removed. He himself by anathematizing Nestorius, confessed his former error. The universal consent of the C. H. S. fortunately agrees with that of the Church universal at Chalcedon, and declares Theodoret *not a heretic.*

35. The Sixth Council is best given by *Cocksmoor*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, *Verena*, *Ierne*, *Water Wagtail*, *Sycorax*, *Countess*, *Fidelia*, *Andromache*, and *Evelyn.* It is instructive to learn that the Church's life is not dependant on her leaders. All the great Patriarchs might, with one consent, fall into heresy; yet a mere monk, Sophronius, is raised up to defy them and maintain the Faith. No doubt he heard much about submitting his individual judgment to his superiors. *Violet*, and others: The danger of Monothelism was that it involved Eutychianism; there could not logically be two perfect Natures without two Wills, and the special loss of non-belief in the human will is that of Our Lord's entire sympathy with us in temptation.

36. On the whole *Polypodium* and *Heliodora* give the best answers. All should have mentioned the Church History of Gregory of Tours, our chief authority for the period in Gaul. See a delightful note on him in Bright's Early English Church History, p. 437. *Water Wagtail* confounds John the Faster, Patriarch of Constantinople, who so offended Gregory the Great, by assuming the title Œcumenical Bishop, with St. John Climacus, Abbot of Sinai. *Polypodium:* The Gregory I. whom John judged, was Patriarch of Antioch, circ. 571–594. He is said by Evagrius to have been the victim of false accusations.

Καθολικος: John was Patriarch of Constantinople, not Alexandria. *Water Wagtail:* The Filioque was added at Toledo in 589, if not